THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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Corinne Lowe—Don Marquis—James Warner Bellah—Peggy Wood
Day Edgar—A. W. Somerville—Mildred Cram—George S. Chappell

Yes, sir, yours. Made for you, you'll swear, the minute you lay your eyes on your first Muffet!

Muffin size and shape, it fits your cereal dish exactly. Browned, top and bottom, the way you like your toast. Sides the color of yellow-ripe grain, just to let you see what Muffets are made of.

Whole wheat! Cooked, drawn to a lacy ribbon thin as flakes from the fluffiest shortcake. Wound, layer upon layer. Baked. Toasted.

Light as a patty shell. Crunchy! Crumbles in your mouth like oven-crisped crackers.

Serve whole or broken up. Sugar and cream. Fruit, too, if you like. You get calories, bran roughage, abundance of body-building minerals, easy digestibility.

Here's something particularly good to eat for breakfast. Your dish—Muffets! And why not make it tomorrow morning?

The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; Peterborough, Canada.

Beige and gold ensemble for Fall by Lucile . . . Blouse of all-over figured metal cloth, geometric pattern of gold on a beige background.

Skirt of accordion pleated beige chiffon ends in a flared band of metal cloth. The coat of beige Kashatoile has extremely smart collar and cuffs of natural fox.

Holeproof Hosiery in Mignon—a new color by Lucile—accompanies Marron Glace kid pumps to complete the chic of this effective style picture.

DEMEYER

HOSIERY

that completes the rhythm of true dress harmony

Selected from Fashion's Inner Circles
by LUCILE ... *Paris*

As enticing as the loveliness of the woodlands, the new Fall color trends in fabrics, but also as elusive, necessitating the utmost care in the blending of hosiery.

Fusing each note that accompanies the main themes into a perfect whole, Lucile, Parisian stylist and master colorist, has created for Holeproof the smart and sophisticated shade for every color trend in shoes, gowns, and hats.

These shades are in no way copies of Parisian inspirations. They are Lucile's own interpretation of the latest judgment of the innermost circles of Paris.

In their exclusiveness and authenticity, Lucile's sponsorship of them is to hosiery what a Paris label is to a gown.

Full-fashioned, slenderizing and alluringly transparent, Holeproof's new Fall shades are now being shown at the better shops throughout the country. Available in exquisitely finished chiffons with contrasting color picot tops or heavier weights. Priced moderately.

Wherever lovely clothes are worn by lovely women this year, Holeproof Hosiery will occupy a premier place in their wardrobe.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

New York City and London, Canada

Advertising pays—and it pays a man as well as a business. Your clothes advertise you. Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes will tell the world you're alert, confident, capable

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
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ELSPETH COMES OUT

By CORINNE LOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

The Guests at the Luncheon Were Each Significant of This Changed World With Which I Had Now Cast My Fortunes

MRS. RHINEBECK CUTTLE had been dead several years before I ever heard of Mrs. James Lyken. When I did so, it was through Mrs. Van Feder Nest, member of the same exalted coterie of New York and Newport which I, as Mrs. Cuttle's secretary, knew so well.

"Mrs. Pemberton," proposed Mrs. Van Feder Nest one day when I chanced to meet her in a famous beauty parlor, "how should you like to go to Mrs. James Lyken? She's crazy to get you for her social secretary."

"And who is Mrs. James Lyken?" asked I.

Mrs. Nest smiled gravely. "A sufferer," she reported; "a very great sufferer. She was taken with social colic when her husband turned his two million into fifty. Only yesterday she had such a twinge that she gave my pet charity a check for ten thousand dollars." At this point she paused to meet my smile. "Yes," she added with a sigh, "it's the same old story. The poor thing believes that charity begins at home cards."

"And there's no chance of her ever getting in?"

Mrs. Cuttle's lifelong friend shrugged. "I hardly think so," was her retort. "You see, she's one of those unfortunate women who will do their climbing by daylight instead of waiting until everybody's asleep. Most unfortunate, my dear! She's really just as public as a steeple jack."

"And where does she come from?"

"From the Far West—Idaho, I believe—or was it Wyoming? Anyway, one of those states where people went to take the place of the buffalo and did it so well that now nobody can tell the difference. But," she concluded, "why don't you go see her? After your fourteen years as social secretary to a social leader, it might be interesting for you to try a—er—well, a social steeple jack."

Thus it happened that one afternoon in March I found myself waiting for Mrs. James Lyken in the hotel suite which she and her husband were then occupying. It was undoubtedly the biggest suite in one of our biggest hotels, and as I sat waiting for my prospective employer I was impressed by the sterile richness of its drawing-room. The Oriental rug, the fine tapestries, the *petit-point* chairs—even the scent of those roses massed on grand piano and mantel—seemed, because of their opulence, crushingly impersonal. They were, indeed, much more so than the shabbiest furniture of the smallest hotel room. For, whereas the old walnut wardrobe and the cracked washbasin have something to communicate of past tenants, every human contact here had glanced off without leaving a trace.

And how fitting it was that Mrs. Lyken should be here! I realized this immediately as a slender, medium-sized woman pushed through the damask portières and made her way toward me over the rare Bokhara. Ah, yes, for Mrs. Lyken, like the room itself, was unimpressed and unwarmed by the past. Of former loves and hates and struggles not a trace lingered in this handsome, glossy, unsensitized woman of thirty-seven who put out her hand to greet me.

"How-do-you-do, Mrs. Pemberton," I heard her murmur. "How glad I am to see you! Only what a shame that it has to be here in these cramped quarters."

Cramped quarters! It was as if a Cossack on a Russian steppe had cried, "Air! Give me air!" I had just time to make this observation before she rushed on: "Of course by next winter things are going to be very different. Then our new house on Fifth Avenue will be all ready for us."

She waited only for a smiling nod from me, and again she began: "You don't know how often dear Mrs. Van Feder Nest and I have talked about you, Mrs. Pemberton. Isn't she a delightful woman—Mrs. Nest! Our work lately has drawn us so close together. You see, we've both thrown ourselves heart and soul into the new Home for Unwedded Mothers."

I made no reply to this assumption of intimacy with the mighty social leader who had so pitilessly summarized her character. As she spoke, I was, in fact, preoccupied with her voice. Quite evidently Mrs. Lyken had taken voice culture. The culture was serious. It amounted, indeed, to a serum that now rendered her immune from any attacks of a natural diction. Or would it be more accurate to describe the cure as taking the form of inhalations? For she inhaled each intermediate *a* as if it were possessed of some pure disinfectant quality.

Elspeth

"Understand, Mrs. Pemberton"—I heard this voice proceeding—"I didn't need any recommendation of you from Mrs. Nest. The minute I heard you are a Southerner I made up my mind to have you. Oh, what a bond that always does make, doesn't it? Naturally, I try to be broad-minded. I don't believe in cherishing any prejudice against the North. Still, I never can forget that I am a Southerner."

Remembering Mrs. Nest's foreword, I may have betrayed surprise. Perhaps, however, it was only that Mrs. Lyken anticipated it, for her anxious eyes never left my face, and now she did not wait for my reply: "Oh, I know what my enemies say about me," she hurried on—"that I'm only one of those terrible Westerners. But there isn't a single word of truth in it. My father was born in Virginia and it was only his health that ever drove him out to Wyoming."

"What is your father's name?" I inquired politely.

"Dr. Victor Bannister. And, oh, how I wish you could meet him, Mrs. Pemberton! I don't know anybody who would appreciate him more. Just a real gentleman of the old school."

"A physician, you say?" I murmured.

"Ah, yes, and you couldn't believe how all his patients love him. From the lowest to the highest, everybody reveres that saintly old gentleman." She closed her eyes as she spoke and inhaled her vowels so conscientiously that the last trace of bronco affection, the last vestige of Wild Western tang, succumbed to their medicinal properties. Abruptly then she abandoned this sentimental trance. "Mrs. Pemberton," inquired she almost sharply, "will you be my social secretary?"

I hesitated an instant. "That depends upon several things," I returned at last. "First of all, I must tell you that I expect two hundred dollars a month."

There was no mistaking her expression now. Not even the mahogany grand piano was more silkily hard, more glossily brown, than those eyes fixed upon me. After a second of such scrutiny she cleared her throat.

"Of course you understand, Mrs. Pemberton," she announced, "that Mr. Lyken has been fortunate—very, very fortunate. But just because we have millions is no reason why we should be extravagant. That's such a fault, don't you think? But Mr. Lyken and I are not like that one bit. We're two perfectly simple people living for each other and for our one daughter. After all, brought up as I was, how could I feel any differently, how could I help but realize that there's nothing worth while in this world but simplicity and good taste?"

This image of myself as a gaudy bauble of wealth, one blasting a reputation for dignified expenditure—certainly it was sufficiently amusing to quench any flame of anger. Nevertheless, I rose from my chair with every air of finality.

"I'm afraid that's all there is to be said," I announced and I started for the door.

Many times thereafter I was to see it—the expression that I now met. I have said that, like the costly suite, this countenance retained no impression of former tenants. Yet today behind those glossy hard eyes, that empty smile, there dwelt a lodger—a restless, implacable fellow that possessed every fiber of her being. At any moment this star boarder of Mrs. Lyken's emotional life could oust his one great rival. For, though the rival's name was only Stinginess, this master inhabitant was Fear.

Her condition now was so abject that she followed me across the room and, laying a hand upon my arm, looked up at me beseechingly. "Oh, please don't misunderstand," she pleaded. "Do you think for a minute either Mr. Lyken or I would quibble over such a silly amount? Of course we'll give you anything you ask."

"And how about my living arrangements?" I asked.

"Your living arrangements! Why, I'm going to give you a nice big room all to yourself."

"A room!" echoed I somewhat disdainfully. "Doubtless you don't know, Mrs. Lyken, that Mrs. Cuttle always provided me with a suite."

Again the star boarder of Mrs. Lyken's emotional life mastered his rival called Stinginess. Terrified lest I think her ignorant of the manner in which social secretaries ought to be treated, she was driven quickly to bay.

"Never mind, I think we can manage that," she hastened to say. "Of course we have just a simple little place on Long Island, and I ——"

"Where is your home there?" I interrupted.

She named a town on the South Shore and was of course prompt in her explanations of its locality. "Just a quiet place where Mr. Lyken and I can creep away from the great world and be together," she added with another fervent inhalation of vowels. "When we built there Mr. Lyken was thinking only of the solitude and of his yachting. We have a wonderful new boat, you know, and neither of us is ever so happy as when we sneak off together on it—just like boy and girl, you know—pretending we're pirates and ——"

"And when may I see my quarters?" I inquired, breaking in brusquely upon this nautical idyl.

She shot me a quick uneasy glance. "Oh, is that necessary?" she remonstrated. "Can't you trust me? I assure you, Mrs. Pemberton, I shall treat you exactly as if you were Mrs. Van Feder Nest or any other of my dearest friends."

I was firm, however, and when I parted from her it was with the understanding that I should visit that "simple little place" on Long Island in the near future.

"Rot!" Said She Curtly. "Anything in This World's a Sight for My Eyes. . . . Come, Mrs. Pemberton. I'm Going"

II

IT WAS about the middle of April that I had my first view of Lyken Hold. As chance would have it, conditions were ideal for that survey. I arrived at the unfashionable Long Island town on one of those rare April mornings that make the whole earth look clean and lively as a boy on his way to school. One of Mrs. Lyken's limousines met me at the station and several minutes in this brought me to the high stone wall surrounding the estate. As I drove through magnificent wrought-iron gates I thought inevitably of that other day so many years before when I was taken for the first time up the driveway of the Cuttle estate on the Hudson. Again I heard the creamy beat of the horses' hoofs that had regularized those first impressions of scarlet-maned oaks, and again I savored the fairy-tale splendor of that unfamiliar environment.

But if the Cuttle estate had seemed magnificent to me then, when I was fresh from my small Southern city, it was certainly dwarfed in retrospect. Before the princely miles that stretched about me now, that home on the Hudson looked, in fact, like the scenery we place under Christmas trees.

It was evident that many hands had helped to curl and dimple and deck that simple countryside. Nevertheless, some of the ground had been left in its original state, and the result was an enchanting blend of the artful and the artless. Fine old trees and swooping curves of fields had been preserved and somehow blended with foppish garden beds where early spring flowers moved in response to that clean, racing April air.

And just after we had passed a stately Italian garden we came to the crowning glory of the place—an old apple orchard now in full bloom. Like powdered heads of eighteenth-century beaus those white trees nodded over their carpet of yellow daffodils.

Through all this varied scenery one could glimpse, far off, the Sound. Today it was as blue as larkspur and over this flowerlike color dozens of sails hovered like white butterflies. Immaculate yachts too! And these rocked on the blue water as a bee rocks backward and forward on its blossom.

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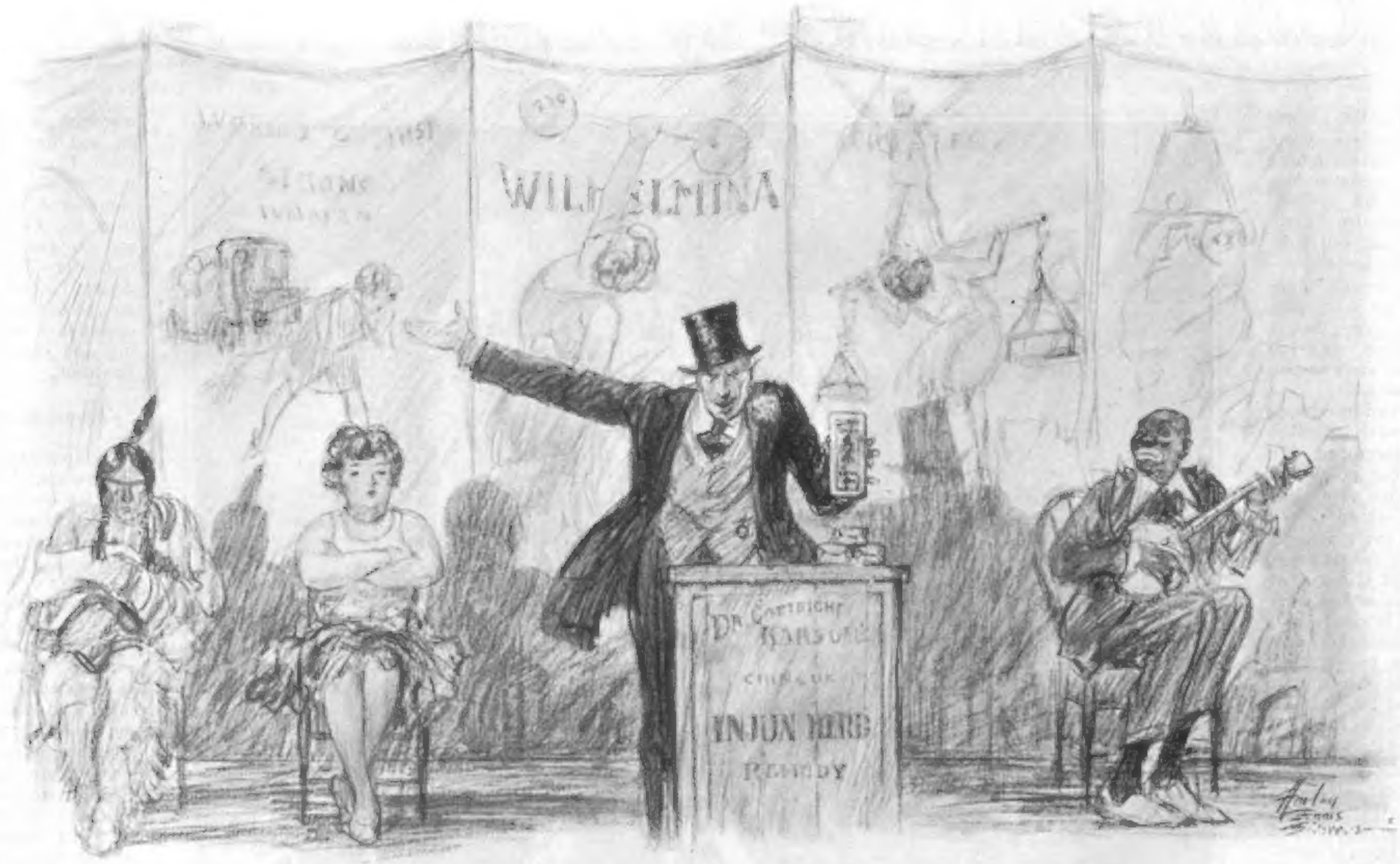
THE STRONG WOMAN

By Don Marquis
ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS



Whether You're Ballyhooing a Dog-Faced Boy or Acting Hamlet You Gotta Have That Showmanship

AS I CLIMBED the final flight of stairs and set foot upon the landing outside the door of my friend Henry Dodson, the sculptor, I heard a resonant voice within the studio proclaiming:

"She was the greatest woman in the world—see? And I want a monument that will knock 'em for a loop! D'you get me? Something big and classy, like Willie Swartz was herself. Do as you please about angels—put 'em on or leave 'em off; but I want an automobile onto it somewheres, and a coupla elephants. Savvy?"

The brazen voice was one trained to call together and bind its spell upon the multitudes, and it was a voice I knew. As I advanced to ring the bell I heard Henry Dodson's startled inquiry: "Automobiles—on a monument? Elephants?"

I rang, and the sculptor, with whom I had a luncheon engagement, opened the door, his bewilderment still showing upon his face. He started to introduce me to his client; but I have known Dr. Cartwright Karson, the old pitchman, for fifteen years. Karson was one of the first of the old docs in the medicine-show game to motorize his outfit, whisking performers, tents, living quarters and the Chinook Indian Herb Remedies from town to town in trucks and vans and trailers. I had written a newspaper yarn about the new development, as it was then, and he had taken me at once to the large heart that beats beneath the proud diamond always glittering on his shirt front.

"See here," he said to me; "maybe you can help Mr. Dodson and me figure out what we want."

He pointed to a dozen photographs on Dodson's desk which it was evident they had been studying—pictures of a great strong woman in athletic costume, performing various stunts. A vast woman she was, judging her size in relation to the size of people and objects shown near her; a Titaness with a big, childish, troubled face that would have been handsome if there had not been something disturbing to the eye and mind of man in this big girl's very bigness. Several of the pictures were obviously the products of fake photography—notably one photograph in which she was represented as lifting two baby elephants swung from the ends of a yoke laid across her neck and shoulders.

She Was a Grifter and a Gyp, All Right, But Not a Gypsy

"Doc, that is hooey," I said, "and I'm surprised to find Dr. Cartwright Karson scheming to deceive the public."

"Listen!" he said. "Listen! The basis of that photo is the solemn truth! Once Wilhelmina Swartz did lift a baby elephant, and that picture represents what she would and could have done if we'd ever found two baby elephants the same size and weight. That photo ain't a fake; it's an ideal that she died before she had a chance to live up to. The prime ingredient of that photo is a truth to Nature that is just as solid and substantial as the Rock of Gibraltar, and the picture has been touched up and expanded a little in order to make it live up to that prime ingredient of truth. If it was a fake I wouldn't want it put onto her monument, would I? Kid, you oughta know that Dr. Cartwright Karson ain't the man to set up false witnesses and hooey in a serious place like a cemetery."

"Who was she, doc?" I asked.

"The strongest woman in the world, either historic, prehistoric or domestic," he said seriously. "And the biggest heart of any human I ever knew. That's why I want a monument to fit her."

"But—automobiles on it—elephants!" murmured Henry Dodson helplessly.

"Yes, sir, an automobile and at least one elephant," said Old Doc Karson firmly. "Something grand and classy and allegoric. You can get the soft touch the public likes with cherubs and angels if you want, or you can put it into her face—you can see for yourself that Wilhelmina Swartz had a nice face. There never was any more female nor feminine woman than Willie, and I've known a lot of 'em, and ——"

Surprisingly, he almost broke down. He blew his red nose on a blue silk handkerchief which he took from the crown of his broad slouch hat.

"Big she lived and big she died," he concluded.

Old Doc Carson has had exceptional opportunities for studying human nature. Besides his medicine shows, he has trouped it with every variety of amusement enterprise that exists. He has sold everything that is portable; he has set up his tripes and opened his keister in every town in America. He can amble through the midway of a fair and tell you at a glance whether the Siamese Twins grew that way or are glued. Astrology, ventriloquism, phrenology, magic, chiropody are among his side lines. He has promoted paluka fighters in the Corn Belt, played heavy leads on a show boat and painlessly extracted teeth from the Erie Basin to Puget Sound.

"Where," inquired the sculptor, fingering a photograph which showed Wilhelmina Swartz gayly pulling a motor car into which were crowded fifteen passengers—"where is this monument of ours to go?"

"You boys probably never heard of the Showman's League Rest," said Old Doc Karson, "because you're New Yorkers, and therefur mostly ignorant of anything that ain't in New York or don't come off of a ship from Europe. It's in Woodlawn Cemetery, out to Chicago, and it's the classiest and most exclusive burying ground in the world, bar none. Nobody but show folks can ever be buried there till the last pitch is made and the last trumpet blows over land and sea. There's kings buried in Westminster Abbey that couldn't get into the Rest, because they wasn't troupers and wasn't artists. When the talent rises up from that plot at the judgment day there won't be a musical instrument in paradise they can't double on, wind or

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THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THIS CAMPAIGN—By Samuel G. Blythe

PHOTO, BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC PHOTOS., INC., N. Y. C.

Governor Smith and His Family. Left to Right, Standing: Walter, Alfred, Jr., Mrs. Alfred Smith, Jr., Major J. A. Warner, Arthur and Mrs. Emily Warner. Seated: Mrs. Smith, Walter 2d, Arthur, Jr., the Governor With Mary Adams Warner, His Granddaughter

THERE seemed to be a certain coyness among those interested over getting this presidential campaign started. It did not get under way until September—early enough, probably, but later than usual. Now that it has begun, with full ballyhoo and whoopee, what about it?

Viewed mechanically and scientifically, it is a humdinger. We keep our politics in step with all modern improvements. We utilize every new device for the transmission of the voice, features, actions, emotions, laborings and relaxations of our candidates to countless millions of mildly interested listeners and lookers, and spread our party policies thickly over the land on every Hertzian wave. Our conventions were equipped with a forest of microphones and each little noise therein hurtled instantly into practically every American home. Our candidates accepted their nominations not only to the solemn notification committees who attended them at the chosen spots with the glad news but to every person in this broad land who had the energy and the curiosity to tune in on the radio.

There is, has been and will be incessant photography, inordinate microphony and much other phony without the mike. Our campaigners are shooting about in airships and our headquarters are filled with tabulators, annunciators and other semirobots to keep track of things and trends, in extensive bewildering array. Almost any candidate for office can reasonably hope to get into the news reels and there is no way for the principal candidates to keep out of them. It is a poor stick of an aspirant for favor at the polls who cannot obtain a stand before a microphone, and the presidential nominees have microphones inexorably tied around their necks. No new picture device, even up to television and talking movies, but will be utilized. Every noise maker is seized. Each time the air waves are tamed in an advanced manner the national chairmen get the political rights. We have made science, mechanics, light and electricity the servants of our ballyhoo. It is most diverting and shows progress—progress in our politics from torchlight to Klieg light. What it means nationally is another question and will be discussed later.

The Great Presidential Ballyhoo

THE trouble with our politics in this country is that it is too political. There isn't sufficient scope in it for a real battle at the polls on any important issue, for the reason that none of our politicians will allow an issue to become dominant, because they all want to catch votes from both sides. That they rarely do that teaches them nothing. Our politics is principally straddle politics. We are the greatest nation of political wire walkers and gumshoers the world has ever known. We never put forth a national platform that has a paragraph in it not designed by our premier trimmers to take both sides, the middle, the high and the low.

Now that is all well enough for the politicians and the political organizations, but it means little to the average voter who has his stake, large or small, in this country. It means less than little. It means nothing at all. For example, no matter which party wins in November, the farmers can never be legislated out of their woes. The farm situation in this country, in its correct analysis, can finally be remedied only by the farmers themselves. It is the same with prohibition. The election of a wet President will not open the saloons or make legal the sale of liquor during that President's four years, and all but the fanatic wets know it. Prohibition, whether good or bad, is a part of the organic law of this country, and the only way to get prohibition out of the organic law of the land is to get it out the same way it was put in—by constitutional process—and it will take years to do that, if ever it can be accomplished. Moreover, speaking as an entirely detached observer who does not drink and believes in local option, even a modification of the present legal prohibition situation in this country would be the work of years no matter what sort of President and Congress are elected, whether wet, semiwet or bone dry.

These two questions of political policy, which are more often in the political conversation of the people than any others, are instanced here because the political treatment of them by the professional politicians in this campaign emphasizes the theme of this article, which is that any consideration of the average affairs of the average American in connection with the public and recorded positions of the two great parties is futile.

It is small wonder that the average American is confused by this enormous presidential ballyhoo. And it is enormous. I have been through a considerable number of presidential campaigns in the capacity of a writer about them, have traveled thousands of miles with aspirants for the place, have been in all sections of the country during campaigns, have been close up to the workings of them and have known a lot about the inside mechanics of the managers and promoters and recorders of them. I have seen the publicity ends of these campaigns develop from the torchlight and lithograph stage to this present bewildering fanfare that now accompanies the operation of nominating and electing a President.

Flood Times

TWO other men and myself in the past reported and covered adequately and accurately several national conventions for the New York World. Other great newspapers had three or four or five men on the job, and the leading press association six or seven. At these latest national conventions the greatest press association in the country had seventy men at both Kansas City and Houston—seventy men pouring out thousands and thousands of words, to say nothing of hundreds of other special writers and reporters who were in action, scores of photographers, artists and what not, radio announcers chattering incessantly into their microphones, every sound in the halls going out in unceasing and tremendous volume.

This vast outpouring of convention stuff merged into the campaign and has concentrated on the candidates and their helpers. Both Hoover and Smith are constantly surrounded by platoons of photographers, news reelers, correspondents and interviewers, and acres upon acres of printed and pictured news, views and surmises, while similar acres upon acres of pictures are spread each day before the public. The actuating idea seems to be quantity, in the minds of editors, picture handlers and the political campaign managers. We are inundated by this presidential publicity, and will be submerged by the middle of October.

This recital is no old-fogy protest, nor is it a them-were-the-palmy-days reminiscence. All this vast publicizing comes first from a fictitious but explainable conception of what the public wants in the way of volume concerning the presidential candidates and their campaigns by the political managers and by the editors and picture men, and second because of the improvements in both collection and transmission of such stuff over those of former days. It is a natural attendant upon the development of radio, pictures, fast printing, telephotography and all this and that. Having these devices, the newspapers, publicity men, campaign managers and what not use them.

The result is not what might be expected. Instead of being informed and proselyted, the average American is stunned. He is over publicized. He gets so much of this sort of stuff that he is bored by it, satiated with it. He knows well enough that Republicanism, as a political-party idea, means nothing to him, nor does Democracy. He will vote if he feels like it, but he will vote, without any real actuating reason save his innate political conviction, the way he has always voted, unless he takes one vital point into consideration.

If the average American, interested in his country, his family and himself, will disregard all this clamor and

ballyhoo about the superexcellencies of this party or that and look at this campaign with the sole view of determining for himself precisely what is the great issue at stake in this election, he will come to the conclusion that that great issue is the United States of America and his own stake in it as a citizen, a business man, an employer or employe, and as the head of a family. He will know that all the platforms, speeches, publicity and propaganda are special pleas for one side or the other, and being special pleas are based on special and favorable foundations. Biased, to say the least; or, to use the patter of the moment, sales talks.

The thing of moment to the average American is not a matter of politics but is a matter of economics. It is not a matter of propaganda and is a matter of prosperity. The only really important question before the American people in this campaign—the brass tacks of this campaign—is not the platforms on which the candidates for the presidency stand, and is the ability, education, experience and predicated usefulness of the men who stand on those platforms.

The question the average American should answer to himself before voting has no concern with the policies or promises of the Democratic Party or the Republican Party. It must, from the nature of our Government and our politics, be tied in with politics to the extent of political representation and fealty by the candidates, who could not get before the people in any other way. It must be political in so far as designation goes. This candidate is and must be a Republican, that candidate is and must be a Democrat, but that is as far as the politics of it goes.

When Foresight is Better Than Hindsight

IT IS outside and beyond all that. Here are the facts: The United States of America is the motor of the world. We are the most progressive, the most prosperous, the most vital country. We are the greatest producers, the greatest consumers, the greatest distributors. Our standards of living, our standards of wages, our standards of education, of life in all its phases, lead the world. Our people are richer, our accumulations are greater, our prosperity is higher than anywhere else. We can say this without boasting. The facts are behind every statement.

Our people are better fed, better clothed, better paid, and live at a scale that is the astonishment as it is the envy of all other countries. Our people own their homes in enormously larger proportion than elsewhere. Our savings banks hold more money, our investments are greater, our wealth per capita larger and our manufactures excel in quantity and quality those of any other country on the globe. The percentage of additional homes built, telephones installed, automobiles bought, to say nothing of the added means for entertainment, such as the radio, the moving picture, the phonograph, the public park, and so on, in the past ten years is so large as to seem incredible were it not supported by incontestable proof.

This all means prosperity. It means that the average American is, at the present moment, so much better off than the average Englishman, or the average Frenchman, or the average citizen of any other nation, that the average American's position as to life and the employment and enjoyment of it is on a scale vastly higher than that of those outside. And all this is predicated on business, not on the planks in any political platform whatsoever, nor on the speeches of any candidate, nor on the publicity and propaganda which flood the country.

The prosperity of a country depends on many things, but the prosperity of the individual depends upon but one thing, and that is the opportunity his country affords him to live and work and make and sell. It is not a material question solely. It goes further than that, but hinges on prosperity nevertheless, because better living for a man and a man's family must come from better advantages for the man to obtain means for the support of that living. The fact of it is that every phase of life is raised in a prosperous country—material, social and educational.

The close relation between government and business is not generally appreciated. The truth of it is that business largely depends on government, just as government is the creature of politics. Given a wise government, and prosperity is easier to obtain and retain. No President and no Congress, no matter what the politics of them, would be so insane as deliberately to wreck business; but on the other hand, some President and some Congress might wreck business not from intent but from lack of knowledge. Under our form of government, that government must necessarily be political; but under our form of government the only way for it to be the true conserver and promoter of business is to have real and advanced business understanding in our executives.

Our progress and our prosperity since the war have topped all our own and all other outside records. I do not intend to burden this article with figures. These are easily obtainable, if desired, but not necessary, for the proof of prosperity is seen everywhere. The signs are universal and abundant. There have been some slumps, but each slump has been succeeded by a renewed advance. Prosperity has, in a measure, taken care of itself, although the Administration of President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon has had much to do with it.

Thus we come to the present time, to the year 1928 and the succeeding four years that will mark the term as President of the man to be elected in November. All politics, all candidates, all propaganda aside, the vital need of this country is the continuance of our present prosperity; and as that is the vital need of the country, it is the vital need of every person in it and of it. That transcends any specialized political issue, any theory or policy of party proclamation, any political matter whatsoever. It is the acute, personal, individual issue for every man and woman voter in the United States—prosperity. It is the vital question which should determine the election.

This is no time to be voting on past party performances or on past party promises. There never was a day in our history when the past was so unimportant and the future so important as it is now. We have had our ten years or so of an accumulating prosperity. The results of that are to be seen everywhere and bulk importantly and fatly from coast to coast. What we need now is a continuance of our prosperity, and that need goes down from top to bottom, from our highest to our humblest. Furthermore, the successful meeting of that necessity is predicated largely on the result of this election. The matter goes far beyond the politics of any candidate. It reaches out and beyond to encompass his qualifications, not as a campaigner, not as the advocate of any special issue, not as the representative of any party but his ability, experience, education and business knowledge. It demands the man, not the politician. It requires imperatively the experience and the knowledge, not the partisan label.

The history of the material advances and declines of all countries shows that economic currents setting this way and that bring about high points and low points, and those records show also that while the economic movements of a country are important in establishing high periods and low periods, they are not immutable. That is to say, with an experienced economist at the helm, the chances are better of making headway—or keeping steerageway, in any event—than they would be if the helmsman was merely a politician.

The Eternal Triangle of Prosperity

NOW, after our ten years at the high, it will be prudent to consider a possible lapse to a low. That is the point upon which the average American voter, both male and female, should do his or her thinking. If a low shall come the average American voter will be first to feel the disaster of it. He will be the first to be crimped. Consequently it is to his greatest advantage to do what he can to place in presidential power the man who is best fitted to keep things as they are, by reason of education and experience, and hold them forward.

Good business needs an understanding government. It needs not only an executive who has full knowledge and experience of the politics of government and the mechanics of it but a president who has a wide and accurate comprehension of the policies and mechanics of business itself. Good business is the child of good times and good times depend largely upon good government. The three are interdependent, and most important in that dependence is the man in the White House and the men he places at the head of the Government's executive departments. Thus, standing at the top of what might be, but need not be, the peak of our prosperity, the average American voter has the situation in his own hands for decision. He knows that his vote will help not only to keep the country prosperous but in larger measure to keep himself prosperous, and his consideration, in the light of the necessities of the country and his own necessities, must be a consideration of men, of candidates named for the office to be voted upon in November.

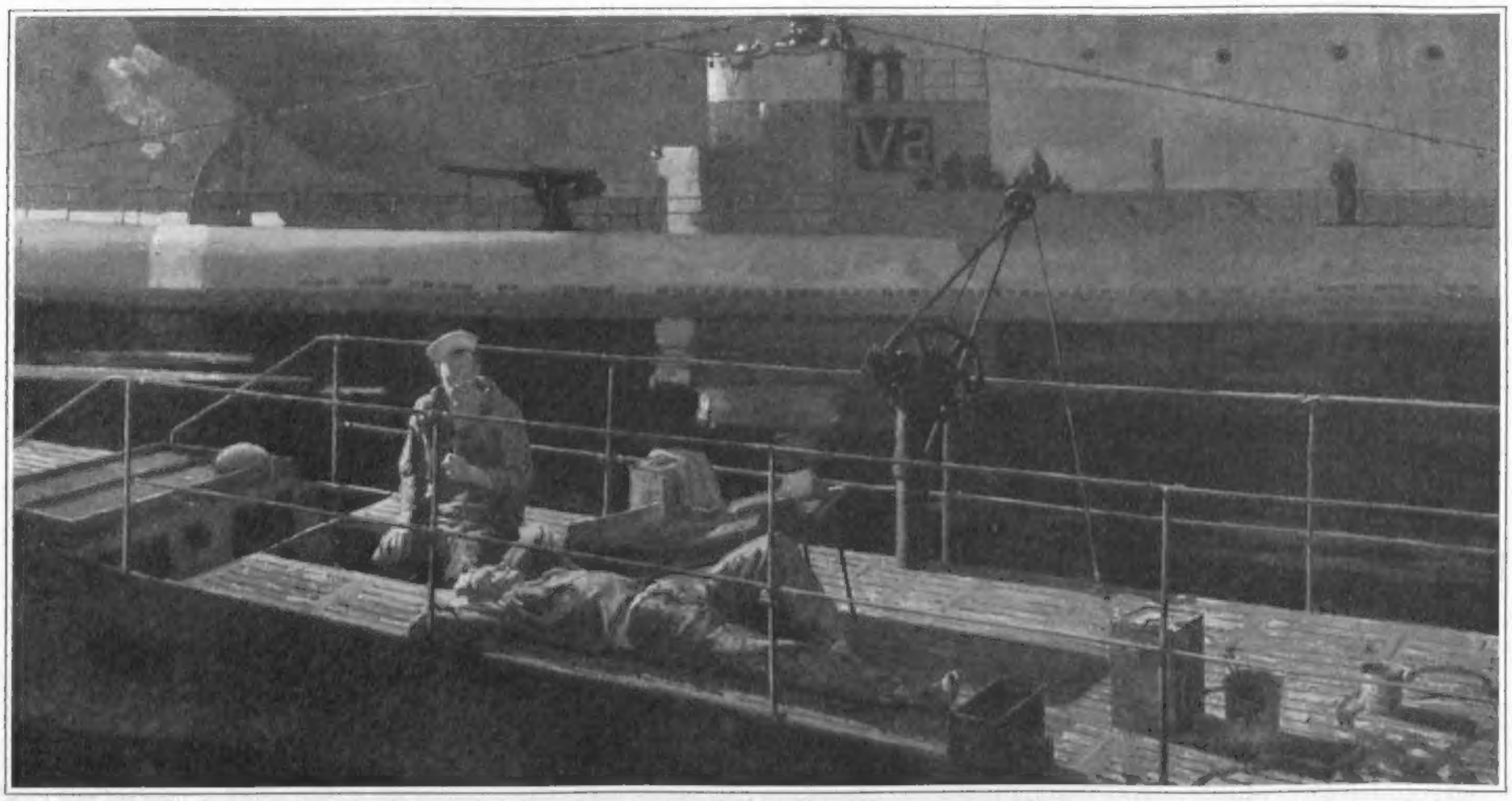
The next President of the United States will be either Herbert Hoover or Alfred E. Smith. The average American voter has no other practical choice. Hoover is a Republican and Smith is a Democrat. Politically Hoover stands for his party's policies and politically Smith accepts the policies of his party—in both cases subject to their personal interpretations as candidates. That is all well enough if the voter is to accept one or the other for political and party

(Continued on Page 194)

PHOTO BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

Herbert Hoover and Mrs. Hoover, Sitting, With Herbert, Jr., and His Wife, and Alan Hoover (Right), at Their Home in Washington, D. C., June 17th, 1928

"Panama—3000 Miles Away"



"Ya Know," He Said to Swede, "These Here Pig Boats Is the Only Job in This Man's Navy. Grub's Good and Ya Get to Know Everybody; Even the Awfficers"

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

SWEDE LARKIN lay flat on his back, with his knees drawn up and his hands clasped behind his head. Three feet from him, with his legs down the torpedo hatch, Think-Tank Bowry was sucking a lemon lollipop. From below there came the muffled clank of a hammer echoing against the steel hull of Miranda.

Think-Tank looked up slowly and stared across the oily slip water. On the other side, one of the S-boats, with a sling through her bull ring, lay at an angle of ten degrees to the horizontal, with her stern submerged.

"Gee," said Think-Tank, "that dive must be worth almost two bits." He looked at the lollipop quizzically, turned it around, but stopped it just before it reached his mouth. "Hell," he said, "here it is the twenty-eighth and two more to go for us." He pulled one leg up out of the hatch and turned around. Mr. Purdee was talking to Jacobson on the jetty. Swede grunted. Think-Tank considered his face for a moment; then he pulled up the other leg and stood up. He gave his pants a hitch, laid the lollipop down carefully on a double thickness of cigarette paper and went down the after-gangway.

He touched his forehead to the skipper and grinned.

"Any chance of making an honest dollar, sir? We got thirteen this month only, so far."

Mr. Purdee looked at him.

"Don't get nervous, Bowry. I'm giving you two river dives tomorrow to bring up the ante."

"Yes, sir, another dive, another dollar."

"You're not shipping over with us?"

Bowry's feet shifted.

"No, sir, this is my third. Three times and out. I'm done on the fifteenth of next month."

"Had enough?"

"Well, I have and I haven't. A fella gets kinda fed up at times and my old woman wants me to go in with her brother's garage. She gets kinda nervous about me and I guess a fella's got to think about his future sometime."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Purdee. "We'll miss you."

"Miss me? Aw, hey." Bowry grinned and shifted his feet in exquisite embarrassment. "Naw, I guess not. Well, thanks, sir." He came back up the gangway.

"Free Eats and Clothes and No Worry, and Paid Besides, I Know"

"Ya know," he said to Swede, "these here pig boats is the only job in this man's Navy. Grub's good and ya get to know everybody; even the awfficers. Sorta chummy and homelike, ain't it?"

Swede grunted.

"Yeah," said Think-Tank. "If only there was a little change now an' then. A fella gets kinda fed up with it. Take a garage now. They's always something happening around a garage—something different. Ya get all kinds of cars to work on—smash-ups and things like that. It's interesting. Here it's always the same thing. Fifteen dives a month—practice shoots—availability and all to do over again. Ain't much for a guy to exercise his imagination on. Ya sorta go stale, what with nothing to think about except three squares an' how to get enough alcohol to clean switch points now an' then." He bit off the last of his lollipop, licked the stick clean and snapped it into the water. "Yea, I'm through next month."

He slid down through the hatch and presently his voice echoed raucously through Miranda to the rhythm of the hammer beats:

"—— any greasy submarine
Is home, sweet home t'me-e-e-e!"

Think-Tank lay on his back with his feet sticking out from under the running board. His face was streaked with grease and the once white cap that covered his hair looked as if it had been dipped in sump oil and whisked through a dust bin. He snapped off the wire-screened bulb and inched out from under.

"Brother," he said, "you gotta leave this buggy here for a day or so. Ya been down some country road with rocks that ain't give you enough clearance. You got your differential casing cracked open and she's chuck-full of mud an' grit."

"Yes?" said the man with the newspaper. "All right, fix 'er up. . . . Say, this is pretty tough about this submarine, isn't it?"

"Yeah," said Think-Tank. "I read it this morning."

"I guess those guys don't know their jobs, eh? Nobody who knew his job would stay in the Navy anyway."

"What do you mean by that?" said Think-Tank.

"Free eats and clothes and no worry, and paid besides. I know. I was in it during the war." The man laughed. "A bunch of swell-headed bums—the officers—with a free education on the Government."

"Say," said Think-Tank, "I guess you're talkin' to the wrong guy and you're talkin' too wide, see? I been in that man's Navy m'self, see? What was you—one o' them Pelham Bay tourists?"

"Well, I was in it, wasn't I?"

"No," said Think-Tank, "I don't think you was, see? Some o' them fellas on that pig boat was my buddies an' the skipper was the finest divin' officer in the service. What do you think of that? Say, listen; you come in here with a cracked open casing and try to tell me that the Navy don't know its job, when they's twenty of 'em paid for this with their lives? Where do you get that stuff from?"

"Well, you had brains when you got out of it, didn't you?"

"Maybe I did an' maybe I didn't. An' listen; I ain't gona fix your buggy, see? You can roll it outa here and get out yourself. I've heard a lot of you guys loud mouthing around an' I don't like you any more than the rest. You're the kind of a guy who used to try to dress like a real gob an' go loud mouthin' an' dancin' around them canteens with society girls, an' when you got 'em in a corner you'd tell 'em all about what a hero you was on some S. C. boat an' tell her, of course, you wasn't no common sailor in private life, 'cause your father was John Q. Vanderbilt. An' if you'd had the brains of a louse you'd of been one of them stuff-shirt collidge awfficers, who thought a cable was somethin' you sent by telegraft and a hawser was the way you laffed at a superior awfficer's joke, see?"

"Say, listen; you can't talk to me like that. I sell most of the real estate that's sold over in Burnham and I guess I can put a crimp in your business all right."

"Sure, you'd do that, too, wouldn't you, you chicken-livered buzzard? Well, listen; if you don't like what I say, they's a nice yard out back where you can take a walk with me any time you wanta, see?"

The man climbed into his car and chugged it protestingly out and down the street to the Eureka Garage.

Think-Tank hitched his hat over one eye and walked into his brother-in-law's office

"What was the trouble with his can?"

"Trouble was I didn't knock it offen him instead o' talkin' to the slob"

"What you mean? He's gone into the Eureka."

"Sure. I hope he stays there. If he comes back here I'll hang a crape on his chin. I told him to git out."

"Say, listen; are you crazy? That's the second time you've gone an' had arguments with customers this week. Where you think we'll get any business from if you drive all of it away?"

"I guess they's enough fools like that skirt who tried to get eighty out of a brand-new car and this guy who breaks his casing drivin' over a picket fence, an' old Mrs. Mallory who comes in every time she can't shift into second because she thinks reverse is it. I never see so many fools in m' life before. I thought they was a law against it."

"Say, you better take a vacation for a while and get normal."

"I'm gonna take one."

"Now don't get mad."

"I ain't gettin'; I'm still. I like you, Joe, an' I hate to see you lose money, but when a guy tells me that dead men didn't know their jobs, I can't stand it, see?"

"Aw, cool off. Take the liz an' buzz around for a coupla days. I can run this while you're gone."

"Thanks," said Think-Tank.

The car rattled up in front of the marine sentry and stopped.

"What's your business?"

Think-Tank looked at him and tilted back his cap.

"No business, bozo. I useta work here. Just come back to see the boys."

"You know anyone here?"

"Say, I know everyone, see? Everyone but you, an' I don't know you because I guess you wasn't born but about an' hour an' a half ago," he grinned and cupped his hands. "Hey, Chief!" he bellowed.

Jacobson, inside the gates, turned and looked.

"Tell your boy friend I won't bite the admiral, will ya!"

"Hello, Bowry! You old son." Jacobson came out grinning, with his hand stretched out before him. "Well, how's the old business man? Say, you might wear a derby when you go callin'."

"Say, listen, Hash-Marks, don't think I ain't got a derby! How's Miranda?"

"Fine. Just goin' down myself. We got an' availability." The Chief piled in and passed the car through. Bowry drove it down past quarters and stores and the torpedo shop to the dead line on the wharf.

There was Miranda with her humpback and her ugly snoot looking just as she had six months before. Swede Larkin's head stuck up suddenly from the forward torpedo hatch. Mr. Purdee and Mr. Rawlins, the Second, were talking on the jetty.

Think-Tank rubbed his hands together, hitched up his gray pants and walked out with the Chief. "Hello, Mr. Purdee," he said. "Remember me—Bowry?"

"Well," said the skipper. "How's every thing with you? Garage making money?"

"Yes, sir, everything's fine. Suppose I could go aboard for a look around?"

"Sure thing. We're shoving off in half an hour though."

Think-Tank looked at Miranda's plates and a soft light came into his eyes. "Don't suppose I could go along as a passenger, do you, like I was some newspaper guy?"

"Want to?"

"Just to see what it's like once again?"

"I guess you could," said Mr. Purdee. "You're in the reserve, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right."

"Thanks." Bowry ran up the gangway and thumped Swede Larkin in the ribs. Swede grunted.

"Say," Said Think-Tank, "I Guess You're Talkin' to the Wrong Guy"

"Hello, T'ink-Tank. You comes back?"

"Yeah, ya big blond boob. How's tricks?"

"Tricks ban fine."

"I'm goin' out with ya. Got an extra pair o' dungarees?"

"Sure," said Swede, "but t'e five dollars ban mine."

Bowry laughed "O. K." He let himself down the torpedo hatch and plumped on the deck. "'Lo, Mike! Howdy, Skunk." They shook hands and introduced him to a couple of new men. He followed Swede aft into the battery room, took off his gray pants and coat, folded them in the locker and slipped into Larkin's dungarees. Then he went through the C. O. C. into the engine room. He stopped between the Diesels with his hands on his hips, and looked at Fenton.

"Say," he said, "what you doin' around my kickers?"

Fenton stood upright. "Gee, where'd you come from, Think-Tank? . . . Your kickers? Say, ever since you checked out they had me over from the 4 to run this plant. Whad'ya do—bust the springs windin' 'em up?"

"Naw," said Think-Tank. "This is the 6 these things is motors, not alarm clocks like they put inta the 4."

Fenton laughed. "Well, how's the garage business?"

"Fine. I got me a coupla days off though. They's a bunch o' boobs driving cars nowadays. You'd think they'd be a law against it. We had a dame in the other day who run inta an anvil—c'n ya tie it? They must be about three blacksmiths left in th' whole country an' she has to go an' drive so close to one of their shops as to poke this here anvil right through her radiator."

Fenton winked and rubbed his hands on a scrap of waste.

"Well, I bet that give you somethin' to think about, Think-Tank. Psychology of women an' all that."

(Continued on Page 155)

"In—Here," Gasped Mr. Rawlins. "The C. O. C. Purdee and Seven Others—Get 'Em"

THIS ABOVE ALL

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

He Swallowed Bitterly and Went On With Each Hateful Detail

HUNDREDS of male voices rose in the ancient chorus, and the sentimental words, floating sadly across the dark fragrant campus, came to the ears of Whitney Crane as a fresh reminder of his grievance:

Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors?

Without halting, Crane glanced fifty yards to his left. There, grouped on the old stone steps, he could distinguish the shadowy figures of his classmates where they gathered on these spring evenings to sing about girls, roses and unfeasible honeymoons. In unison their many voices were now chanting the traditional song which speculates unhappily upon the future—the impending future which had recently appeared on the campus like a rough, unwelcome guest.

They've gone out from their alma mater

Here and there in the blurred group cigarettes glowed like tiny orange stars; a match flared silently and touched several bent faces with the soft, fleeting brilliance of heat lightning; and now a discarded cigarette, arching outward, etched a thin momentary rainbow across the velvet darkness.

Safe now in the—wide—wide—world.

The familiar last line, sung with exaggerated mournfulness, drifted faintly after Whitney Crane as he went through the center of three stone arches.

"The dirty mucker," he said slowly, viciously. "I'd be back there singing with the others if it wasn't for him."

At the edge of the campus he paused while two automobiles darted down the sloping concrete. Crossing the road he looked toward the unique frame house just in front. It had once been a peaceful three-storied dwelling, but was now a hive of restless industry. A buzz of voices escaped from it into the surrounding darkness, and every window, bare of curtains and open for coolness, spread harsh yellow light out upon the students who turned in from the sidewalk and purposefully mounted the wooden steps.

Crane made his way through the milling crowd in the noisy, uncarpeted hall. In a little room at the rear he joined the line that shuffled toward the wired cashier's window. Three nights in succession he had stood in this line; and now he felt once more a sense of shame for his presence here, the shame of the schoolboy who finds himself placed among classmates smaller by a head.

"Shakspere—the three hours," he said to the girl at the window. Hastily he signed the voucher, picked up his three tickets and, without glancing at those still in line, moved out to the hall. Here, at the bottom of the stairway, incoming students collided with those who were scattering toward the various rooms in which a half dozen tutors labored at this eleventh-hour preparation.

A confusion of voices and scraping footsteps filled the air; the old dwelling vibrated unhappily to the bustling energy generated within its wooden walls. From upstairs, during a momentary lull, Crane heard and understood a tutor's voice in crisp repetition: "No, no, Phillips! The axis of a circular cone is this line from the vertex—here— to the center of the base—here. Get it now?"

Crane entered a large room already half filled with sophomores. He took several blue-covered notebooks from a battered table and walked past the rough wooden benches that rose, one higher than the other, like seats in a grand stand. He did not look up as he moved toward the back of the room, for he knew that many sophomores were watching him and he felt something hostile in their curiosity, a cynical amusement at a senior who, instead of consorting with his carefree classmates during senior vacation, must tutor here on an equal footing with the lowliest delinquent sophomore. Crane's resentment as he slid in on the last bench did not turn against the students here; it focused, as it had done a thousand times, upon Mr. Huddonfield, the young university instructor whose methods had made Shakspere a long ordeal of worry and humiliation for Whitney Crane.

Settled next to the wall on the rearmost bench, where no neighbor could jog his writing elbow, Crane began sharpening three new yellow pencils, and while slicing each one to a long slender point he wished fervently that tomorrow's examination dealt with some branch of mathematics—any branch—rather than with Shakspere's works.

His preference for numbers over words had existed even in his earliest prep-school days, and during his four years at college he had reveled in mathematics from trigonometry to tensor analysis. His precise, orderly temperament found something satisfying in the application of known principles and formulæ; he liked the pursuit of an answer through a jungle of figures; liked, beyond all else, the comforting assurance that there was but one right answer and that all others, therefore, could be proved wrong.

This, he had learned, was emphatically not true of courses in literature. His logical mind could not help but be confused by a situation in which any one of a dozen answers might be correct; other students took pleasure—and refuge—in the very indefiniteness of literary appraisal, in the legitimate scope for originality and differences of opinion, but Crane had met only with disaster at the hands of these intangible factors—factors radically foreign to the exclusive, logical clarity of mathematics.

His dislike for literature had made him avoid all but those courses required by the faculty. It had also made him uneasily postpone until his last term the one remaining unit in English necessary for his degree. He still believed it was a mistake to demand work in languages from a B. S. student whose entire interest and ability lay in mathematical fields. What possible good, he stubbornly contended, could such a man get out of a study of Coriolanus, Hamlet, Henry IV or The Winter's Tale?

With an unhappy sigh he slipped the knife back into his pocket. Methodically he arranged the pencils and the blue-covered notebooks on the scarred bench, wrote his name and campus address across the front of each book. From the seclusion of his rear seat he could look down over the sloping expanse of crowded heads. All the benches were filled by now, but late comers still arrived who found seats for themselves on the floor, backs propped against the wall, while the battered, smoky room buzzed with talk of the morrow's examination.

"Lord, how I dread this!"

"Got an extra pencil, Smuggler?"

"I wish tomorrow was over."

"Think it'll be a tough one?"

"What time is it now, Bill?"

The racket died abruptly, the students faced to the front; for the tutor had appeared at the other end of the room. Young and smiling, he seemed, in his white linen suit and freshly groomed air, to be untouched by the long hours of the past week. His right hand held the white cards on which his few notes were written.

"Now, fellows"—facing them cheerfully, he mechanically ruffled the cards—"tonight we'll take up the four remaining plays on the list. After that, in any time left, we'll go into the more important facts about Shakspere." Crane bent to take down the first of the notes. He dreaded these hours of intensive drill, suffered physical and mental torture while the tutoring progressed inexorably.

To relax for a moment here was to lose a note for which there could be no going back; and this haste, which made full accuracy impossible, increased his distress, for it was a strong habit with him to set things down in a correct, systematic fashion.

"In Henry IV the element of love is ignored," said the tutor. "You might contrast that play with Romeo and Juliet or with Twelfth Night, in which love is the main theme and motivation of the action."

The tutor's clear, tireless tenor was the only sound in the crowded room. An intense seriousness pervaded the air. There was no banter, and any unnecessary interruption caused a score of frowning faces to turn toward the trifler; for everyone here—the dull scholar who always needed this special coaching, the lazy man now paying for a term's indolence—was dedicated to a passionate concentration, alertly listening, furiously pushing a pencil under the lash of the morrow's crisis.

"Use the word 'HOLMTAC' to remember the order in which Shakspere wrote his seven great tragedies: Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Timon, Antony and Cleopatra, and Coriolanus."

Crane seized upon the acrostic and quickly wrote it down.

Things as definite as this—statistics concerning Shakspere's dates, the number of his plays, classified in neatly bracketed groups—came easily to him. But in the tutor's less specific remarks he felt lost; and even when he had memorized the bare facts required for an answer he knew he had no ability at dressing those facts in the adequate prose required for a good mark.

"Time out for ten minutes, fellows."

"For What Various Purposes," He Read, "Does Shakspere Introduce Into His Plays the Singing of Songs?"

Gasps of relief rose, some of the students standing up to ease cramped limbs. Three benches to the front Crane observed Stumpy Frothingham, a stout and popular sophomore who was in his preceptorial group. Frothingham, his buxom torso clad in a limp white shirt with rolled sleeves, collapsed heavily back against the next bench, spread his plump arms and expelled a hissing breath of exhaustion.

"Turn me over, momma," he murmured strickenly, "I'm brown on this side."

Some of the students, lighting cigarettes as they went, drifted out toward the comparative coolness of the hall, but Crane, for fear of forfeiting his secluded seat, stayed where he was. His eyes, tired by hours of reviewing that day, smarted. He closed them wearily, rubbed them gently until, the breathing spell over, the sophomores were again crowding into their places on the bare wooden benches.

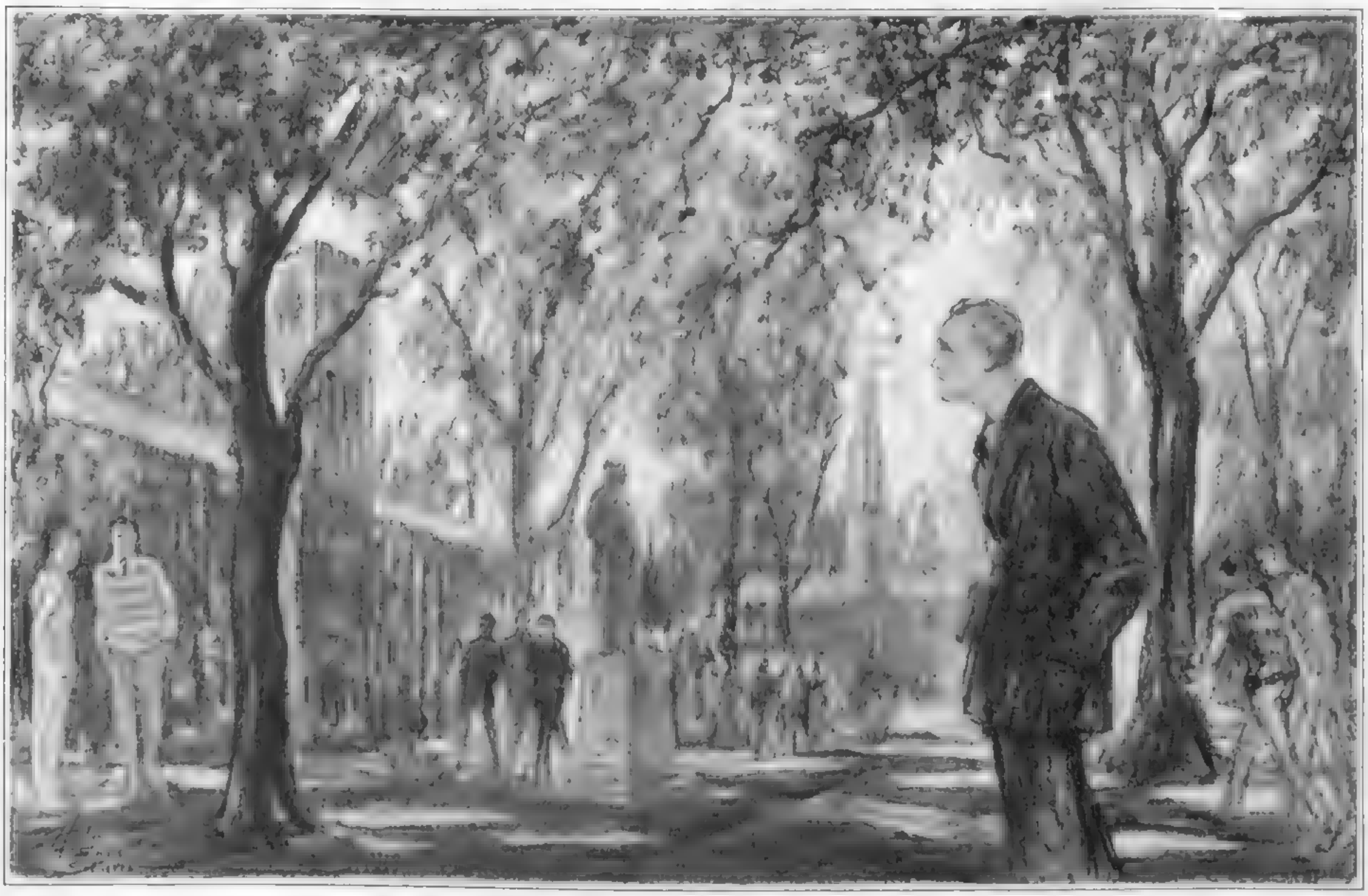
The tutor disposed of Coriolanus and The Tempest; next he described the structure of the stage during the days of Elizabeth, and concluded the session by summing up the few authenticated facts about the life of Anne Hathaway's impetuous husband.

"Now, fellows," he added, "don't sit up too late tonight over your notes. Get up early instead and review them in the morning, and you won't be such a wreck when you go into the exam. Now just one point more."

He paused, held up a hand until all straying eyes had returned to him; then he spoke earnestly: "Read every question over carefully before you start to write—reread it several times! Often you really know the answer to a question, but fail to realize it simply because it's worded in a new way. That's all. Well, good luck, everybody."

Crane, following the trooping crowd, handed his tickets to the student monitor at the door. As he reached the porch he gulped in a deep, involuntary breath of cool midnight air. Hurrying, he stepped off the sidewalk and passed many couples and chattering groups. Arriving on the town's main street he turned toward Joe's restaurant, the one patch of bright light in a row of dark, slumbering house fronts. Here, perched on a high stool at the marble counter, he sipped black, sleep-deferring coffee until presently a hand touched his shoulder. Glancing over the rim of the cup he saw, in the big wall mirror, that Syd La Farge,

(Continued on Page 74)



A Peculiar Hush Pervaded the Air as if, at Some Command, All Activity Had Suddenly Ceased

LOCAL TIME

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

It Was About Half Past Ten When Capt. Jack Willes Rowed Away From the Lily Bowman's Side. Her Repairs Were Made, the Cargo Restowed and New Storm Canvas Stretched on Her Yards. Her Captain, Captain Foster, Was Bringing His Bride Aboard Tonight

IT WAS about half past ten at night when Capt Jack Willes rowed away from the Lily Bowman's side. Her repairs were made, the cargo restowed and new storm canvas stretched on her yards. Her captain, Captain Foster, was bringing his bride aboard tonight; he was actually being married now to Haroldine Bowman; very likely the knot was tied already. Haroldine's seagoing clothes were already in the captain's room, and the Lily Bowman, if all went well, would tow out at midnight, through the Reach, for Puget Sound.

Capt. Jack Willes plied his oars thoughtfully. The tide was not yet at the slack and the river water moved smoothly and darkly between green banks, spruce and pine on the far shore, and on the town side the more cultivated shapes of elms. High embowered in the elms was the white bulk of the towerless Swedenborgian church; the foundries, the ropewalk, the harness and saddle factory, were nearer the river; and the acid smell of sawed oak from the shipyards filled Captain Willes' nostrils. The little black houses clustered round the Sawdust Patch made him think of old times, and the picture that he painted against his lids of Charlotte Bowman, Haroldine's sister, was very vivid. Many times, at sea, he had conjured her this way out of thin air, and then her eyes were very kind more than kind - her smile compliant, everything about her ravishing.

But that, of course, was not the actual Charlotte Bowman. The Bowmans were upper crust, the town's aristocracy; half the people in it depended for their very livelihood on the Bowman enterprises. Captain Willes himself, graduating from the Bowman yards, had sailed Bowman ships as mate, but, although he had his license now, he had not as yet gone master.

His mind drifting with the black stream, he took short strokes with the oars, and now and then stopped altogether. No, naturally, now that they were grown up, he couldn't expect Charlotte Bowman to think too seriously of a product of the Sawdust Patch. She would be kind—she was never less than that but circumstances would force her to be distant. Charles Bowman, in due time, would arrange an important marriage for her.

Captain Willes' boat twirled on the tide. He had had a sudden doubt about Charles Bowman's powers. Were they failing? The town had a way of reflecting the Bowman fortunes, of rising and falling with them, and now, this time home, surely it seemed as if the houses had drooped a little more out of plumb. He had heard that business was slack, but he could have inferred that from the gray chips in the North End shipyards. However, like ships, towns have mysterious righting levers; bad luck can't consistently dog the lives of ten or eleven thousand people; and now, following a week of portents, when an Italian—one of the waterworks gang—had been robbed of his savings on the broad highway, when the cashier of the national bank had drowned himself picturesquely in his cistern, when there had been a slight earthquake and a church-mortgage burning—religion always looked up a little in dull times—and when a runaway horse had crashed into a two-horse hack on Western Avenue and snapped the pole short off—to round off this week, Charles Bowman, it was whispered, had got a new building contract from the railroad, which he was celebrating with his daughter's wedding.

And the railroad, of course, was Emerson Revell. Captain Willes could see the Revell yacht, Enigma, lying off Quarantine. A beautiful toy and the badge of a successful man, but the young seaman, pondering the graceful hull and lacquered spars, felt a faint aversion to her, a species of contempt for anything in the ship shape that didn't serve the carrying trade. It went sorely against his grain to think that the Bowman interests had been forced to truckle to a man like Emerson Revell. It was the age of steam against the age of sail, and steam was fast getting its own way. The Bowmans, shipbuilders, had always been set like iron against the railroad's coming into town. Charles Bowman thought there was nothing uglier in nature than a locomotive, and Charlotte agreed with him in this. Yet already Revell's locomotives were in their midst, raining cinders down on everybody's Monday wash and making night hideous with the tolling of their bells.

It must be that Charles Bowman was losing his grip.

Captain Willes swayed up the ladder at the end of Hanley's wharf and took the boat's painter about a cleat. He saw Luther Waite, night watchman and the town's official time setter, standing against one of the spiles with a lantern at his heels. Towering over the little watchman was Jim Smiley, his assistant, looking big enough to throttle a horse. Smiley was fresh from a policeman's beat in Hell's Kitchen, New York City, and still had the habit of keeping his ear cocked for riot calls. He had given Mr. Waite a new whistle for emergencies.

"According to Jim here," Mr. Waite told Captain Willes, "there's going to be trouble tonight when I give the town clock its twenty-minute set-back."

"This change is certainly going against the grain with a lot of people," Smiley said harshly. "I hear now there'll be a prison sentence for people who don't put their clocks accordingly."

"I knew this thing was in the air, but I didn't know the mayor and council had actually voted it," Willes said.

Old Waite grumbled that they had gone straight from the vote to the wedding at the Bowman house.

"I got my orders to set back the clock from the mayor's own lips," he said. "He's under Charles Bowman's thumb and I guess Charles is eating out of Revell's hand. Yes, sir, I guess he is at last. I wouldn't predict that, but I predicted everything else. I said, when I saw the first rails laid in the North End, that rails would bring in the paddies and get the best of ships, and I was right. The undesirables wasn't long in coming, of high and low degree. Revell is worse than the Italians. He has got up this plaguy standard time to suit his railroad. These towns will be nothing but a lot of beads strung on an iron string when he's done with 'em. I told him that, personally. Man and boy, I said, I been in this town fifty years, and I worked forty of 'em in the yards, and local time was always good enough for me."

"It's good enough for anybody!" Smiley roared. "A town ought to have its own time just the way it's got its own clock and its own waterworks. Ain't that always been the theory?"

"Just the same, beginning in the morning, the whistles will blow standard time," Mr. Waite said lugubriously. "There's going to be the same time east and west, Revell tells me, till you get out towards Chicago, it seems to me."

"It won't come without a clash," said Smiley, baring his teeth.

"Well, I got my whistle," Mr. Waite said ironically.

"Maybe you'll need it!" his colleague shouted.

"He thinks Giles Pushaw is up to mischief," Mr. Waite said to Captain Willes. "Pushaw was talking a little loud last night in front of the Collins House, when the subject of standard time came up, and Jim here cautioned him to keep quiet about it. Pushaw said it was a free country and he would talk all he wanted to. He swore while some ladies were going past, too, so Jim took him by the shoulder and give him a shove, and then caught hold of him again. I see the whole thing. Jim run him in after a little more of it, but he had to draw his pop to do it, and now Pushaw has entered a complaint with the council against what he calls Hell's Kitchen methods."

"This place is getting worse than Hell's Kitchen," Smiley muttered.

Mr. Waite admitted that, but it was the railroad, he contended, that had brought in the lawless element. These Italians laying the water system, for example. One of them had been asked what he would have done to Smiley if he had found himself in Pushaw's place, and the dusky son of Italy had replied by drawing a finger across his throat and pronouncing the word "Quirk."

"That's what it'll come to yet," Mr. Waite said somberly. "For the life of me I can't see why we had to get into such a garboil. Why not have time as nearly as possible what time is, and not what it may work out to for a city thirty miles east or west of us? If ships all carried the same time

they'd go on the rocks; now, I put it to the captain here. It'll be the same with towns."

Captain Willes laughed and walked up the wharf. It was a good deal of a tempest in a teapot in his opinion. Still, it was an indication of the ascendancy of rails. The iron horse would straddle everything.

There was the rasp of a hack bouncing over cobblestones, the iron tires and clacking hoofs spat fire, and Sam Totten, the popular jehu, brought his vehicle to a stand in the shadow of the coal dock. Charlotte Bowman got out. She was bareheaded, in white illusion over pink silk, with a lace wrap over her shoulders, but she had stripped off her shoulder-length gloves and her arms were bare. She wore her hair low and parted in the middle, when all the other girls, Haroldine included, were wearing theirs piled high.

"Why, here you are, like magic!" she cried, checking her steps. "Father sent me after you."

"I was coming round anyway," Captain Willes said.

"Please go to Quarantine Point and get Mr. Revell," she said to Sam Totten. "Wait for him if necessary. Captain Willes can see me home."

Mr. Totten cocked his head, snapped his whip and rolled away through River Street.

"Isn't Revell late for the ceremony?" Willes inquired.

"He was there, but he had to go away. There was some kind of trouble on the yacht. Our information was that somebody had opened a sea cock. She was sinking at her mooring. It's too bad. I don't like railroads, either, but it isn't fair to think of Emerson Revell as just the fiend incarnate."

Jack Willes didn't reply to that. He had taken her arm a little gingerly, to guide her across the dangers of a street she knew far better than he did himself. It was in a heap over the laying of the water system, and after hugging the iron-starred wall of the brass foundry, they turned sharp right into Commercial Street.

"I'm still all for ships," Captain Willes said then.

"Ships can't go as fast as engines," Charlotte Bowman said, and he thought there was bitterness in her low voice.

"They don't eat the coal."

"Speed is everything now. Even horses are trotting faster than they did. Poor Slim Jim wouldn't stand a chance now at the driving park."

Slim Jim had been Charles Bowman's bay pacer, as pretty gaited a horse as he had ever had between the shafts of a sulky, but Slim Jim had got a leg broken in a collision and Charles had had to shoot him. That had been eight years ago, when Charlotte was eighteen, and that winter Jack Willes had been home and had taken part in an amateur play with her at the Amaranth. He had had to kiss her through twelve rehearsals and one performance—a total of thirteen kisses—but they had been play acted; kisses with a difference. Nevertheless, old Charles Bowman had sniffed out danger, had divined perhaps that something might be going on behind the scenes, and had banished young Willes to Singapore as second mate.

"What's playing at the Amaranth now?" Captain Willes asked logically enough; although he had been home long enough to know if anything had been playing there.

"Nothing. In April Mr. John L. Sullivan was here in representations of ancient and modern statuary," Charlotte said over her shoulder. The sidewalk had narrowed. "He was a beautifully formed man," she was on the point of adding, but something forbade her alluding to the heroic proportions of the young boxer whose body had been so dazzlingly displayed against black velvet. Instead, she whispered, "Careful. You remember that silly stone step hereabouts," and pressed back against him in her white illusion.

The step was in front of the toy store, and he had to be cautioned then about the perpendicular sign screwed against the brick wall of the crockery store next adjacent. The moon was in the second quarter by the calendar, and when the moon was in the second quarter or better, the town showed no lights. That sinister male dummy in the window of Bernstein's one-price clothier—with his double-breasted suit and flat brown derby, looked, livid face, black mustache and all, like a thief frightened by their footsteps.

They turned out of Commercial Street and into Pleasant, here the trees met overhead, and Captain Willes went ahead with his elbow out as a guard against an old elm that came up somewhere there out of the middle of the sidewalk. If they had lacked that glimmer of some new yellow planking underfoot, they might have been at a loss even at the bottom of the Bowman terraces, pitch dark as it was under the horse-chestnut tree there.

Captain Willes stumbled over a wooden patch nailed into the old planking just beyond, caught himself on the very edge of the sidewalk and felt Charlotte shaking with repressed mirth. He laughed out loud and Charlotte joined him. There were fireflies overhead; he felt the scents of late June pushed into his nostrils thick-thronging as the petals themselves. Sweet grass. Like the sour oak blown from the shipyards, it had a power to unlock imprisoned memories.

But with Charlotte Bowman going on ahead of him, he could not stay for these. The house glittered behind high black-barked cherry trees; the front door was open and guarded by a girlish figure in white. The hacks were clustered on the hill to the left, and the jehus were smoking their pipes on the winding iron stairway of the McQuades' Italian porch, now falling into ruin.

Captain Willes, halted under a thorn tree, heard a formidable chatter through the front windows, whose sills were hardly above the level of the porch flags.

"Shall you go in?" Charlotte questioned, though she knew the answer. Jack Willes, bareheaded, dipped his chin into his tulle cravat and frowned the suggestion away. The men, as he could see, were in four-button cutaways, with white pinks in their buttonholes and white gloves on their hands; the ladies, with hair piled heavenward, were in sleeveless corsages, their arms protected by thousand-wrinkled, tan-colored gloves of thirty-button length going to the shoulder. Everyone was very gay, and time, in the Bowman parlors, aped "as gay of wing as Eden's garden bird," Mose Mayo would no doubt say on the morrow in his Seen, Said and Surmised column.

"I should be as out of place there as a honey bee in a pickle jar," Willes muttered. "I'll go round into the office."

But he lingered a moment, seeing that Charlotte hadn't moved away. Rene Bazinet was at the piano, singing Reviens à Moi in her charming voice, and Murat Sullivan, general counsel for the railroad, was turning her music for her. When the song was done, Murat's big white head still bent over her, and Rene listened to him with her dark head fallen a little forward, fingers sunk among the keys.

"He's giving her a little taffy now," Charlotte whispered.

Murat was one of the old port-drinking crusted line and had interesting circles under his eyes and a queer yellowness of the skin at the eye corners. He would be chiefly remembered for his affair with Ullie Wickerstrom, the dazzlingly beautiful metropolitan actress who had played once a whole week at the Amaranth.

"I don't see Haroldine," Captain Willes said.

A low laugh floated down to him from the scroll-iron balcony fixed between the house wall and the two central pillars of the porch. It was Haroldine, and a flower from her bouquet in its flight, just touched his cheek. The girl vanished with a whisper of those undergarments reputed to be of India silk, rose-colored, with lace trimmings.

"Something's given her new courage," Charlotte murmured. "She's been about sick at the prospect of this voyage. Well, I suppose father will be waiting for you. I'll go along to see that you don't step on the flower beds."

In the archway connecting the rear of the house with the barn, Jack Willes stopped. What a fool he was, he thought, to let Charlotte slip out of his hands now; and yet, unless he got his arms around her, how was he to prevent it? He cursed himself for his lack of audacity where women were concerned. Weddings were infectious; he could swear that something like the pulse of Charlotte's

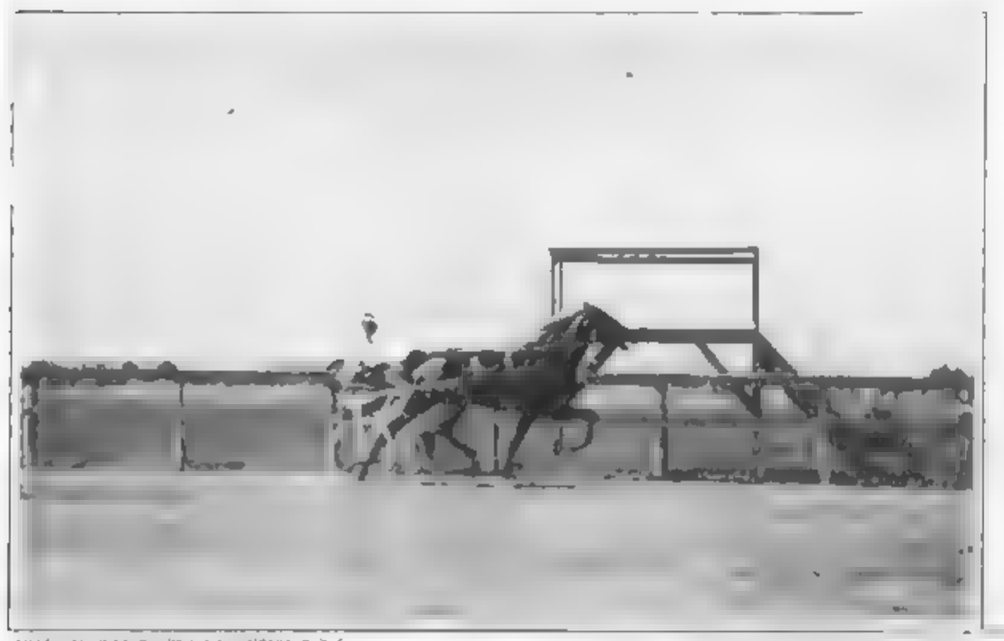
(Continued on Page 180)

Captain Willes, Moving as if in a Dream, Got Into the Hack

Reinsmen Still Reign on Fast Dirt Tracks

By Thomas W. Murphy

As Told to Earl Chapin May



Dan Patch, Brighton Beach

IF YOU'VE been bred in a big metropolis it may be news that 10,000,000 Americans annually pay money to see harness-horse races; that there are more than 1500 trotting and pacing meets each year in the United States and Canada. It may surprise you to know that harness horses have been raced in this country for a century.

But it will not be news to Hartford or Springfield, Syracuse, Cleveland, Toronto, Des Moines or Sedalia, or to divers other communities accustomed to Grand Circuit or state-fair racing. It will not surprise a thousand smaller towns, scattered throughout the United States and Canada, where harness-racing dates are marked in red letters on the calendar.

The sport is stronger than it has ever been, in entries, events, purses and gate receipts. This strength is due in part to the fact that track harness racing was originated and developed in America. But there are other reasons for its hold on the people of nearly 2000 communities. The element of suspense has to do with it. One dash doesn't decide a harness race. It takes from two to five heats to divide the purse money. Before each heat of each race—before the starter gives the word "Go"—the horses score in front of the grand stand; the public gets a chance to study them.

Harness horses are worth studying—aristocrats, most of them, with blood lines going back to Hambletonian. But it's the man behind and not the horse that wins a race or loses it. Quite often the reinsman trains the horse he drives. Hence the public studies the drivers as carefully as it does the field. That's why the public likes harness races. It's a kind of let's-get-acquainted sport.

A Study in Horseflesh

I WAS close to it from infancy. The Murphy family nursery was not far from where the sport got its start. The New York Trotting Club opened the first regular trotting track in America near the Jamaica Turnpike on Long Island. That was in 1825. Since then this country has had harness racing regularly. I've seen almost half a century of it.

During my thirty-seven years of sulky driving I piloted a bunch of champions and won $2,000,000 of purse money, which shows that it's not a piker game. And there's lots of color and action in it.

To a harness-racing fan there are few prettier sights than six or eight horses and sulkies weaving about, crossing over, swinging around and dancing a kind of stately quadrille as the drivers jockey for a little lead before they all start down the stretch toward the judges' stand.

Of course they may be called back again. But when they are off at the starter's "Go" and the favorite is pocketed and has to trail the field to the three-quarter pole his backers are in agony. That is, they are until the favorite drops farther behind, comes up on the outside and leads under the finish wire, with perhaps a neck or a nose to spare. The fans who watch that generalship know that back of that home-stretch win were months and maybe years of sulky work. The victory wasn't just an accident.

The reinsman had driven his winner hundreds of miles on a training track and pointed him as carefully as any boxer ever was pointed for a world's championship bout. Admitting the favorite was of good family, his racing depended upon how he was handled from the sulky seat. It

Bud Doble Driving Nancy Hanks, With a Running Mate

was up to the driver to find out whether his trotter was properly shod; whether he wouldn't go faster if changes were made in each shoe's weight. That is a matter of balancing.

When I was fifteen I bought my second horse, a pacer named Doctor Dewey. He was a cross fire—that is, when he sped up he cut his near front foot with his off hind foot by crossing the latter under him. The railbirds joked me about the lemon I had, until I pared off some of his near front hoof and lightened the shoe on it, then held back the off hind foot a little by adding some weight to its shoe. That cross fire became a good race winner. The driver who won with the favorite probably studied his horse's shoes.

Maybe the driver got his winner when it was a colt inclined to tantrums during which he would kick himself out of any hitch until kept in the harness with kicking straps. Maybe he shied on sunny days at every shadow in his path until a shadow roll looking like a long brown sponge was fastened under his eyes. Or maybe, on the turn, he didn't keep his head straight out until a billiard cue or small pole was fastened from a ring in his noseband to the pad on his back.

The driver of that favorite had learned by experiment whether his pupil went best when checked high or whether his gait was better when his head was low; whether the reins must be held with a heavy hand or handled lightly in a race.

If the pupil was of the side-wheeling kind the driver who trained him for the track had to determine whether to let him go free-legged or protect him from breaking by putting on hobbles. Side-wheeling is pacing, in horsemen's vernacular. If the reinsman was short of time or lacked patience he put on hobbles, in which a harness horse has to pace unless he falls down, as he sometimes does. Some horses work better with blinkers on; others do better with eyes seeing everything.

Training a Future Champion

HUNDREDS of problems face the trainer-driver of a harness horse, but once he has solved them and fixed a future champion's gait, the driver should know what his horse will do. Naturally, I've had my share of experience.

During February, 1909, Capt. Edward Thompson and I attended the Old Glory Sale at Madison Square Garden, New York. The captain was one of Long Island's oyster kings, but he knew harness horses just as well as he knew oysters. A light bay filly named Native Belle was offered by the auctioneer. Her sire was the renowned stallion, Moko, son of the Baron Wilkes who founded the Futurity family, winners of the great harness classic at Lexington. Her dam was Yellow Belle, by General Wellington, whose own brother was Sunol, who held the world's records for two-year-olds, three-year-olds, four-year-olds and all ages, trotting.

That's something no other horse has done. Native Belle had plenty of pedigree and was from Walnut Hall Farm, Donerail, Kentucky. But the bidding was light on Native Belle.

She was green and so small she reminded me of Bill, a goat I had driven as a kid on the Murphy farm. But if you know horses you know a good horse when you see it, just

Trotting Horses on the Empire Track

as a wool man knows a good piece of wool when he feels of it. We took a liking to Native Belle and bought her for $2500.

After I'd given her six months of training she won the two-year-old division of the Kentucky Futurity by trotting a mile in 2:07¾, and thus clipped three seconds from the record established by Arion eighteen years previously. She trotted in fast company too.

Another horse that made good his promise was R. T. C. When the Delaware peach crop wasn't so good, in 1911, a Delaware farmer offered the horse for sale. Although R. T. C. had a pedigree, he had plowed so much on the Delaware farm that his shoulders were covered with collar marks. His coat was not silky. It was a faded-out chestnut color, as if it belonged to some fur-bearing animal killed out of season. His head hung low and he sprawled like a mud turtle on the track. But I knew from his deep barrel, cordlike muscles and flintlike bones that he had going and staying power. There was intelligence in his eye. He had the making of a winner; so my friend Captain Thompson bought him for me.

When I got hold of R. T. C. he could trot like the wind on a straightaway, but when he rounded a turn he knocked his knees, and there is nothing so bad for a harness horse. It hurts him and scares him and makes him break. I changed the shape of his feet and shoes and also properly weighted them. Once balanced, he showed that he had speed. You work from the ground up with a horse.

He won $31,000 purse money that year by beating other entries in the $10,000 Paper Mills Stake at Kalamazoo, Michigan; the $10,000 Furniture Manufacturers' Stake at Grand Rapids; the $10,000 Hoster-Columbus Breweries' Stake at Columbus; the $10,000 Charter Oak Stake at Hartford; and the $5000 Massachusetts Stake at Readville. My plow horse finished a sensational season by winning the Walnut Hall Farm Cup at the great fall trot in Lexington.

My R. T. C. from Delaware made a new record for Grand Circuit win-races in one season and helped me to be the season's Grand Circuit top-money winner. That's what happens when you get a good horse, know how to handle him and get the breaks. There's a harness-horse wonder in almost every season.

Grattan Bars, the $10 Colt That Won $75,000

All for Ten Dollars

ONE of the harness-horse sensations of this year is Grattan Bars, a large bay horse with strong head and great body and perfect legs, who won $75,000 worth of purses in one month, has graduated from the half-mile track to the mile and is apparently on his way to be a champion.

About five years ago a farmer named Fred Thrower, of Kerwood, Ontario, decided he wanted a racing horse. He had, among other properties, thirteen calves, for which he had paid $210. He heard of a sixteen months colt named Grattan Bars. He looked up the colt's owner and, after some dickering, traded the calves for the colt and $200. The colt thus cost him ten dollars.

As a two-year-old Grattan Bars paced an eighth of a mile on a country road in nineteen seconds. As a three-year-old he went on the half-mile track at London, Ontario, and worked, without racing, a mile in 2:11¼. As a four-year-old he won several races and made a mark of 2:07¼. This year he invaded the United States. In July he got first money in the three $25,000 paces at Windsor, Connecticut, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, and at Toledo, Ohio. The two last win-races were on the Grand Circuit, which has been the harness-horse thrill furnisher for half a century. His mark at Kalamazoo was 1:59½ - his first start on a mile track. Thus he paced himself into the Golden Circle.

Now, this latest sensation in harness-horse circles has a pedigree back of him, for he was sired by Grattan Royal, who, in late years, has become a sensational sire of pacers. Grattan Bars' dam was Polly Bars, by Monbars, who made a record of 2:11¼; and Monbars was the son of Eagle Bird, who, as a two-year-old, made a record of 2:18 to a high-wheeled sulky, with the late Bud Doble in the seat, many years ago.

But the season's sensation also has temperament. He bolts and kicks so strenuously that he often races with two leather kicking straps and one wire one which is put on for good measure.

However, the 12,000 fans who saw him beat Widow Grattan, a daughter of Royal Grattan, at Windsor, Connecticut, which has a population of some 5000, did not see the kicking straps. Vic Fleming, the driver, won the Pacing Derby without trouble. The large bay stallion behaved splendidly, because Fleming knew his pacer. Yet there might have been an accident. Many occur in harness races, with or without horse temperament.

Mr. Murphy

The modern sulky weighs about thirty pounds and measures about fifty inches from hub to hub. If you measure the width of an average door you'll get what I am driving at. A driver who is not in the lead is naturally looking for an opening. Sometimes he gets through and sometimes he locks hubs with a competitor. It doesn't take much pressure to crumple a sulky.

Dying in Harness

DURING the race, in 1909, when I won my first Senior Kentucky Futurity while driving a roan filly named the Baroness Virginia, the grand stand at Lexington got a thrill. Just as the nine horses passed the starting wire Bob Brawley, who was driving Captain George, collided with another sulky, lost one wheel and was thrown heavily to the track. I went wide and missed the trouble. Brawley was dragged fifty feet, but saved the rest of us, for he stopped his horse by hanging onto the reins. Other drivers haven't been so lucky. A year or two later Tom Hind and I were in a race at Syracuse. Our wheels got locked. Both horses fell. I went to the left over my sulky, struck the fence and got off with two broken ribs. But poor Tom, a gentleman driver, went clear over his horse and broke his neck. He died within six feet of me.

Mr. Geers was always having accidents. We fought out many a heat, but always were friendly. No one could help liking him. Mr. Geers we always called him, though outsiders called him Pop. That's the way the public knew him. Like many a driver, he stayed with it to the finish, although toward the last he lost his grip.

I finally got the Grand Old Man to agree that he'd better take it easy, with exhibitions. In exhibitions you just send your trotter or pacer, as the case may be, around the track, without competition, against time or the watch—or against the fence, as horsemen say. There isn't any risk in exhibitions—nothing to speak of, at least. Mr. Geers finally saw it the way I saw it. I got him some exhibition dates with Peter Manning, the bay gelding I'd driven into four world's records. Peter Manning was a nervous trotter, but when you handled him with gloves he was one great performer.

Mr. Geers might still be with us or safely retired to a farm where he could live over the story of his many win-races. But when he got to Wheeling, West Virginia, the old itch for the brush with other drivers got the better of him. I know exactly how it feels. He went into a race, had an accident and died while driving. Maybe that finish suited him.

Most drivers spend about as much time in hospitals as do the average soldiers

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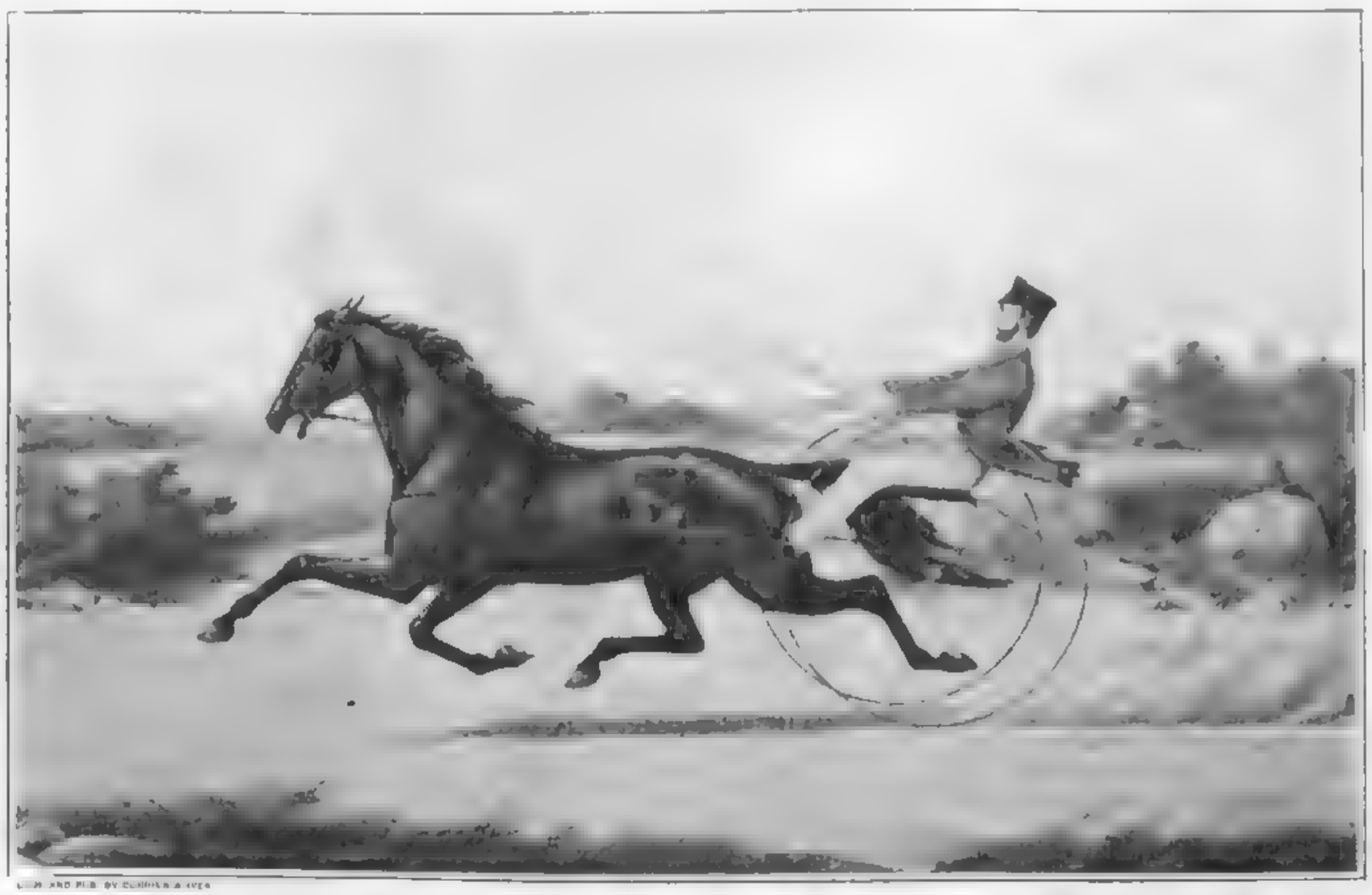
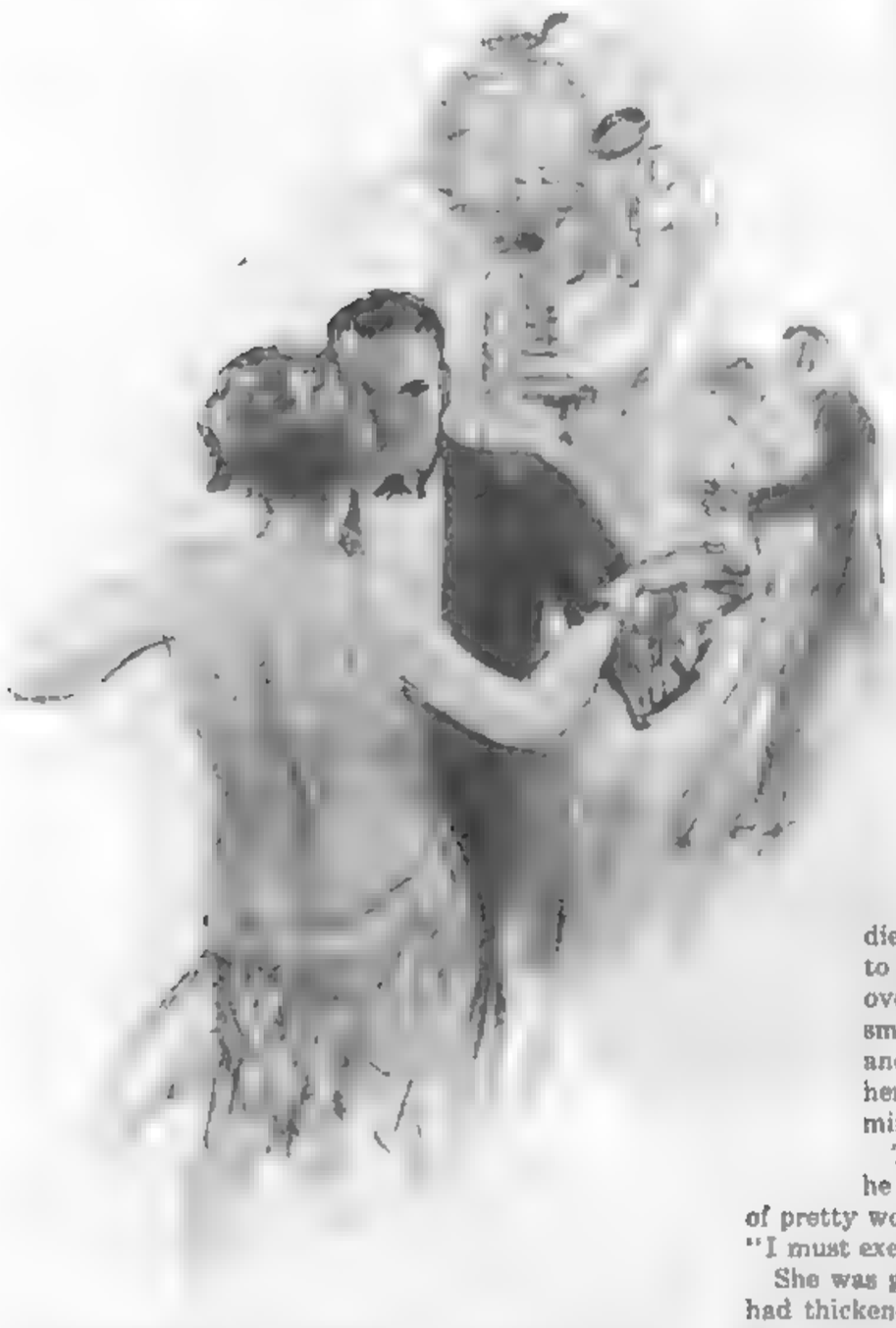


George M. Patchen, a New Jersey Stallion That Trotted a Mile in 2:23 When 2:40 Was Fast Time

BIRTHDAY

By MILDRED CRAM

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS



Sing Hallelujah! Hallelujah! She Felt Bellardi's Smooth Hard Cheek Against Her Own

BESSIE had never enjoyed her birthdays, but after Henry's death she tried not to notice them.

"Good Lord! It's the twenty-third!" Mrs. Struthers, on the eleventh floor, reached sideways and snatched the telephone from the bed table. "Bessie? It's the twenty-third—you're fifty! Many happy returns."

Bessie, on the ninth, tried to grin into the mouthpiece. "Sweet of you, dear, to call me." Henry, at least, had made of this day a ceremony. He had never forgotten to send her flowers or a box of candy, and, toward the end, rubies. "Sweet of you to call me."

"How does it feel to be fifty?"

Well, how did it feel to be fifty? Bessie Lovering lay for a long time in bed, trying to detect any differences in herself. She felt exactly as she had felt yesterday or a year ago—in fact, she was practically certain that no change had taken place in her for thirty years. At twenty she had crossed a line. She had married Henry Lovering. "I, Henry, take thee, Elizabeth." The veil. The blossoms. The importance of being Mrs. Lovering. She was still Mrs. Lovering. Being a widow only made marriage more important.

She lifted the phone again. "Service? Please send breakfast to 969."

"Yes, madame. The usual?"

"Have you any corn muffins?"

"Yes, madame. . . . Very good, madame."

"Plenty of cream for the coffee, George. Yesterday I had to send for more."

"Certainly, madame. Anything else?"

"That's all."

She stretched herself, throwing back the soft coverlet, to disclose her body clad in crêpe de chine, with insets of real lace and knots of baby-blue ribbon. She had pretty feet and she had always taken care of them. She wiggled her toes and lifted one leg.

"I must exercise."

One leg up! The other leg up! Deep breath! Relax! She sank again into the deep mattress. Funny how sleepy she was, how tired, when she never did anything to tire herself. She had not been tired in the days of Henry's poverty, when she rose at six o'clock to get breakfast for him and the boys. She closed her eyes and recalled the alarm clock crashing into her dreams, shattering them, and the cold dark room, and Henry, in his bare feet, sitting on the edge of the bed, groaning "Gosh, mother, I hate to get up!" until she shook him awake.

Was Henry still objecting to getting up, wherever he was? Where was Henry? She must ask the swami. He seemed to have that faculty, apparently granted only to dark Hindu gentlemen in satin turbans, of knowing what no one else even pretended to know. You had only to ask a Hindu "What is death?" and he had an answer—an authoritative if cryptic answer, smug, ready-made and patronizing. It had always puzzled Bessie that these matters—immortality, ghosts, transmigration, healing—were not written down somewhere so that all the sick, suffering, questioning world might read and understand. Why must they be kept secret or imparted in parables by contemptuous Hindu gentlemen to eager American ladies with more money than wisdom?

Like everything else in life, it was slightly, vaguely disturbing. Better not think about it. When the time came to die she would probably take an express elevator to heaven and step out on a sort of roof garden overlooking the universe. Henry would be there, smoking and chatting with a lot of traveling men, and he would throw away his cigar to come toward her with his old line: "Well, Bessie, you're ten minutes late."

Ten years late, already! She wondered whether he would have forgotten her. There must be a lot of pretty women in heaven, and ten years is a long time. "I must exercise!"

She was getting fat. Her legs were still good, but she had thickened through the middle. Her arms above the elbow were heavy. Pound by pound, ounce by ounce, through the greedy years she had filled out the lovely slim flanks of her and had surrendered her flexible waist to a certain rigidity, a look of being fixed within her stays. She no longer walked quite erect. Her garters pulled her forward a trifle and she had acquired the habit of looking down as once upon a time she had looked up, letting her pretty feet carry her where they would.

Nowadays she could not trust her feet, because they were much too small to bear her weight. She wore beautiful shoes, sheer hose, silk to the top, and it pleased her to watch their reflection in store windows or chance mirrors—her young legs.

"Breakfast, madame?"

"Oh, wait a minute! Wait a minute!" She struggled into a kimono. "All right, come in."

As usual, she had her breakfast served on a table near the window. The hotel faced the bay. She could look out across the roofs of the city toward the ferry lanes, the fleet anchorage, and across the glittering water, to Berkeley and the hills. Straight down, nine stories, people walked in the square and strings of taxis moved up before the porte-cochère of the hotel. It was all very busy and purposeful and young. San Francisco was young. It was not a place to be old. It was a city for flappers and boys, roadsters, laughter, dancing, insouciant dreams and promises. Not a place for idleness like hers. And yet she loved it.

The very activity of the ferries delighted her—great shuttles crisscrossing back and forth, carrying people on endless, hopeful journeys across the bright water, in sunlight, beneath gay skies. She liked the fogs. She liked the steep, audacious streets, plunging down and leaping up, the screech of brakes, the patter of high-heeled slippers on asphalt set at acute angles. She liked the Orientals, the sailors, the flower venders. She was not a part of it, yet it animated her, kept her alive, made her aware of herself—her potential self that had never existed for Henry, that had been engulfed in poverty and postponement. Now, at fifty, she was rich and she was alone. Strange desires stirred in her—to be, for once, the Bessie who had never been.

"Nice day, madame."

"It certainly is, George."

"I brought madame a grapefruit."

"Thanks. . . . Oh, wait a second, George, till I get some change."

"Yes, madame. *Merci*, madame."

She Was One of Them. She Was Going to Dance. She Was Going to Dance!

"I Sound Like a Dago, Don't I? Well, I Am. It's in My Blood. When I Love, I Love Hard"

Mrs. Lovering spread the napkin across her knees and lifted covers, sniffing. Hot cakes, bacon, corn muffins. "I didn't exercise. Well, tomorrow ——"

II

AS SHE dressed she regarded herself with critical eyes. A fine skin. Henry had always said so. "A finer skin than yours," he had said—"I'd like to see it. Show me Lillian Russell! Can't hold a candle to you!"

She had always been told that she might be Lillian Russell's twin sister. The resemblance flattered Bessie into pearls and a marcelled pompadour.

She saw now that her long, fine, silky yellow hair was old-fashioned. With a sudden breathlessness, as if she had plunged into cold water, she called the beauty parlor on the eleventh floor.

"Yes, please. . . . A bob, a shampoo, a wave and a manicure. . . . Mrs. Lovering. . . . Ninth."

There, in a gray-and-violet dressing room, beneath a shaded light and facing a mirror, she surrendered herself to a facile young man in a smock who held poised above her head the long scissors, the shears. She covered her face with her hands and a hot painful flush stained her cheeks.

"I don't know!" she wailed. "Maybe I'm foolish. Maybe I'll look a sight. Maybe I'm too old."

Yvonne herself, in black satin, parted the curtains to look in upon the sacrifice.

"Too old, madame? One is never too old for the bob. Why, only yesterday I cut the hair of a great-grandmother! She said afterwards 'Why didn't I do it sooner?' Honestly, Mrs. Lovering, you won't regret it. Will she, Mr. Shaughnessy?"

"Positively not."

The young man in the smock looked at Bessie in the mirror. His narrow, nervous fingers caught at the graying cascade of blond hair and lifted it, letting it fall again in a thin shower. He looked at her and yet did not look at her. There was an immense indifference in his eyes, an immeasurable weariness. It was the jaded disillusionment of the court barber, the initiated panderer to frivolity. Bessie would have preferred a Frenchman, a waxed flatterer who would have had at least the technic of deception. This young Irishman was too honest. He made her feel like a fool.

"Do her a short bob, Mr. Shaughnessy. Lift it here—so. Over the ears and back—so. A swirl. Just a little bang ——"

"Oh, no, not a bang! I look ridiculous in a bang."

"Well, just a little spit curl. Madame's forehead is high. You will see. You must have a permanent."

"Not a permanent! My hair's always been naturally curly."

"To cut the hair reduces the curl. I will give you a permanent that will delight you—a big, soft, natural wave. Very fashionable just now in Paris—so—a swirl. So Go ahead, Mr. Shaughnessy. I'll come back."

Yvonne was the last hold on sanity, on safety. The bright cold shears fell through Bessie's hair—Bessie's precious blond curls. Away. Away. Snip. Snip. A petal here, a petal there, as one strips a flower. There emerged the tear-stained small face, the queer, round, denuded head of a stranger, the head of a blond rat.

"You ain't crying? Say, that's foolish. Crying won't do any good."

Mr. Shaughnessy pushed her head forward with strong fingers and attacked the nape of her neck. She felt the cold steel nipping there, biting off the little curls that Henry had called her love locks.

"What would the boys say?" she gasped.

"You got children, have you?" the barber asked.

"Two sons. They're in Oregon, in the lumber business."

"They got any kids of their own?"

"No," she said. Thank God, she wasn't a grandmother, shorn like this!

"Say, I got a kid of my own!" Suddenly the scissors moved faster, with a furious industry and enthusiasm. "Born this morning at six o'clock. They let me see him. Say, maybe I didn't run out to the hospital as soon as they phoned! The doctor was just leaving. He said everything was fine. So I went in and the nurse showed me the baby. Say! A girl! Not red, like most of them, but white, like—like a white rose. Not crying or anything. The prettiest mouth ——"

"Aren't you getting it a little too short?"

"Eh?"

"My hair."

"Say, maybe I am. You don't have a baby every day in the week, do you? It's no wonder I'm nervous. My wife's only eighteen. Molly her name is. She was just over from the old country when I met her—didn't know a thing Now she's the best little American you could hope to find. . . . Turn your head a little. Did you want this wind-blown?"

"Wind-blown?"

"Say! Yvonne!"

Yvonne's black satin presence, her absent-minded enthusiasm, again dominated the mirror.

It was at the *coiffeuse* and not at herself that Bessie looked for confirmation of her fear. She saw the sly, amused and cruel smile she dreaded, an instant before it was erased, supplanted by flattery.

"You look ten years younger! Doesn't she? Marie, come here! Joyce, come here at once! I want you to see Mrs. Lovering's new haircut. Isn't it charming?"

"Yes, awfully becoming, Mrs. Lovering."

"Isn't it youthful?"

Yvonne seized a comb and raked at the shorn locks deftly, combing them violently forward, then aside and back, curling with little pats and subtle twistings.

"You look like your own granddaughter. Look at yourself! Here, Joyce, give me a mirror. Now look! When you're waved you won't know yourself. Silly girl, you've been crying. Marie, Mrs. Lovering's been crying! And she's so sweet and pretty! Why, honestly, you look like Lillian Gish with this cut. Such small features. Here, I'll wave you myself."

Out of her great mercy, Yvonne wielded the irons. There emerged a series of neat undulations placed with such skill that Bessie's blond hair resembled, in its perfection, a wig. She gazed upon herself at first with horror, as at an intimate stranger in a nightmare; then, slowly, she caught the fever of the place—it burned within her. The three young women, laboring with whispered words of encouragement, evoked a new image. She began to like this reflection. A facial, the stinging application of tonics, ice, lotions, more ice, removed the traces of her cowardly tears and gave to her flesh a glow and a firmness of youth. Her hands, buffed and tinted by an anæmic child with shadowed eyes and scarlet, petulant mouth, had the luster and pointed elegance of the waxen hands of a show-window dummy. Her rubies caught the fire and struck a sullen, dark envy in the shadowed eyes of the manicurist.

"You have pretty hands, madame. Nice cuticle. You ought to use our Pond Lily Cuticle Cream. It's very nice."

At last Bessie rose. Yvonne said: "You must come for a reset on Tuesday. Let me see—the total—just

(Continued on Page 90)

COMIN' DOWN THE RAILROAD

By A. W. Somerville

IT WAS at a railroad mechanical men's convention in Chicago some years back; a paper was presented and read by an official of a Middle-Western railroad. The subject matter was the proper method of drifting locomotives at high speeds. A locomotive is said to drift when steam is shut off and the momentum already attained carries the train forward. The reading of the paper and the technical adjuncts thereto occupied the afternoon, and an informal discussion of the matter was scheduled for the following day.

That night some fifteen or twenty of the conventionites met in a large room at one of the hotels; the room belonged to a representative of a railway supply house. Railway supply men are great entertainers. The mechanical men sat around and swapped lies and chewed the fat; many were acquainted, many others were not. Introductions were hard to keep up with, and the common bond of the locomotive was all that was necessary.

In 1832 This Was the Last Word in Speed and Comfort. They Did Not Have Tunnels Then. The Engine Pictured Was in Service as Late as 1882, and in 1928 Would Still Run

The talk centered on the paper that had been presented during the afternoon. A Burlington man spoke up. "There's too much jewelry hung on engines of today," he proclaimed. "Any engineer can keep his cylinders lubricated properly if he'll keep the throttle cracked just a little. We all know that. All he has to do is let a little steam past the valve ports—just crack it—that's all."

A Pennsylvania man refuted this argument. "That's all well and good under easy running conditions," he answered, "but there's places where it don't apply. Take some of our divisions, for instance. We run four, five and six sections on lots of our passenger stuff. They come close together, these sections do. We generally have a good many young runners to handle them, young engineers, an' we got to bring them up right. They haven't got no time to play around with that throttle; we teach 'em to shut off and start makin' their air applications. They have to run sixty miles an hour an' better to make their time, an' when they shut off comin' into a station they better slap that throttle up against the wall an' make a grab for the air. If they go to playin' around an' tryin' to adjust that throttle, they're liable to make kindling out of the section ahead."

"Aw, you don't run no faster than what we do," said the Burlington man.

A Friendly Discussion

"IS THAT so?" retorted the Pennsy man. "Lemme tell you somethin'. You nor nobody else has got runs like we have between Camden an' Atlantic City, except the Reading, an' they ain't done so good lately."

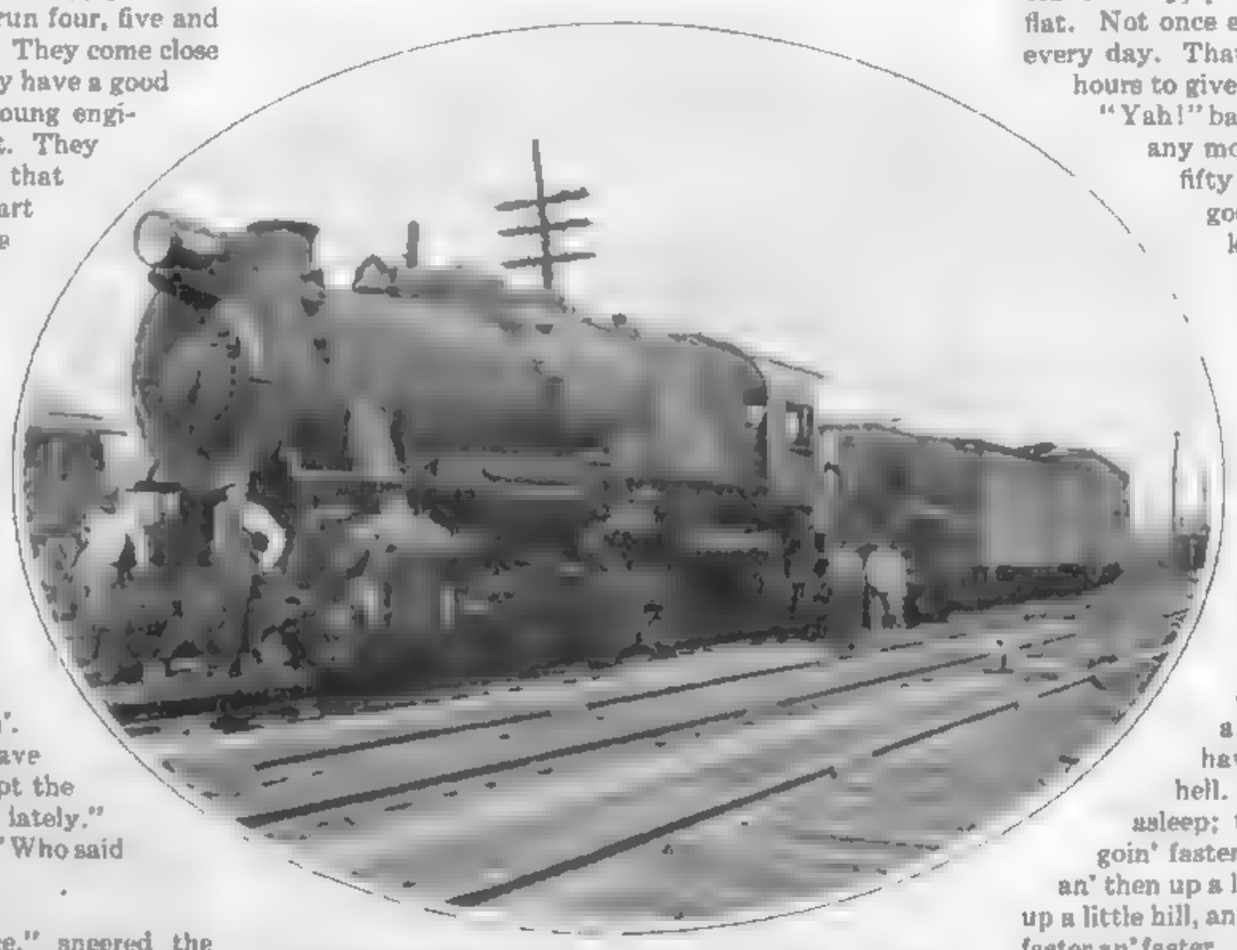
The Reading man howled like a wolf. "Who said that?" he demanded.

"I did," answered Mr. Pennsylvania.

"You shouldn't show your ignorance," sneered the Reading man. "Everybody in the country knows you birds have been tryin' to catch up with the Boardwalk Flyer for the past thirty years, an' that when we whooped the speed limit to eighty-five miles an hour everybody on the Pennsylvania put on mourning."

The Pennsylvania man made a very discourteous remark.

"Say," a Santa Fe man put in his oar, "I don't wanta hurt any of you soda jerkers' feelings, but didja ever hear about the Death Valley Coyote? Hey? I rode that baby through most of New Mexico, an' my teeth ain't quit shakin' yet. Los Angeles to Chicago in less'n forty-five hours—2265 miles if it's an inch. That's better'n fifty miles an hour all the way. We made seventy miles an hour this side of Glorieta an' I didn't have a filling left in my mouth. Them New Mexican mountains ain't no ballroom floor, lemme tell you. An' listen to this, a couple of you Eastern guys: On the other side of Galesburg they



This Switching Engine, Built in 1925, Was of an Entirely New Design and the Heaviest Used on the Pennsylvania Railroad Up to That Time

put that Coyote down the main line at 106 miles an hour! According to the train sheet, brother—according to the train sheet. They was goin' so fast they couldn't keep up with it with a stop watch or a speed recorder, but they checked it up later by the train sheet. Whaddya think about that?"

"I'd hate to tell you what I think of it," said a B. & O. man rudely.

"You an' the Coyote!" sneered the Burlington man. "If you hadn't made the speed you should have been ashamed of yourselves. Everybody on the railroad took a day off to get ready an' get lined up before you cut loose. Listen, fellah, we took a guy from Chicago to Denver on thirty minutes' notice—made the train up, threw the hoghead a clearance card, an' told him not to waste no time an' not to run into nothin'. Made better'n 1000 miles in less'n 1000 minutes! Now whadya think about that?"

Tie This One

"FLAT as stale beer all the way to Denver," declared the Santa Fe man. "You could pretty near roll all the way. We come from Los Angeles to Chicago, I said. Maybe you didn't understand me. Didja ever hear tell of the Rocky Mountains?"

"Where do you think Denver is?" demanded the Burlington man.

"You guys give me a pain," said an old Lake Shore man. "I used to handle the Century about the time most of you boys was havin' your noses wiped. One day I was a little late on account of a dispatcher usin' the train sheet to draw pictures on, so I made the first mile after I got her widened out at ninety-three, an' the next eight at eighty-six, an' the next thirty-five miles at eighty-one, an' then for the next ninety miles I eased down to seventy-five to give the wheels a chance to cool off. We used to run that old Century, put her over the bumps in eighteen hours flat. Not once every three years, not no special run, but every day. That's before we cut the schedule to twenty hours to give the Pennsy a chance to catch up with us."

"Yah!" bawled the Pennsylvania man. "D'ya know any more comical busts like that? It's more'n fifty miles shorter the way the Broadway goes; any time you water-level babies wanta knock an hour off, we'll knock off two. Write that in the book."

"You boys wanta know somethin' about speed?" observed a railroad supply man. "I can tell you one that'll curl your hair. I was a hogger on the Iron Mountain when it happened. We hadn't had air very long an' somethin' was always goin' wrong. I had seven cars behind an old ten-wheeler an' it was downhill through most of Arkansas. I made a running test when I pulled out an' everything seemed O. K., but when I went to hold her back I didn't have nothin'. We was slidin' down a hill about fifty per when I found I didn't have no air, so I whistled for brakes to beat hell. The skipper an' the shacks musta been asleep; they didn't pay me no mind, an' we kept goin' faster an' faster. We'd go downhill like a bat an' then up a little hill, an' then down a big hill, an' then up a little hill, an' mathematically speakin', we kep' a-goin' faster an' faster. I kept a-whistlin' an' a-whistlin'. I like to whistled all the steam outta that old pot, but they wouldn't gimme no brakes behind. If I was to tell you how fast I know we was goin', you boys might not believe me."

"I could believe pretty near anything tonight," declared the B. & O. man dreamily.

"We was goin' so fast," declared the speaker, "that one of the reasons why the train crew didn't put on the brakes was because the noise the whistle made went past them before they could hear it."

"Wait a minute," said the B. & O. man. "I've got some figgerin' to do."

"Don't stop him," advised the Burlington man; "he's pretty near got 'em strung out."

"Well, gentlemen," continued the speaker, "you may gather from that statement that we were certainly moving right along. Yes, sir, we certainly were. I called the fireman over to my side and I said to him: 'Jim'—that was his name, Jim—a fine boy, too, was Jim—'Jim,' I says, 'we're certainly in one hell of a pickle. Them boomers back behind us are either dead or asleep, an' maybe both, an' if anybody is goin' to stop this train, it's gonna be you an' me, Jim.' Jim, he looked me square in the eye, he did, an' he says, says he—I never will forget it—Jim, he says, 'You an' me, brother!' Just like that. An' do you know what we did?"

"Dropped an anchor?" asked the Sante Fe man.

"We didn't have no anchor," declared the speaker gravely, "but I'll tell you what we did do. We got a-hold of that old reverse, me an' good old Jim, an' though it took all the strength we had between us, we set her in the back corner."

There was dead silence in the room.

"And then?" questioned the B. & O. man cautiously.

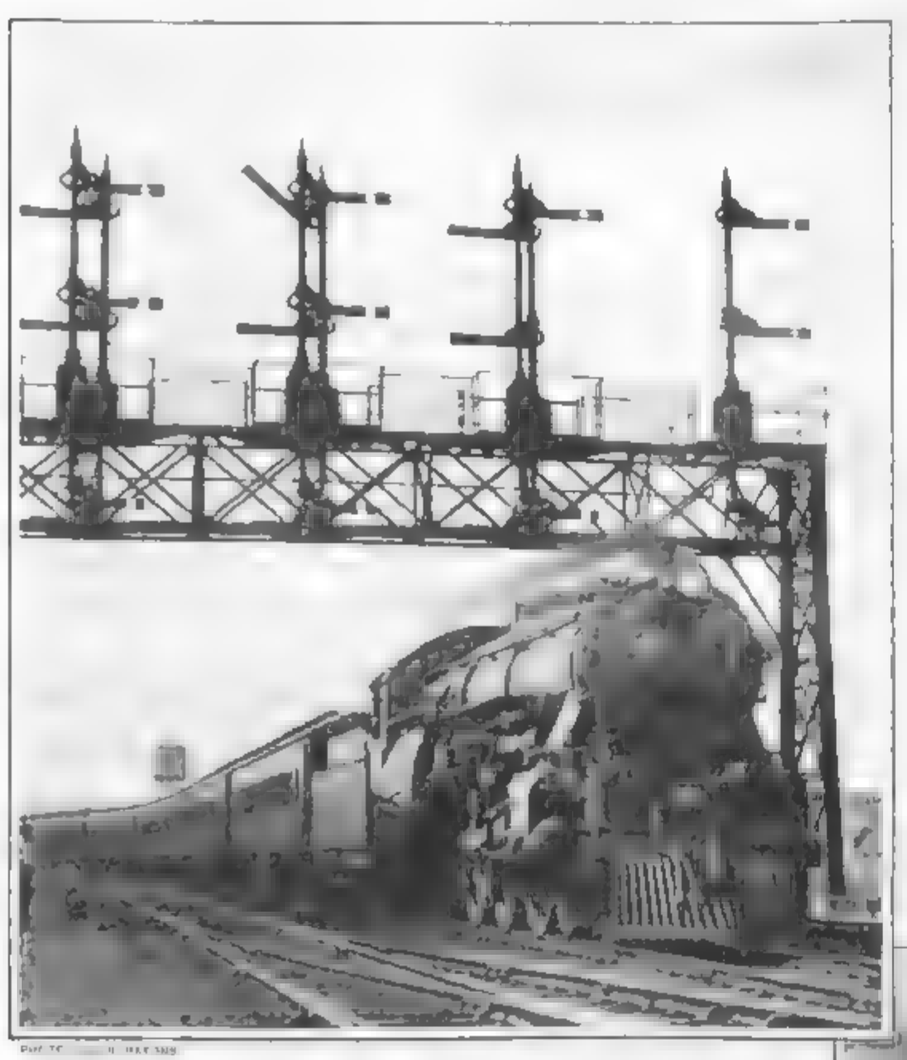
"Well, sir," said the speaker, "you may not believe it, but it's a fact. That old train run backwards till it caught up with the sound of the whistle, an' the train crew heard it, an' tied her down with hand brakes, an' we stopped twenty feet from the worst washout in the history of the railroad. Yes, sir, it took some quick thinkin' on the part of Jim an' me. Did I mention the president's daughter?"

"You forgot that part," someone said.

"How careless of me!" said the speaker. "You see, she was a passenger, an' when she heard how we'd saved all their lives, she wanted to marry us both. But I was too old an' Jim, he was too young, so she had to be content with a middle-aged brakeman."

"Well," remarked the B. & O. man after some of the clamor had died down, "that may not be the best lie I ever heard, but I'll be hanged if it isn't the biggest. Who ever heard of a brakeman gettin' married?"

"It's God's truth," declared the speaker.



The Boardwalk Flyer of the P. & R. Operated Under an 85-Mile-an-Hour Speed Limit Between Camden and Atlantic City

The Railroad Olympics

THEY wrangled about fast runs, past and present. Not less than three were usually trying to talk at the same time. There were some tremendous lies told, most of them very interesting. There was only one bad note on the zither. This came from a fairly young man who thought he knew more than the old-timers. He questioned a couple of statements—went about his questioning in the wrong way, as though he knew it all. Finally a gray-headed man, sitting off to one side in a comfortable chair and keeping his mouth shut, got more than his fill of the young man.

"Just what do you know about high speed, young fellah?" he demanded.

"Well, whadda you know about it?" countered the blatant one.

The host started to interfere. The gray-headed man waved him back. "I might know a little about it," he said mildly.

"A little," observed the blatant one, "would probably cover it. You know," he added sarcastically, "I thought you was Charlie Hogan when you first started talkin'."

"Did you now?" observed the grayhead. "That's interesting. Yeah, very interesting. I happen to be Charlie Hogan."

"What?" exclaimed the loud one.

"Yeah," said the gray-headed man mildly, "I'm Charlie Hogan."

"Well, I'll be damned!" declared the loud one. "Excuse me, Mr. Hogan."

"Nothing to excuse," answered Mr. Hogan mildly. Twenty-five or thirty years ago you couldn't ask an American boy who Charles Hogan was without getting an answer—a good long answer. To the average youngster the man at the throttle was not Casey Jones but Charles Hogan. Charlie Hogan, engineer of the 999, the Gold Medal Engine, the fastest thing on wheels. Here is the record:

May 3, 1893. New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

Train 51: Four cars, Engine 999, Charles Hogan, engineer.

L.T. Syracuse, 2 43 P.M.; A.T. Buffalo 5 21 P M

Between Syracuse and Buffalo Engine 999 attained an official speed of 112.5 miles an hour.

That's the record. That was the record in 1893, that's still the record today. It's never been beaten: it's doubtful if a steam locomotive will ever beat it. It was made with a light American-type engine—4-4-0 with drivers some seven feet tall, and if you're interested and happen to be in Albany, New York, go to the West Albany shops of the New York Central and they'll show you the engine. They're proud of it.

The achievement of Mr. Hogan with Train 51, or the Empire State Express, certainly started the ball rolling. By 1900 three countries were engaged in arguing away all their spare time as to who had the speediest trains. England, France and the United States all but engaged in a three-cornered war over the matter, according to the newspaper clippings of that day. I am very happy to report that the United States ran rings around the two other countries, according to our papers and the English papers and the French papers.

The First Locomotive to Run From Philadelphia to Norristown

England was griped worst of all. England, you know, is the mamma or the papa of all railroads. All this pain and agony started in England. Because England had given birth to the iron horse, as it were, Englishmen in general seemed to think they should have the fastest trains. Every so often, like a safety pop, the London Times would cut loose with an agonizing wail about how fast American trains ran and how slow the English trains were—fact—and how seldom the English trains arrived as promised or left as expected. It was a terrible state of affairs; the empire was crumbling; something had to be done about it. What to do—what to do?

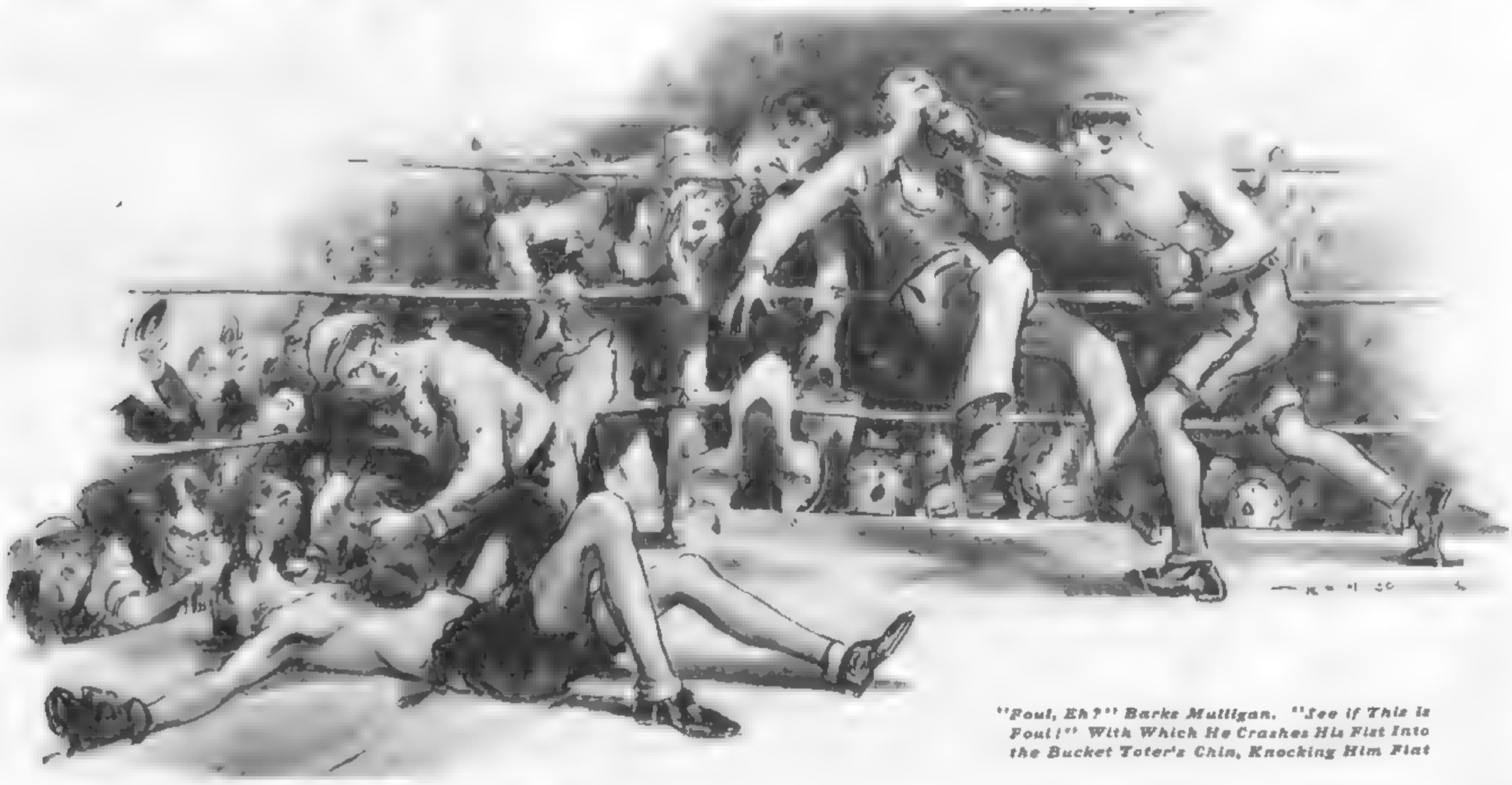
Old-World Diplomacy

THE French were more diplomatic. They knew they were holding the lower end of the sack, and they were equally pained, but it eased the wound a lot to crow over the English. Because they claimed to have faster trains than England, and they said—and rightly—that they'd much sooner run second than third. They generally got an engineer to explain why they couldn't run as fast as the Americans did, and the engineer never failed to hand out

(Continued on Page 158)

Two Sections of the Twentieth Century Limited About to Leave Chicago. This Photograph Was Transmitted by Telephone From Chicago to New York and Was the First Train Photo. to Go Over the Wire

THE MULLIGAN MIXTURE



"Foul, Eh?" Barks Mulligan. "See if This Is Foul!" With Which He Crashes His Fist Into the Bucket Toter's Chin, Knocking Him Flat

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

IT'S at one of these amateur biff-bangs where the simon-pures battle themselves gory for glory that I first pipes Mix—a low-slung gorilla with a dish pan like a scrambled yegg's. You couldn't help giving him a tumble. He belongs among the pink-and-white lads from the Y. M. C. A. and settlement-house gyms as much as a hungry hyena does in a day nursery.

I becomes mildly interested in the boy when he steps out in the eliminations and lays a palooka nearly twice his size with a wallop to the jaw that must have broken windows in the next block.

In the finals he duplicates the kill, a sock over the heart slapping the other baby to sleep long before his regular bedtime.

"Who's the sweet petunia?" I asks Len Healy, the club matchmaker.

"Mix Mulligan, unattached," he returns. "Never saw him or heard tell of him until a week ago, when he drifts in here and braces me for a go. Got something in his fists besides fingers, haan't he?"

"Yeh," says I, "but he doesn't have to have much more to drop those canvasbacks. They're only happy when they're horizontal with resin in their hair."

"Maybe," grunts Len, "but the kid he just bumped off is nobody's push-over. That finishing poke he took in the pumping station would have made the birdies go tweet-tweet for a whole lot of high-priced pugs. Did you catch it?"

"I did," I assures him, "and it didn't look like 'prentice-boy stuff to me. Sure this Mulligan isn't a ringer?"

"Ringer?" scoffs Healy. "What'd a money biffer be doing ringing in on a row where the take is a tin medal? The bozo's just good. Why don't you proposition him for a stall in your stable?"

"Maybe I will," says I. "Send him around to see me in the morning."

When I gets to the office the next day, Mix is waiting for me. There's a mean scowl on his unmowed mug and a threat in his bared teeth and clinched lunch hooks.

"What's the idea?" he snarls. "Healy tells me to show here at ten bells. It's half-past now. For a dime I'd take you apart to see what made you late."

"Sit down," I snaps, "and take your carcass off your feet. Who do you think you're talking to—your bedridden old mother? Here," says I, tossing over a newspaper, "read about yourself while I manicure my mail."

"I can't read," growls Mulligan, "and I can lick anybody that can." But he squats and keeps his trap shut until I gets through with the please remits and "have you thought of an income for your family after you've gone."

"Now," says I to Mix, "let's you and I go into a conference."

"I ain't going nowheres," barks the pug. "If you want to rag with me, rag right here. What's the lay, buddy?"

"Who are you," I shoots at him, "and where you been doing your scrapping?"

"The moniker's Mulligan," he returns sullenly. "I been scrapping lots of places, if it's any of your ——"

"Always amateur, of course?" I cuts in, watching the kid closely.

"I ain't got no dough out of my dukes so far," comes back Mix, "but then I ain't been on the lookout for none. I fights because I like to fight."

"I see," says I. "Ever think any of combining your pleasures with profit? Or is it that you have conscientious scruples against lifting your hand against your fellow man except in wrath?"

"Huh?" mumbles Mulligan.

"In other words," I explains, "why don't you get into the pay end of the game and cut yourself a piece of cake? Did Healy tell you who I am?"

"Yeh," grunts Mix. "You're one of these fifty-fifty handouts. Who do you want me to lick, how often and for how much? I can use some jack ——"

"Not so fast, laddie," I interrupts. "You've got to cough some about yourself before I tuck you under my wing. A couple of years ago I ran into a swell jam taking on a bobo whose fingers had almost been worn off making prints for the police and I've no yen to repeat with another unknown. For all I know, you might be one of the missing Teapot Dome witnesses or a Portuguese spy. Come on, let's play truth."

According to what I pries out of Mulligan, he'd done quite a bit of battling out on the Coast, but for the last year or so he'd been riding the rods around the country. Just a tramp, and he looks it.

"When'd you light here?" I asks.

"A week ago," he replies. "I heard some guys talking about the doings Healy was putting on. I was hungry for a mill, so I signed up. What else do I have to tell you—my mother's front name?"

"Here," says I, slipping him a ten-spot. "Go out and get yourself curried. Come back after lunch and I'll look you over."

Mix takes the X and ducks just as Jimmy Frayne comes in. Jimmy's the boy who takes care of the newspaper hop for me when I'm smoking a ham-and-egg set-up into a battle of the centuries.

"Who's your angel-face friend?" he inquires.

"That," I returns, "is Mrs. Mulligan's son Mix. He can't read and can lick anybody that can."

"Can't read, eh?" remarks Frayne. "What's he doing in the fight game? Nowadays even a bucket toter is expected to know his Browning and his Greek elegiac poets. You going to use him?"

"Probably," says I. "He may not be able to read, but he's a sweet singer of lullabies. I saw him hum a couple of babies to sleep last night at Healy's ——"

"Oh, yes," recalls Jimmy. "I heard about him. What's he got besides a sock?"

"Perhaps nothing," I comes back, "but I'm getting tired wet-nursing a lot of waltz kings. A good, old-fashioned killer'll look pretty to these aged eyes, and I think the kid's a killer."

"Well," says Frayne, "you know how long these killers last against a jabber with shifty dogs. I wouldn't borrow any money from the bank on the strength of his prospects. Where's he from and what's he done besides flap-jacking a couple of Healy's home guards?"

I passes along to Jimmy the little info I'd managed to scoop out of Mulligan. He's more interested than I thought he would be, especially in the part about Mix hopping off a side-door Pullman and immediately hunting up a chance to get his block knocked off gratis.

"Must be a throwback," comments Frayne. "Fighting merely for the sake of fighting passed out with flannel petticoats and detachable cuffs. Want me to make hoop-la for the boy?"

"Not yet," says I. "I'd rather there was nothing about Mulligan in the papes until I've taken him for a ride over the hot sands. Anyhow, he's only a 'bo and for all I know he's flushing a freight out of town right now. I may never see him again."

But I does. As per instructions Mulligan shows up in the afternoon. With the clean shave he's wearing he doesn't look quite as tough as he did in the morning, but his disposition hasn't improved any. He grouches and grumbles when I takes him back to the gym for a strip and a close-up.

Physically Mulligan stacks up to the queen's taste—that is, if the taste of queens runs to scowling middleweights with barrel chests, biceps as hard as a comedy bride's biscuits, and grabbers like hams. The legs taper as they should with biffers of the better sort.

"Put on the gloves," I orders after the survey. "I want you to work out a bit with Kid Pierce over there."

When it comes to covering up and weaving away from wallops Pierce is a bear cat and that's why I pick him from the half dozen lads available. I'm anxious to see what Mix

can do against a crafty journeyman with a punch-proof defense. I'm only a few seconds older when I finds out.

At the word "Go" Mulligan rushes in and lets fly with both hands at the Kid's head. Pierce smothers the shots, but Mix is crowding him so close that he hasn't time to rearrange his guard for the next attack. A short left buries itself to the wrist in the Kid's bread basket and as his hands drop to his tummy, Mulligan's other mauley crashes into his chin. Pierce is cold even before he sandbags to the floor.

"Cut out the stalling," snarls Mix, pushing the kayo kid with his foot. "I didn't hardly hit you."

"Hardly hit him, hell!" I yelps. "Don't you know how to box friendly?"

"Why should I?" snaps Mulligan. "Anyhow, I don't like that guy."

"What," I asks in surprise, "have you got against him?"

"Nothing," says Mix. "I don't like anybody."

II

MULLIGAN causes me plenty of grief in the next week. He can't make his fists behave and after the first couple of days none of the boys'll work out with him. However, that doesn't keep Mix unemployed. He picks fights with folks all over the clubhouse and even out in the street when the supply under roof runs out. As far as me controlling him—huh—a word from me and he does as he pleases. I'm lucky to remain in one piece myself with that free-for-all frolicking around.

"Well," grins Frayne, when I tells him of my troubles, "you wanted a killer to brighten up your aged eyes, didn't you?"

"Yeh," I returns, "but not the kind that does his killing out of office hours. If that boy doesn't curb his playful spirits pretty soon I'll have to turn in my club license and get a slaughterhouse permit. I feel now like I'm running a shambles."

"Thus making you a shambolier, eh?" remarks Jimmy. "If I were you—God forbid—I'd slap Mulligan into the ring quick and often. Which reminds me I hear Joe Timoney's looking for a pick-me-up-and-lay-me-down for Butch Bevan. Does that draw any interest?"

"Not much," says I. "Butch is too rich a dish to wean Mix on. Unless it's against your religious principles, I'd like him to win his first professional out."

"Win or lose," retorts Frayne, "I'd make the match. If Mulligan won't listen to you or behave himself, he'll never be a better bruiser than he is now, and you might as well find out pronto what you've pulled out of the grab bag. If he's there or thereabouts, it may be worth while to put up with his gas-house shenanigans. If he isn't, you can make him a present of the open highway."

"When's Timoney figuring on running off this row?" I asks, sort of convinced that Jimmy's rolling 'em down the right alley.

"For the semifinal at the championship bout next week," he replies. "That's another point to consider—if Mix makes any kind of a showing in the Garden, there'll be fifteen or twenty thousand patrons of the game to see him, and —"

"In your velour hat," I snorts. "A prelim at a title go attracts about as much attention as kinky hair does in Harlem. I could put on the fuss in a Hackensack phone booth and get more notice than I would at Madison Square."

Nevertheless, I takes Frayne's advice and the next morning I calls on Joe Timoney.

"Who's this Mulligan?" he demands. "Did I ever hear of him?"

"How do I know?" I growls. "Aren't you and your ears on speaking terms any more? Suppose you haven't. Suppose nobody has. What do you care? Neither he nor your plug are going to fatten the Garden gate by as much as a dime."

"Maybe not," says Timoney, "but how much good'll it do Butch to get tangled up with a fifth-rater? Who did this Mulligan stew ever disagree with?"

"He's the amateur middleweight champ of the world," I returns glibly. "You've heard of the world, haven't you? By the way, can Bevan read?"

"Read?" frowns Joe. "I suppose so. Why?"

"Mulligan can't," says I, "and he tells me in strict confidence that he can lick anybody who can."

"He ought to take on Tunney," grunts Timoney. "I understand he's read a whole book through."

I talks serious to Joe and finally sells him. As a matter of fact, he's not nearly so much interested in Mix's ability as he is in the luck of it. Timoney's hunting a soft spot for Butch, and once he gathers from my carefully selected conversation that my boy's a hopeless round-heel the match is as good as made. Mulligan doesn't even ask the name of his opponent when I tells him of the glove gala I've framed, nor what's in it for him. I've been slipping the kid feed and flop money and that apparently is all he ever expects to get. We're really to drag down a grand for our services in the semifinal, but figure as I might I can't make out Mix's 50 per cent share of that to be more than a hundred bucks. It's hard to be honest when you're rotten in arithmetic.

"How about a little real training for this ruckus?" I asks Mulligan. Though Bevan is about as classy a middleweight as the Coolidge Administration affords, I'm cherishing some faint hopes that Mix'll upset his banana stand. A killer, no matter how crude, always has an outside chance of slipping over an adios.

"Who with?" he sneers. "The boy scouts you got hanging around here?"

"Even these boy scouts," says I, "could show you something, and they would, if you'd only pull your punches. They could teach you to cover ——"

"Sure they could," cuts in Mulligan, sarcastic. "That's all they know. Their feet are always so cold they have to cover"

"Yours'll probably be pointing with their toes up," I yelps angrily, "when Butch Bevan gets through with you."

"Beeman, eh?" remarks Mix. "Swell chance a guy named Beeman has of flattening me."

"The name," says I, "is Bevan, not Beeman."

"What's the difference?" shrugs Mulligan. "I can lick anybody with any part of the alphabet in his moniker."

There's no net in arguing with that kind of a twistbrain, so I lets things go as they lay. Mix does do a little bag punching in the gym, but apart from that, makes no preparations for Butch as far as I know. The kid's in good condition, though. I haven't the slightest idea how or where he spends his nights or the greater part of his days, but apparently neither booze nor broads cut in on his time. They'd show in his shape.

Fit as he seems when I trots him over to the Garden the evening of the mill, I'd sell his chances of winning for a dime a dozen, with a 100 per cent rebate for cash. Not that I've altogether lost faith in Mulligan's murderous punch, but the dope's all against an untrained amateur taking a smart socker like Bevan unless it should happen to rain horseshoes in Mix's corner.

The arena's packed when we gets there and a prelim is on. As I expected, it's creating about as much excitement as a dog fight in Eastern Anatolia would among the younger married set of Peru, Indiana.

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"Out, Skirt!" Snaps the Pug. "I Got Nothing to Say to No Newspapers"

He Takes a Card From His Case and Passes It Over to Miss Hull, Whose Saucer Blue Eyes Have Widened Into Platters

FORTY WEEKS—By Peggy Wood

Peggy Wood in Her New York Apartment. At Right—Vivian Duncan as Eva, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

AND I can guarantee you forty weeks' work." So runs the recurrent dream of the average actor.

And if what the psychologists tell us is true—that the mood of the day is determined by the dreams of the night before—this one should set the actor whistling merrily as he prepares to meet a manager or an agent in his daily search for a job during the hunting season.

"Yes, sir," the manager should continue if he knows his lines, "it's a great play, a great part, and with my hook-up of theaters and bookings you are sure of not less than a forty-week run. Here's your contract; we begin rehearsals tomorrow."

Then off will pop the actor to tell his family they can take a lease on that flat, pay up the money they borrowed to tide over a couple of years when ten weeks was all he got out of each season's work and maybe make a down payment on that lot on Long Island.

M'm, yes, that's the way it ought to happen to follow the dream pattern, but you know what they say about dreams. And from lack of coming true, this dream is fast passing into the realms of pure fantasy and soon will be lumped with the falling dream as only a racial memory.

Once Upon a Time in New York——

BUT hope has a habit of springing eternal, you know, and in such a gambling game as the theater there is always the chance that this play will be the one to strike the public fancy. Even if, after the four weeks of free rehearsals the actor is required to give, and the usual out-of-town tryout, the play looks as if it didn't have a chance, even then you never can tell; it might look pretty terrible, but don't forget Abie's Irish Rose; it flopped in New York the first two weeks and only through the author's efforts was it kept on until it began to attract the crowds which enabled it to stay on Broadway for five years, let alone the proverbial forty weeks.

Does forty weeks seem like such a lot to ask, such a tremendous long spell of work to you who work fifty-two weeks a year and two weeks off for vacation? Does it seem like the ultima Thule of all one could wish in the way of prosperity? Well, it is, to an actor, these days.

Once upon a time actors opened in New York, say, with an established star, and knew exactly how long they would play that season. Once upon a time shows without any stars were booked to the Coast and back, and the actors received route cards to give their families and friends so that mail could be sent to them all along the line. Once upon a time shows could play three weeks of one-night stands in the state of Texas alone; now there is one theater playing legitimate and musical shows which come from the producing center of New York. And once upon a time there was a beautiful princess with long golden curls.

Yet, though the average season for the average actor has been reduced from about thirty weeks a year twenty years ago, and nearer thirty-four twenty-five years ago, to sixteen, there are compensations. There used to be a gag used by variety artists who carried on conversations with the drummers in the orchestra pit:

DRUMMER: I certainly wisht I was you, makin' all that dough. How much is it a week now?

COMIC: Four hundred simoleons. How much do you make?

DRUMMER: Twenty dollars.

COMIC: Yes, but you get yours.

Those were the days when there was no Actors' Equity Association, when unscrupulous managers would, and sometimes did, decamp with the box-office receipts, leaving a company some place west of Yakima, Washington, to get home as best they could. Those were the days when actors were known to have rehearsed thirteen weeks for a supposedly New York musical show, only to be told at the end of that time that the show wasn't in shape to be produced and that the authors had been instructed to rewrite it for the following season. For their thirteen weeks they got exactly nothing—that is, in the way of cash. Maybe they got a lot of instruction in the art of acting, but that wasn't negotiable at the moment.

But now the economic side of the acting profession is handled with extraordinary skill by the actors' own association, Equity, which has won for itself an enviable place in the annals of the theater for integrity, for fairness and for justice. Long ago has the old cry of the manager—"Actors will never stick together"—been silenced. Now the managers sit in association with actors in such alliances as the National Board of the Theater, a new group formed to see what can be done to aid the theater in America, and they ask the actor for his ideas on organization. They have learned that the actor is too used to giving up, too used to being near the ragged edge to care for much but his principles, once they are emotionally stirred. The story of Frank Bacon, that beloved author and actor in Lightnin', must have fallen on the ears of the commercially minded with strange cadences back when the actors dared to demand that eight performances a week was a week's work, and that if they played more it was only fair they should be paid for them. Don't forget that until 1919 all the Christmas matinées and other holiday matinées you saw were given free by the actor, no matter what amount of money was taken in at the box office.

Frank Bacon, after years of struggle—lean years too—had made a sensation late in life with his play Lightnin'. He opened on Broadway very early in the season, but in spite of the hot weather he and the play were packing them in.

Well, no sooner had this millennium occurred than the situation between the actors and the managers reached a breach and the one and only actors' strike was called. It would have been terribly easy for Bacon to say, "I've been working for this break all my life. I'm an old man; I may never get another chance. I'd better stick on here playing while the playing is good. They'll understand if I don't cast my lot with them just now."

A Third Degree for Actors

BUT what he did say at a meeting of the actors the next day was: "Friends, you all know what the success of Lightnin' means to me; most of you have heard me read it to you in the years gone by, and heard me tell how long I've hawked up and down Broadway. Now it looks as if this success would take care of mother and me in our old age. So we talked over this business of striking for what we all know is right for the actors, last night, and I says 'Mother, where do we stand?' and she says, 'Frank, we've cooked over a gas jet before now, and if we have to we can do it again. We stand where we belong—with our fellow actors.' And I guess that's about the size of it."

Unfortunately such stories are seldom heard by the layman, mainly because he never asks us about the economic side of our affairs. No, he usually contents himself with three questions when addressing an actor: "Does the grease paint hurt your face?" and "What do you do with your time?" and "Don't you get awfully sick of doing the same thing night after night?"

The answer to the first question is "Yes and no"; the answer to the third is also "Yes and no," but the second

Jane Cowl and Philip Merivale in the Last Act of "The Road to Rome"

seems to give so much trouble to a lot of people, it needs more consideration.

Of course actors are notorious for turning night into day, as the lay person generally calls it, and that fact is enough to arouse suspicion. Any departure from the 8:30 breakfast to 10:30 retiring is, by the very look of it shall we say, fast? As a woman I once knew said, "A man ought to go to business." The whole world is run more or less on that schedule, and by the same token, is a mighty inconvenient place for the Thespian, or for that matter, any night worker.

For instance, if an actor likes to live out of the city and manages to get a place within commuting distance from his work—that is, New York; for it is there he hopes to have his forty weeks; in fact, it is the only place in the country he can get forty weeks all in one place. Say, then, he has a place in Jersey or Long Island or Connecticut, can he get a train which is convenient for his commuting hours? He cannot. Either the train leaves at 10:30 P.M., while he is still on the stage, or he has to be delivered with the milk.

If he lives in a flat in New York can he come home at night, the day's work over, and talk or play the piano or amuse himself above a whisper for fear of complaint from the tenants who lead "normal" lives and want their sleep?

He cannot.

If he leads a quiet life and doesn't disturb the tenants, do they do the same by him in the morning when he wants his sleep? They do not. Ash cans, garbage men and dumb-waiters take on a vocal zeal from the hours of seven to nine A.M., which to the actor is the middle of the night, unequaled any other time in the twenty-four hours. Grocery boys, laundrymen, icemen, tailors, gas-meter readers, telephone fixers and all that ilk gallop through the morning hours tearing sleep from those who work at night, and if you attempt to throw them out you don't get any groceries, ice, laundry, phone service or anything else

Frustrating the Wooers of Morpheus

THE butcher here on Cape Cod, where I am playing, told me yesterday the only time to telephone my order so as to be sure to catch him at the shop before he went out on his rounds was 7:30 in the morning!

And if you can tell me where there is a hotel upon whose consciousness you can impress the fact that special-delivery letters which arrive at eight in the morning are not the first toots on Gabriel's horn, nor do night letters necessarily contain the only news since the Chicago Fire and must be got to you by saluting bell boys no later than ten seconds after they arrive, I will see to it you are remembered in every actor's will. One winter I lived in a tall excitingly beautiful-on-the-outside hotel in New York and in my simple way tried to explain to the clerks that I did my work at night, therefore required a commensurate amount of sleep in the morning, and would they please not ring my room for anything but fire or sudden death until ten in the morning" Oh, yes, they quite understood. Oh, yes, they had seen me on the stage. Yes, they would notify the operators.

Next morning. "Good morning, it is 8 45."

Again explanations.

Following morning a man's voice: "Is this Joe? Sorry, must be the wrong room."

Apologies from management.

Two mornings later, at 8:30: "There's a special delivery for you, Miss Wood. Shall we send it up?"

And this went on for a month, until I had lost my temper, my religion, and was rapidly going into a decline. Finally I wrote a Prayer for Telephone Operators, had five copies made, and saw to it that one was pasted on the switchboard in front of each girl. That worked fine for two weeks; they thought it was funny.

Then they changed management, cleaned out the whole force, scrubbed the switchboard, and I moved. I just couldn't face it all over again.

All this is why the first luxury an actress feels she can afford is a maid to attend to all these sleep breakers, to let her stuff her ears with cotton to keep out the noise, tie a black stocking over her eyes to keep out the light, and rest till a reasonable hour.

Once awake, the popular belief is that she lies propped up in silk pillows and perfumed negligees opening boxes of roses and *billets-doux* until the middle of the afternoon, when she spends a long time dressing.

Maybe so—maybe so. It sounds alluring anyway. But in the lives of those I know, it is a scramble to get the ordinary things, such as a shampoo and a manicure, once a week, which is in reality only four afternoons, counting as completely out those days there are matinées to play.

Far from lazing their time away, I find actors are the most punctual people on earth. They've got to be. They have just so many hours until theater time and there is no getting to work a little late for them. A business man in as responsible a position as an actor with a principal rôle can say, "Oh, well, if I'm not there at ten, they can wait five minutes"; but it might be a little embarrassing for a player to step down to the footlights in the midst of a performance and say: "Would you mind reading your programs for a few minutes or going out for a smoke? Our hero hasn't got here yet. As soon as he comes we'll go on with the play."

No, when a play begins there is no stopping until the curtain rings down—not even for a fifth of a second

Carroll McComas in "The Ladder"

Alden Gay

Frieda Inescort and Leslie Howard in "Escape," a Winthrop Ames Production

Just Like Target Practice

A NAVAL officer who once watched a dress rehearsal of a play said to me afterward, "Why, I had no idea every moment was timed like that; one thing to dovetail into another. It is almost as mathematical as target practice. And quite as carefully rehearsed."

Now he was far from being a stupid person, yet he hadn't a notion of how rigid are the demands of the time element in the theater. Few people have. To hold a curtain—that is, to be so late in arriving at the theater that the curtain cannot be rung up at its appointed time is pardonable just once, no more. And then only for accident or act of God. "Oho," you say, "many is the time I have sat out in front and waited for an 8:30 curtain, only to have it finally go up at ten minutes to nine." Yes, that is true, but that is the management's doing. Very often a house is so slow in coming in that rather than have the audience stumble down the aisles and fall over those already there, the curtain is held until most of the spectators can be seated. Sometimes, on an opening such as the Scandals in New York this summer, the audience was so busy standing outside the theater watching the celebrities come in that they couldn't be corralled until nearly nine. Sometimes, as in the case of Candida, when it was done two years ago, the play was so short they didn't dare ring up the curtain until quarter to nine. If they had, the play would have been out so early the audience wouldn't have considered it had got its money's worth. But if you had come around every night you would have found that the time that curtain did go up on Candida was the same every night to the second. And now that the first night of Scandals is over, I'll bet you anything their curtain rings up promptly every evening at the same time, and if anybody thinks he is important enough to hold it, let him try it.

Often I have had it said to me, "Don't go yet. You don't have to be there right on the dot, do you? Won't they wait for you?" Oh, yes, they'll wait—once. And that isn't being arbitrary either. You see, you as a member of an audience resent being kept sitting in your seat staring at the

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SALT MARSH

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

PHANTOM, the white mink, made her first lone hunt on Little Salt Marsh. She had, of course, made individual kills by land and water during various family excursions headed by her mother. Killing, therefore, was not new to her; but this was the first extended hunt on which she had been left entirely to her own devices. Except for her pure white coat of fur, Phantom differed in no way from others of her breed. Fur bearers identify by scent, not by sight, so others of her clan sensed nothing unusual about the albino mink; and her mother seemed to consider a snow-white infant wriggling among the dark bodies of her other offspring a perfectly natural event—which in fact it was. The mink, in common with most other fur bearers, is subject to occasional instances of albinoism and also to the recurrence of other color phases, ranging from the rare beige-colored specimen to pure black; and there have been instances of blue minks, their fur resembling that of a Maltese cat.

Therefore, to the noses of the animal world, Phantom was identified as a mink that was no different from her fellows. A man, however, identifying by sight and not by scent, would have pronounced Phantom decidedly different if he had glimpsed the milk-white creature among the six darker ones as the old she-mink led her offspring, now two-thirds grown, on the overland trip across the intervening strip of prairie that separated creek and marsh.

Little Salt Marsh, a body of perhaps two sections of inundated land, was a veritable hunting paradise. Heretofore, Phantom's hunting operations had been confined to the shores and the waters of Rattlesnake Creek, along which the family had traveled extensively. The mink family reached a reed-grown tongue of the marsh and took to the shallow water, a foot or two in depth, in which the rushes grew. The huge reed houses of muskrats rose above the water, resembling miniature haycocks.

The old mink mounted one of these, flashed over its crest and pounced upon a muskrat on the far slope of it. She struck for the side of the throat close against the base of the skull, and the big muskrat, baring his teeth, could only gnash them helplessly, since the mink's grip was such that he could not reach her. She tore the life from the muskrat. The hot blood tainted the air, and Phantom, arriving upon the scene, made haste to mount the rat house in an effort to sink her teeth in the still-warm victim. Surprise was her portion. The old mink flew upon her offspring with snarling fury and drove the white mink back to the water.

Each youngster in turn was treated to a similar display of teeth and temper. For several months the mother had hunted tirelessly and many was the heavy load she had carried to the den for her young. Later, she had taught them to hunt by land and water. No more would she share her first kill of the night. Once satisfied of this, Phantom struck out on her own. The albino mink passed several rat houses, then mounted one, its owners promptly deserting as this sinister white specter emerged from the water.

She sat listening to the sounds of the marsh denizens. Tens of thousands of gulls had come to these parts to harvest the summer crop of grasshoppers that infested the prairies. At night they came back to the marsh to roost upon the wide expanse of open water in its center. The gulls had not yet finished settling themselves for the night and their sleepy gabble pervaded the whole marsh. Cleaving through that volume of gull talk, sounding harsh and abrupt, came the occasional guttural squawks of night herons winging their way high overhead. A killdeer, startled from its slumber at the edge of the open prairie, gave vent to its soprano notes, and a king rail lifted its voice in harsh outcry from the depths of the reeds, the power and volume of the sound amazingly great to have emanated from so small a throat. Muskrats swam about, their courses marked by mere dark noses that left rippling watery furrows in their wake.

Then there came a new sound, a sharp rustling. An agitated expanse some ten yards in length by half that width seemed to advance through the rushes without so much as a surface ripple to account for the disturbance. The white mink turned her beady eyes upon this agitation, slid from the rat house and dived, heading for the scene of the commotion. She knew that the agitated rush tips betrayed the passing of a school of carp.

There was a sudden frenzied thrashing of rushes as the feeding carp plunged for safety through the shallow water before the advance of that darting streak of white. But they were not sufficiently swift to elude that lightning killer and presently the white mink emerged from the water with a flopping carp in her teeth. She mounted a flat rush mound, a bittern's nest from which the young had emerged long since, and snarled deep in her throat as her fangs sank into the carp.

The fish had been half devoured and Phantom's white face had become a red mask when a sleek dark head broke the surface near the bittern's nest. One of Phantom's brothers, the scent of the carp having drifted across the water to his nostrils, came to share the feast. The white mink met him with bared fangs and an explosive, strangled snarl of warning. He flashed at her and their teeth clashed. Seizing the remains of the carp, he plunged into the water, with Phantom in hot pursuit. Presently the brother, scored by her punishing teeth, deserted the prize and the white mink returned with it to the rush nest and finished her meal, then set forth to cruise more of the marsh.

He Nibbled a Green Shoot of Tender Grass, Made a Few Tentative Hops and Leaped to Sudden Flight as a Sinister Form Flashed at Him

A dozen pairs of great white herons, denizens of the swamps of Florida and Louisiana, had strayed to the Western Kansas prairies and remained to nest on Little Salt Marsh. The adaptability of these foreigners was evidenced by the fact that, though their usual manner of nesting was to construct platforms of sticks in trees that sprouted from a swamp, they had varied this to suit prairie requirements and had fashioned mounds of rushes that rose above the water. Phantom passed through this colony. The great birds, white as herself, slept peacefully, standing either upon the old nests or in the shallow water. One of them, roused by her passing, thrust a vicious bill at her and Phantom retorted with bared teeth and an angry snarl, but did not tarry to give fight. Marsh blackbirds rose with a flutter of wings as she disturbed them. Sleepy, affrighted twitters of roosting sparrows marked her passage between two tongues of the marsh.

A round hole in the earth, its edges fluted with a pie-crust rim of earth, revealed the quarters of a crawfish that had buried itself in the mud as the waters of the marsh receded before the hot, evaporating breath of summer. Phantom promptly began excavating operations and unearthed the victim, crushed its shell with a single crunch of teeth and devoured the white flesh within. Crossing another strip of grass that grew above the water line, she paused and listened intently as a tiny squeaking reached her ears, then quested eagerly until her nose caught the tidings for which she sought. She pounced, pressing the roots of the grass down solidly with her forepaws while her teeth tore away the top of the nest, padded with grass fiber and plant down, and uncovered a litter of tiny young mice. Later, she varied her menu by devouring a frog, a beetle and a brace of fat grasshoppers before taking again to the water.

These and allied activities occupied her time throughout the night. Near dawn, the old mink marshaled her family upon an island where muskrat dens would afford shelter during the coming day. With the first streak of carmine across the eastern horizon, the vast flocks of gulls came to life. Their guttural squawks and high-pitched screams rose in combined volume, accompanied by thunderous roars as contingents rose to wing their way in search of breakfast. With the coming of dawn, these winged hordes would be scattered for thirty miles in all directions, flying low across the fields and prairies, following settlers as their plows turned furrows in the prairie soil and unearthed grubs and earthworms; a vast army, a hundred thousand feathered foragers going forth to wage war upon the swarming insects of the plains. As the screaming battalions flew overhead, the redwings voiced their tribal calls from the rushes, while plovers and sandpipers contributed their clear calls from the muddy shores. A bittern boomed lustily from the depths of the marsh, as if rolling a drum to usher in the newborn day. Thus Phantom had come to know Little Salt Marsh first in late summer.

Winding, twisting back upon its course, Rattlesnake Creek drains a flat prairie country. At some points it threads the sand hills, its shores graced by willow thickets, occasional wind-twisted cottonwoods and jungles of sand-hill plums. For the most part, however, the only cover is afforded by matted tangles of tall slough grass. Along the

lower fifteen miles of its length, before emptying into the Arkansas River, it meanders through country dotted by prairie ponds and salt marsh. At flood stage in the spring and early summer, surplus waters overflow through low swales and inundate the marshy areas.

Midway of a jungle of slough grass that clogged a horseshoe bend, a hole, its mouth just below the surface of the water, led back into the bank. Some five or six feet back from the water's edge an orifice appeared among the roots of the shoulder-high grass. Narrow trails radiated from this opening and threaded the tangle.

The occupants, of whatever nature, had made use of a muskrat tunnel in which to den after driving out the original occupants and refashioning the galleries to suit the requirements of the new owner. Prairie skunks, little spotted skunks, opossums and occasional raccoons that had pressed out into the prairies, were wont to make use of muskrat dens for their own purposes. Petrie, however, knew at first glance that this particular den was occupied by none of those. The head of a three-pound channel catfish and the heads and fins of several smaller ones, along with a profusion of scales of carp, the shells and claws of crawfish, feathers, fur and similar litter revealed to his practiced eye the fact that a mink had denned here. He filed the fact away for future reference, to be utilized when the trapping season should roll round again. Then he returned to his home on Little Salt Marsh. That night, as he gazed out across a neck of marshland, a furrow in the water attracted his attention. Believing it to be the wake left by a swimming muskrat, he paid little heed until the traveler emerged upon a rat house.

"Mink," Petrie testified, observing the upward curve of the long, lithe creature's back. "Or the ghost of one," he added, surveying the animal more closely. It showed pure white in the bright radiance of the moon. The man decided that this illusion was caused by the moonlight reflecting upon the sleek wet coat. Thus Petrie's first glimpse of the albino mink also occurred in late summer.

Phantom, after a few days' exploration of the marsh, returned to the home den on the Rattlesnake. Now that she had tasted adventure on the open road, however, she was of no mind to remain for long in one spot. No doubt the mink's urge to travel is a necessary provision of Nature. Certain it is that after a litter of ravenous young mink have been reared to maturity in any average neighborhood, the food supply of the immediate vicinity has experienced a serious depletion. Such insatiable hunters must travel in search of prey. The fact that Phantom had been born on Little Salt Marsh—its food supply a hundredfold greater than that of the average neighborhood—did not deprive her of the urge for travel that is the heritage of her restless breed.

The white mink set forth with her family and journeyed down the Rattlesnake. She was now a most efficient hunter, equipped to slay equally well on land or in the water. Falling somewhat behind her relatives while devouring a spotted grass frog, her keen ears detected the thump of feet as a jack rabbit hopped along a trail that threaded the high grass. Beady eyes watched his approach as the wind carried his hot scent to the nose of the waiting mink.

The big hare rose on his haunches, long black-tipped ears first erect, then tilting in various directions, his sensitive nose quivering as he sampled the night air. His elevated forepaws sank back to earth and he nibbled a green shoot of tender grass, made a few tentative hops and leaped to sudden flight as a sinister form flashed at him with the speed of a striking snake. His terror-stricken leap for safety had come too late. The teeth of the white Phantom fastened in his neck at the base of the skull. The weight of the big hare was three times that of his assailant, but his strength was insufficient to dislodge the grim killer that had fastened on him. His dying scream announced the end of another tragedy of the prairies, and a second later Phantom's white muzzle was dyed crimson.

She ate her fill, then resumed her way. Thereafter her meetings with other members of her family were but incidental. As she continued down the Rattlesnake, the search for prey led her aside to investigate marshes and prairie ponds. Occasionally she crossed the trail of some member of her family. The next night, having denned throughout the day, she reached the shores of the Arkansas. There was good hunting in the thickets and cottonwood timber along its banks, in its waters and on its broad sand bars, and the white mink followed down its course, killing abundantly.

Whether even the wandering mink is endowed with the homing instinct or is merely gifted with the desire to circle is problematical. Whatever the basic cause, Phantom eventually became conscious of a desire to branch away from the river, and on the fourth night out from the home den she struck boldly out across the prairies, hunting as she cruised, until her nose apprised her of the location of water and she came out upon a small prairie slough and prospected it for food. She traveled in this fashion until she came at last to Peace Creek and started up its winding course. Nearing its head, she crossed again to the Rattlesnake and cruised down its course to the old home den, having completed the circuit in nine days.

Eventually, after several such trips, she had worked out a route that suited her hunting requirements and henceforth would constitute her regular circle. Round it she had favorite denning places and choice hunting grounds. Occasionally while making her rounds, she traveled for brief periods with one or another member of her family. Following the same route as that covered by other mink, even though several hundred yards or perhaps a mile apart, was sufficient to fill all needs for companionship in one whose breed was not gregarious.

There was a measure of regularity about her habits, but they varied sufficiently so that she sometimes covered her rounds in seven days, sometimes in ten. Her activities were in the main nocturnal, but on occasion she hunted by day. Phantom was one of the most ably equipped of all hunters. She could outswim the fish in their own element after the fashion of the otter, locate and catch or dig out crawfish and mussels in the shallows as adeptly as a raccoon. Her slender body afforded easy passage through the muskrat tunnels that led back and up into the banks from beneath the surface of the water, and she invaded such dens and took toll of muskrat life when the notion seized her. She was an inveterate mouser and endowed with a nose that could hold a trail as readily as could the nose of a hound.

In common with all prairie-dwelling mink, she hunted in the sand hills and plum thickets for cottontails and ground-roosting birds. A clever stalker, during her daylight hunting she pounced upon many varieties of tree-nesting birds when they came to the ground to feed or drink. She could even climb trees if occasion demanded, though she was not skilled in such arboreal pursuits and never hunted above the ground save perhaps for the purpose of rifling a nest in some low-growing tangle of brush.

Phantom cruised out one night across her favorite hunting territory – Little Salt Marsh. There was a sharp touch of frost in the air. The open water was marked by great dark patches, rafts of roosting water fowl. Tens of thousands of mud hens had consorted there. The night air was cut by the hissing screech of wings as flocks of incoming ducks skimmed round the marsh, then the deeper fanning whistle as wings flapped to retard progress, and the final churning patter as the feathered bodies settled to the water. There was a steady drone of water-fowl conversation, the contented, chuckling gabble of swarms of feeding ducks.

Swimming among the rushes, Phantom's keen nose caught the scent of duck and also of fresh blood from just ahead. Silently a sinister ripple moved toward the spot from which the scent had come. Beady eyes settled on a dark form among the rushes. The wary duck, startled by the appearance of that slender advancing head, squawked with terror and broke into wild flight, aided by frantically

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One of the Herons, Roused by Her Passing, Thrust a Vicious Bill at Her and Phantom Retorted With Bared Teeth and an Angry Snarl

BALL ONE—STRIKE ONE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MORBID WATTS anticipated a large evening. He preened himself before the mirror and then stood back to survey his handiwork with considerable pride. He saw in the polished surface the reflection of a nut-brown gentleman of average height and elegant slimness. The wiry figure was snugly incased in chauffeur's livery, and Morbid topped the ensemble by adjusting his cap at a nifty angle.

Then he extinguished the light in his room and walked down the stairway to the garage. He pressed the button and gazed with pride at the tremendous and gleaming limousine which stood regally between the less formidable bulk of two flivvers. Morbid settled himself behind the wheel, pressed the starter, slipped into reverse and backed out on the long straight concrete drive which connected garage and street. Then he swung around, drew up at the curb, sounded three blasts of his siren and waited.

He had never yet overcome his awe of the impressive, two-story, brick-and-stone house, or of the owner thereof. That was the residence of Joshua Pruney, one of the wealthiest and most influential colored men in Birmingham. Many weird tales were circulated through Darktown anent the material wealth of Mr. Pruney. But whatever the precise amount of his bank balance, he lived in a manner far more luxurious than any of his dusky co-citizens.

His house was a joy forever; a staunch and not unbeautiful structure surrounded by half an acre of gorgeous garden. Eight rooms in the house, and he employed two servants—a cook and Morbid Watts. The latter was butler, chauffeur and yardman, and he was paid the same salary he had received in the employ of a wealthy South Side white family.

Joshua Pruney dealt in real estate. He was a pudgy, somewhat pompous little man who greatly enjoyed his business and social eminence and did not object to the homage of his fellows. But he was a kind and considerate employer, whose friendliness was tinctured by an ineluctable sense of fair play. Those who had attempted to buck Mr. Pruney in the business world were prone to say that he was a hard man.

"Fair an' square—tha's me!" he was fond of boasting. "I gits what I goes after, but I gits it honest. Does folks treat me good, also they gits treated good. But if anybody does somethin' to me they shouldn't ought to, then they can go huntin' somewhere else for mercy, 'cause tha's the most thing they won't git offen me."

Tonight was the great night of Mr. Pruney's social career. Tonight for the first time he was to preside over a banquet at the new Shining Star Country Club for Colored. Tonight he and his ample wife were to sit aloof and alone on a rostrum and gaze down upon less eminent fellow members of the new organization which marked definitely and unequivocally the caste lines in colored Birmingham.

Joshua Pruney was president of the Shining Star Country Club. Furthermore, he was chairman of the board of directors, chairman of the finance committee and treasurer of the club. His business genius had put it over; his financial wizardry had caused to be erected a fine clubhouse, nine sporty golf holes, a somewhat lumpy tennis court and a spring-fed swimming pool, on all of which luxury Mr. Pruney held a well-secured first mortgage.

For more than a month now the club had been in active operation, but members had been forced to use temporary quarters. Only within the past forty-eight hours had the final touches been put upon the clubhouse, and tonight for the first time there was to be a great dinner dance, graced by the attendance of Birmingham's dusky élite.

Already Morbid Watts had discovered that there were many worse jobs than being chauffeur to the president of the Shining Star Country Club. Rules were made for lesser beings than himself. For instance, there was an edict that chauffeurs were not allowed in the clubhouse or near the swimming pool. Morbid blandly ignored any such rule and went where he chose—which was usually into the kitchen, where he frankly and unblushingly grafted food from culinary czars who were afraid to incur the wrath of their chief executive, even thus vicariously. Next to being a club member Morbid preferred to be Joshua Pruney's driver, and tonight he planned to make himself at home in the kitchen, where he could eat to his heart's content and flirt with the attractive maids who were certain to be on duty for such a gala affair. Other chauffeurs would be forced to remain in the parking space reserved for their cars, but not so Morbid.

"Man," Exclaimed Morbid, "You Mus' be Crazy. Where at Did This Accident Occur?"

The front door of Mr. Pruney's house opened, and in the brief instant before the hall light was extinguished the little president and his large wife were disclosed in the glare. Even Morbid, accustomed to glory, blinked.

Joshua's short and rotund figure was swathed in the impressive magnificence of formal evening dress to which had been added the distinctive and delicate touch usually reserved for the decoration of a Christmas tree. He wore a silk hat and a velvet cape lined with white; a diamond headlight flamed from his shirt front; his white vest was spanned by a platinum watch chain from which dangled a jeweled emblem which evidenced the fact that he was Past Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. But even that was the least of the glories. Diagonally across Joshua's immaculate shirt front, and adjusted so that it did not cloud the diamond stud, was a sash of crimson ribbon on which was inscribed in letters of gold the single word, President.

Mrs. Pruney was only slightly less wonderful than her affluent husband. Her dress twinkled as she wabbled; her throat and arms and fingers glittered. A rhinestone bandeau was in rather startling contrast to the midnight hue of her countenance.

As they settled themselves in the rear of the rich new car which was the delight and the worry of Mr. Pruney's heart, Morbid made a not undiplomatic comment.

"Boss," he said earnestly, "you an' Mis' Pruney is the mos' grandelegant folks I has ever seen in my whole life."

Joshua was visibly pleased. "Thank you, Morbid."

"I mean it, Mistuh Pruney. I ain't never sawn two folks look so wonderful since the last time I went to a circus."

During the seven-mile drive to the Shining Star Country Club, Morbid Watts made no further comment. He drove as a well-trained chauffeur was supposed to do—eyes straight to the front, ears apparently closed; mechanical and impersonal. That was the way with Mistuh an' Mis' Pruney. Folks had to know them. Some ways they was just cullud folks an' not the least uppity. Other times they made you step around. When you was on duty you had to ack quiet an' respeckful, just like you was workin' fo' white folks.

Less than half a mile from the clubhouse Morbid heard the voluminous Ester Pruney release a gasp.

"Oh, Joshuway," said she, "I di'n't bring my lornyet!"

"Golly!" Obviously Joshuway was peeved. "After me buyin' it for you!"

"Ise sorry, Joshuway. I — "

Morbid spoke without turning his head: "If you-all wishes, I could drive back to the house fo' it after I leave you at the club."

They were delighted with the idea, and when Morbid stopped at the entrance to the club Ester gave him a front-door key and explicit instructions as to where the lorgnette was to be found.

"An' be sure to fetch it right back, Morbid. I is plumb lost without that stick."

There was a shout as President Pruney and his luxurious wife entered the banquet hall. The big room blazed with light and tinsel. Strutting like a fat little bantam rooster, Joshua conducted his wife through a double row of admiring friends and mounted the rostrum.

Prof. Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra was also on that rostrum, but the musicians were concealed behind a palm screen, so that the only thing visible to the naked eye was the table to be occupied by Joshua and his wife. Immediately below, and apart from the other banqueters, was the table for the members of the governors' board, each of whom wore a scarlet sash across the bosom of his evening shirt upon which his official title was inscribed in silver.

Birmingham's colored society was out in force. Vociferously present were Florian Slappey, Dr. and Mrs. Lijah Atcherson, Dr. and Mrs. Brutus Herring, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cæsar Clump, Mr. and Mrs. Orifice R. Latimer, Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Broughton, Opus Randall, Welford Potts,

Exotic Hines, Lawyer and Mrs. Evans Chew, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Boscoe Fizz, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gethers. It was a brilliant scene and an enthusiastic one.

Meanwhile Morbid Watts was traversing the distance between the club and the Pruney home at a moderate rate of speed. He relaxed behind the wheel and listened with delight to the gentle purr of the motor. It was really an elegant sedan, and a hint of envy crept into the heart of Mr. Watts as he gave thought to the idea that he could never own a car like this. If only he did—and on such a night—full moon, a million stars, a soft sensuous breeze fanning gently across the valley!

"Fair an' Square—That's Me!" He Was Fond of Boasting

His thoughts turned tenderly to Miss Hyacinth Pratt. There was a gal fo' you; good sport an' full of pep. Co'se Hyacinth was kind of ambitious to break into country-club sassiety, but she wasn't so uppity that she'd sniff at a chauffeur.

Morbid commenced to think. Once he had started, ideas crowded his brain. It seemed as though he were shaking hands with a golden opportunity to impress upon the gorgeous Hyacinth his own personal desirability.

It was now 8:15. The scheduled hour for the closing of terpsichorean festivities at the Shining Star Country Club was one A.M. More than four hours of leisure and leeway; four hours of freedom during which Morbid might, with easy mind, call this magnificent car his own.

He did not worry about his boss. Much as he valued his job and little as he cared to take a chance, he knew that there was no earthly power which could budge Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Pruney from that clubhouse until the final notes of Home, Sweet Home had wailed sadly from the horns of the exhausted musicians. With Morbid, to think was to act. He reached the Pruney home, found the missing lorgnette without difficulty and immediately went to the telephone. Less than half a minute later a soft contralto voice answered him.

"This is Morbid, honey. What you doin' tonight?"

"Nothin', Morbid. How come you to ask?"

"'Cause I got an idea. How would you like to take a long ride in the country with me?"

"Oh, Morbid!"

"All set?"

"Yeh."

"Then meet me outside yo' house right away. I comes by fo' you."

The bewitching Hyacinth was popeyed as she clambered in beside Morbid Watts.

"Wh-whose car is this, Morbid?"

"Joshuway's."

"Who he?"

"My boss."

"Gosh! Does he lend you his car?"

"Tha's the fondest favor he is of doing, sugar foots. He's out at Shining Star tonight, an' I got to drop by there for a minute. Then us rides thoo the valley an' enjoys the moonlight."

The luxury-loving young lady was entranced as they rolled smoothly along the broad concrete highway. This was indeed her idea of all that was worth while in life, and some trifle of her affection was transferred to the wiry gentleman who was thus providing a glimpse into earthly heaven.

Morbid parked the car just outside the clubhouse, and as he went inside, Hyacinth was able to stare through the wide-flung doors of the banquet hall. There she could see the colored best of Birmingham resplendent in evening dress; she could hear the music of Professor Champagne's orchestra. She heaved several large sighs.

Morbid did not return immediately. He stopped in the kitchen long enough to requisition a sizable picnic lunch from a surly but diplomatic chef. When he did take the wheel again and glide off from the club, he noticed that Hyacinth did not seem overly happy.

"Wha's the matter, Miss Pratt?"

"Nothin'. I was just thinkin'."

"'Bout which?"

"Them folks back yonder. Golly, ain't they got it swell?"

Morbid's lips curled into a sneer. "Shuh! Nothin' but a bunch of monkeys, all dressed up an' dancin'."

"I know. But just think of all the swell dresses them ladies is wearin', an' the men in new white shirts an' all. I sho wish I could git into that crowd, Morbid."

Mr. Watts did not feel flattered. "Ain't I good enough fo' you, gal?"

"Sholy you is, Morbid. I didn't mean to low-rate you none. On'y you is kind of misfortunate 'bout havin' money."

"I reckon not. One of these days Ise gwine be a member of that club, shootin' golf all over the place an' battin' tennis balls. Besides, next to bein' a member I guess I come closer to bein' somebody in that club. Gal, they don't nobody dare to cross me in yonder, 'cause they is scared I'd tell my boss, which is president of the club."

Hyacinth was something of a philosopher. Being barred—temporarily at least—from the superlative grandeur of the Shining Star, she made the most of what offered. After all, there were several worse ways of spending a warm evening than riding through the moonlight in an expensive sedan with a good-looking colored gentleman. Miss Pratt feared that she might have hurt Morbid's feelings, and she became duly contrite and set herself to the task of making amends.

From that moment on, even the critical Morbid found no fly in the ointment of his enjoyment. There wasn't a worry or apprehension to disturb his serenity. He knew Joshua Pruney better than that pompous little man knew himself. Morbid planned to leave Hyacinth at her home at midnight; then to return to the clubhouse and wait innocently for his boss. No slightest danger that the car would be desired before one o'clock.

Hyacinth was extending herself to be pleasant, and she proved to be an excellent extender. At 10:30 they found a secluded nook halfway up the slopes of Shades Mountain, where they spread their luscious picnic repast on the ground and ate heartily. Then back to the car.

The moonlight wove its spell of bewitchment. Morbid drove with one hand and a slight preoccupation. He climbed to the crest of the mountain and gazed down upon the moon-drenched valley. He aped along the crest at a thirty-five-mile gait, taking the turns rather too swiftly for safety, but superbly unmindful of any lurking danger.

As a matter of fact, Morbid was driving with extreme carelessness. He took sharp turns on the wrong side of the road. It was at one of these turns that the crash came. Morbid was headed west and was on the left. He shot around a sharp corner with his eyes on the upturned countenance of Hyacinth.

There was a hoarse shout, a screeching of brakes, a shrill shriek of terror from Miss Pratt and the grinding, tearing, heartbreaking contact of steel and steel. The elegant sedan came to a quivering halt.

The offending flivver which had presumed to dispute the road with Joshua Pruney's car was miraculously unhurt, but in the instant that it took Morbid to alight he saw that both his left fenders were crumpled, the running board smashed and one headlight completely hors de combat. He felt a sinking sensation in the pit of his tummy and turned irritably toward the persistently shrieking Hyacinth

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"This Accident," Said Jasper Softly, "It Was Kind of Queer, 'Cause Miss Hyacinth Was Also In It"

THE POETS' CORNER

The Riders

WHO treads those level lands of gold,
The level fields of mist and air,
And rolling mountains manifold
And towers of twilight over there?

No mortal foot upon them strays,
No archer in the towers dwells,
But feet too airy for our ways
Go up and down their hills and dells,

The people out of old romance,
And people that have never been,
And those that on the border dance
Between old history and between

Resounding fable, as the king
Who held his court at Camelot.
There Guinevere is wandering
And there the knight Sir Lancelot.

And by yon precipice of white,
As steep as Roncesvalles, and more,
Within an inch of fancy's sight
Roland the peerless rides to war.

And just the tip of Quixote's spear,
The greatest of them all by far,
Is surely visible from here!
But no; it is the evening star.

—*Lord Dunsany.*

Poplar and Elm

SILVER leaves of the last of summer,
Poplar and elm silver leaves,
Leaves not least of all of the Lombardy poplar,
Standing before the autumn moon and the autumn wind as a woman waits in a doorway for someone who must be coming,
All you silver-leaf people, you I have seen and heard in a hundred summer winds,
It is October, it is a week, two weeks, till the rain and frost break on us and the leaves are washed off, washed down.
In January when the trees fork gray against a clear winter blue in the spare sun silver of winter or the lengthened frost silver of the long nights—
I shall remember then the loans of the sun to you in June,
I shall remember the hundred summer winds who kissed you.

—*Carl Sandburg.*

Dawn

ALL men are lonely now.
This is the hour when no man has a friend.
Memory and Faith suspend
From their spread wings above a cool abyss.
All friendships end.

He that stayed awake
All night
For sweet love's unregenerate sake,
Sleeps in the gray light.

The lover, if he dream at all,
Dreams not of her whose languid hand sleeps open at his side;
He is gone to another bride.
And she he leaves behind
Sighs not in sleep "Unkind—unkind ——"
She walks in a garden of yellow quinces;
Smiling, she gathers yellow quinces in a basket interlwined
Of willow and laurel combined.
Should I return to your door,
Fresh and haggard out of the morning air,
There would be darkness on the stair,
And a dead close odor painfully sad,
That was not there before.
There would be silence. There would be heavy steps across the floor.
And you would let me in, frowning with sleep
Under your rumpled hair.

Beautiful now upon the ear unshut by slumber
The rich and varied voices of the waking day!
The mighty, mournful whistles without number
Of tugs and ferries, mingling, confounding, failing
Thinning to separate notes of wailing,
Making stupendous music on the misty bay.

Now through the echoing street in the growing light,
Intent on errands that the sun approves,
Clatter unashamed the heavy wheels and hooves
Before the silent houses; briskly they say:
"Marshal not me among the enterprises of the night.
I am the beginning of the day."

—*Edna St. Vincent Millay.*

To a Young Girl

SHALL I despise you that your colorless tears
Made rainbows in your lashes, and you forgot to weep?
Would we were half so wise, that eke a grief out
By sitting in the dark, until we fall asleep.
I only fear lest, being by nature sunny,
By and by you will weep no more at all,
And fall asleep in the light, having lost with the tears
The color in the lashes that comes as the tears fall.

I would not have you darken your lids with weeping,
Beautiful eyes, but I would have you weep enough
To wet the fingers of the hand held over the eyelids,
And stain a little the light frock's delicate stuff.

For there came into my mind, as I watched you winking the tears down,
Laughing faces, blown from the west and the east,
Faces lovely and proud that I have prized and cherished;
Nor were the loveliest among them those that had wept the least.

—*Edna St. Vincent Millay.*

Northern April

O MIND, beset by music never for a moment quiet,
The wind at the flue, the wind strumming the shutter;
The soft, antiphonal speech of the doubled brook, never for a moment quiet;
The rush of the rain against the glass, his voice in the eaves-gutter!

Where shall I lay you to sleep, and the robins be quiet?
Lay you to sleep—and the frogs be silent in the marsh?
Crashes the sleet from the bough and the bough sighs upward, never for a moment quiet.
April is upon us, pitiless and young and harsh.

O April, full of blood, full of breath, have pity upon us!
Pale where the winter like a stone has been lifted away, we emerge like yellow grass.
Be for a moment quiet, buffet us not, have pity upon us,
Till the green come back into the vein, till the giddiness pass.

—*Edna St. Vincent Millay.*

Counting

SWEET lips, there are songs about kisses;
Looking backward are kisses of remembrance.
Looking ahead are kisses to be wished for.
So time is counted, so far back, so far ahead, in measurements of sweet kisses.

—*Carl Sandburg.*

The Worm and the Star

AS I WALKED in a night of July
On hills where the foxes pass,
The stars were clear in the sky
And the glowworms shone in the grass.

And my fancy attuned my ear
To the voice of the things of the brake;
Their tiny tones I could hear,
And I heard when a glowworm spake,

And told, in the ear of the elves,
The scorn of a worm for a star:
"They are glowworms just as ourselves,
Only less important by far."

—*Lord Dunsany.*

PLAYTIMES

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

A Searching Examination Into Their Improvement or Deterioration

NOT long ago I heard a lady say, "One thing about the present generation is, they certainly know how to play."

She set me thinking, as ladies sometimes do.

"Just what do you mean by 'the present generation'?" I asked, for generations have a confusing way of overlapping. "Do you mean the kids or the grown-ups?"

"Both," she said. "Look at my children. They are almost grown-ups, to be sure, but they never have a dull moment; never have had. Mollie is only fourteen, but she plays an excellent game of bridge. She and the Lord girls are at it all the time. Ted already has a little roadster that he says he bought at a rummage sale in New Haven. And we—that is, my husband has his golf club."

She sighed discreetly, for she is by way of being something of a golf widow, which is one of the reasons I find her so charming. I take only a landscape interest in the game.

Certainly, I thought, we are better off than the Puritans, for whom sport was sin. Those were the dark blue ages, for sure. But there were later periods to which my memory goes back vaguely—the Elegant Eighties, and more clearly, the Gay Nineties, with their formal fun and mauve merriment. Probably we have improved on them also. There are toys enough nowadays, to be sure—elaborate and expensive toys for children of all ages. But do they satisfy? Have we really learned how to play?

"'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter, 'and shed a bitter tear.'"

I am thinking less of our youngsters, in many respects our betters, than of men and women of my own age, which, for the sake of argument, I will put at fifty—a young fifty. It is we who suffer most, I think, from the delusion that play must be hideously complicated and expensive before it is any fun.

I am strong for the play spirit, mind you. I like the boy in the banker and the kid in the capitalist, but I hate to see his play circused up into something great and grand. Saint Paul said—and rather stodgily, I have always thought—that when he became a man he "put away childish things." I don't believe it. Life isn't like that. We simply trade in our toys for something different—a something which is usually akin to what we played with "when we were very young." Often I look about me at my contemporaries and marvel at the seriousness of their play.

Grown-Up Toys

THEY are so completely absorbed, so unconscious of the fact that their new straight eight is just a grown-up express wagon and that the plane they are thinking of buying is merely a kite without a string. So it goes, and we may mark the evolution of marbles into billiards, of shinny to golf, of toy-boat building to a cruise with the New York Yacht Club. Hobbyhorses become polo ponies, and a bent pin and a piece of string are changed into a Canadian fishing club.

Have you ever watched some of our elder children at bridge, or two old boys at backgammon, playing their heads off with a fervor and *élan* of which the foundations were laid in the strenuous days of slapjack and on the exciting field of the parcheesi board? Have they grown up much?

There is Jennings, whose Chinese porcelains are hungered for by every curator who knows his dynasties. Jennings developed his unerring collector instinct by preliminary courses in tobacco tags, stamps and cigarette pictures; less worthy objects than porcelains, to be sure, but necessary to develop the uncanny flair that makes his nose quiver and his ears twitch at the mere mention of Ming or Kwong. Someone has said—and I suspect Wallace Irwin—that "The Sting and Stung Dynasties" are those mostly collected by amateurs; but not by Jenningsa, who is no amateur. In the realm of tear bottles and gallipots he is a peerless professional with the gift of finding things "where they ain't."

I have intimated that his porcelains are more beautiful than his early collections, but I must except one item in justice to a lovely memory. It was a picture of Miss Pauline Hall, a small but explicit portrait, inclosed originally in a package of cigarettes. This stalwart Venus of the Nineties was shown full length and—I was about to add, a yard wide, but that is exaggerating. But she was wide enough. She wore the conventional tights of the period, above which was a well-packed, hour-glass-shaped bodice edged with the sort of fringe which grew on photographers' chairs.

That picture was once mine. In a moment of madness I traded it for two of the baseball series—portraits of Pop Anson and Buck Ewing. I say it was a moment of madness, but probably, even in those early days, I realized that it would be silly to compete with Jennings in his chosen field—the stage beauties—so I switched to the diamond and the prize ring. One by one I swapped Ulie Ackerstrom for John L. Sullivan, Flora Zabelle for Jake Kilrain, and Lily Langtry and Della Fox—the pair—for Iron Man McGinnity. And I missed them not.

But when he took my Pauline I realized suddenly that something big and beautiful had gone out of my life. I can see now what it was. It was Pauline's portrait which first informed my budding mind that ladies were not built solid across the hem, like wooden Mrs. Noah in the Ark. This great revelation stirred me deeply. With Pauline out of my possession—and irrevocably, for Jennings was too true a collector to do more than scoff at my suggestion of a readjustment—I pined visibly. Time, the Great Healer, eased the pain, but memory lived on. Years later I ventured, with some embarrasament, to ask Jennings if I might have Pauline back. His careless "Oh, those things! They were thrown out long ago" brought a stab of pain.

Another criticism of grown-ups' playtimes is not that they are practiced in a lackadaisical or routine spirit. Quite the reverse. Adults put far too much vim and vigor into their recreations. They go to far too much trouble to make golf difficult and motoring dangerous. They show absolutely no self-restraint. Real children do not act that way. True, this is partly because they have parents and guardians to look after them and tell them that it is time to come in or to go to bed—and how amazingly they obey! But this is not the entire reason. A child instinctively knows when he has had enough. How often I have seen a child stop suddenly in the middle of some exciting game and heard him say, simply "I don't want to play that any more" or "Let's do something else."

In Their Perfect Abandon and Self-Surrender, They are Translated

Nobody's Business

WE LOSE this sense of proportion and independence as we grow older. The mob gets us, the fad and fashion of the moment.

Consider mamma and her bridge. She knows that at noon it would help her figure and her general well-being if she would lay down her hand and take a brisk walk before luncheon. But does she? No, mamma is five-eighty in the hole and she ruffles the cards truculently and plays on. Ponder on papa and his pals. Does he say, at the stroke of eleven, the agreed-upon curfew hour, "Well, boys, it's my bedtime and we all have our work to do in the morning, so let's have a big glass of milk and call it a day"? Does he? No, the only thing I have ever heard papa say is: "Just one more round of whangdoodles, and, Jimmy, while you're up you might mix me a little snifter." And he gets up next morning feeling like nobody's business and looking like a fried tennis shoe.

Nobody's business—that is the real answer. There is no

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THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

XII

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

CUTTY and Olga were to spend the day and night where they were—on the aviation field. Cutty could not tell whether the field was commercial or military. At any rate, they were not asked for passports. It appeared that Samson's word was sufficient, at least temporarily. Cutty made some discreet inquiries, but Samson's identity was not revealed to him—not ever. Tomorrow an automobile would drive them into Warsaw.

It seemed to Olga that for these years she had been animated by something mechanical. Having no hope, having nothing to love, without being loved, she had moved hither and yon, like something that had been wound up a dull thing with only an ember, not a spark, of life. And yet this ember had urged her to hide, to lie, to flee, to cheat, to hide again, merely to live. To live! Not by any will of her own, but by instinct.

Had there been, deep down in her soul, the knowledge that this day was coming? The unreasonable, the inexplicable *must* in this spark or ember that is called Life!

She Would Destroy This Symbol Little by Little, Watching the Transition With Abnormal Pleasure

From the moment this man had stepped into the stolen automobile her dullness fell away from her as one stomps the caked mud from one's boots. Instantly she had known that she would obey him in everything, that some mysterious fire in her had rushed out to him—without having seen his face clearly. All within half an hour of their meeting.

When she had heard him cry out that night "Kitty! Kitty!" her heart had tumbled down like a broken airplane. But now, to learn that Kitty was her brother's wife, only a godchild to Cutty, sunshine had poured into her heart, burning and electric. And she let herself go, joyously, recklessly. A yesternight battered in vain—for a while. For hers was the joy of loving—the strongest human force: it was not necessary that she be loved.

She was given a room and ordered to go to sleep. She wanted to be alone, but to dream, not to sleep. The wonder which had happened to her was not a sedative conducing sleep.

She wanted this hour for the castles she had never built, on promontories, against white clouds, blue sky. Fetterless; neither caste, nor tradition, nor wealth; the gyves lay over the border.

He had reached out last night and taken her hand and held it till the time came when feeling—it had been so cold—had gone out of her. A millstone around his neck in the beginning, but now a garland of friendship. Comrades. She had helped him; what his eye had missed hers had found. From a dead weight to a winged necessity.

Old! He grumbled about his years, his old bones. She laughed silently and stretched out her arms ecstatically. She had lived somewhat in seclusion in the old days; nevertheless, instinct told her that here was the kind of man women of heart and intelligence went mad over. Oh, there must have been a woman somewhere in his life—women. Women were not all of them fools.

How old was she? Twenty-eight—what the English called spinster. Cutty was fifty-six, twice her age, and he had confessed it only to reassure her. But she knew what evidently he did not—that within him was the eternal youth.

Suddenly she wanted a mirror, but there was none. Only two attributes drew man, compelled him—beauty or intellect, or both. She had both. She was sure of her intellect, but what mark had these terrible episodes left upon her face? She had not looked into a mirror in months, nor had she cared to till now.

She wanted this man for her own, this man so old and decrepit that he had walked out of the Petrovski Barracks, through Red armies, under the nets and noses of the Ogpu, run over roofs, scaled walls, throttled men younger and stronger than himself, walked and ridden miles and miles through mud and fog and rain. They were both free. Why not? Was she not his equal in adversity, even if the weaker vessel? She wanted to laugh, dance, sing, do foolish things. But she must have a mirror.

In the adjoining room, Cutty, his bones aching, his body crying out for sleep, sat on the edge of his cot and smoked; smoked and mused and speculated.

Back to civilization, with its conventions, its formal clothes, its bathtubs, its toothpicks, its squawking newspapers, one had no choice—the whole pot or nothing. Bathtubs and formal clothes and beefsteaks; the other things he could easily dispense with. He would get rid of his political dynamite—the list of murdered Americans—in Warsaw. Then he would proceed to Berlin, put up at the Adlon, sleep and eat beefsteaks. After that he would look around. As a secret agent he was through. He would see Olga across her brother's threshold, then he would decamp, return to his aerie and do as eagles did after they had gorged themselves—sleep. Sleep in pica, not in brevier. Those old newspaper terms for type—how friendly they seemed.

The human mind. For two years there had been but one burning thought—to escape, recover the list and send it to Washington. And now the whole affair had become as dead as ditch water.

He blew the ash from his pipe and pressed down the coal. He was back in civilization, with a civilized mind, and he knew that there would be an aftermath to those recent exploits. Over there, beyond the border, he had faced known dangers, avoided or beaten them because he had known what they would be. But here in civilization? The arm of the Internationale was the longest and most persistent now existing, the great war being done. Let him face the truth. He had fooled and defeated the greatest vanity the world had yet seen or known. This vanity would remember, and so long as it remembered, the black wing of death would hover hard by. The great game, in so far as Washington was concerned, was done with, but here was a new great game—to win his life into security. So then, till anarchy resolved itself into sanity, he would be a hunted man. Presently the news of his exploit would travel over the world and the scum of Internationalism would be instructed to strike him down. Even in New York he would not be safe; not till Leninism and Trotzkyism were thrust aside. Heaven knew when!

Cutty sighed. The great game again, without his willing it. Hang it! When all he wanted was peace with leisure.

Kitty—darling Kitty. He could reach her now. In a few hours she should have the news that her old Cutty was alive. He had no doubt upon one subject: Kitty would seize her Johnny-Ivan and cry and laugh and waltz with him. There would be one soul in this groggy world glad to see him.

He stared at his pipe. Whenever he reached for a rose some other hand plucked it. Kitty would have married him and stood staunchly to the bargain through thick and thin, had he been a scoundrel. But she had her right to young love, and Patrick Henry Clay had let her go. A young man's darling instead of an old man's nurse. How lonely he was, for all his adventures, for all his wealth!

Doddering old fool, though; the eternal hunger going on from the mother to the daughter.

His gaze strayed from his pipe to the partition wall between him and Olga. That was it. Walls between him and every other human being—the secret heart, which nothing could breach into. What did he know about Olga? What did she know about him? Poor child! In a little while, with rest and clothes, she would be beautiful again. And then some young fellow riding away with her into his own circle.

A grand duchess, but no longer so in fact, only in sound. For that which had made her a duchess had been blown sky-high. He wagered that these several years had taught her how to cook and sew. She would now be useful, not ornamental. A good soldier; in all these racking hours not a whimper out of her. She had forgotten how to smile. Now she laughed. She had got somewhere.

A cry? He rose stealthily and put his ear to the partition, waited. But no sound came from the adjoining room. Must have been his imagination. His imagination had been playing some odd tricks of late. Kitty's cry had been poignantly real. But what could happen to her, there, among her rough-and-ready cowhands? When he reached Warsaw he would cable and in Paris he would find the answer. Nevertheless, he must from now on enter his bedrooms carefully, watch door knobs, look into clothes-presses, disregard anything written by strange hands and beware of telephones. He wanted to grow old comfortably.

He laid his pipe on the window sill and rolled over on the cot and fell asleep, without hazard's alarm clock at his elbow.

Anna Karlovna — he had forgotten her.

Cutty had lived in silence so long—comparative silence—that the clatter of Paris stunned him, even after noisy Berlin. He was as bewildered and uncertain in his movements as a Breton from Morbihan seeing Paris for the first time. He knew Paris even better than he knew New York. But the varied noises—mainly the staccato of the taxi horns—confused him, to the extent that he doddered between an omnibus and a taxi as he came out of the station.

In the old times it had been his custom to ride in omnibuses when he was in no hurry. He liked contact with conglomerate humanity when it was peaceful. Besides, there was another point: When you rode in an omnibus nobody might ask the driver where he had taken you.

In order then to overcome this incipient embarrassment and confusion, he mounted the rear steps to the platform of the omnibus, glanced casually within, and dropped precipitately back to the pavement, his body seized with the vertigo of downright terror. Seated near the door was a beautiful woman; at her side an exquisite little boy with blue eyes and blond curls, a scared look upon his face.

How Cutty got to the sidewalk without being run down was a considerable miracle. The woman had not seen him; of that he had every reason to be confident. As the omnibus disappeared among the taxis and trucks the vertigo left Cutty. Figuratively he beat his addled brains with his fists. Why hadn't he thought to follow the bus, find out where she lived? He was through; his invention had slowed down; he wouldn't be able to make the hills any more.

He had seen Anna Karlovna.

XIII

TOO late he thought of the thousand and one things he should have done. To find the woman's address, the name she was registered under, police information, if there was any; to pull her fangs and claws before she could strike. And he, old-timer, had muffed it, terror being at the roots of his hair. The unexpected sight of her, the terrible memories of her! He took off his hat and wiped his forehead, though there was no perspiration there. Muffed it, and some day he would regret it.

But presently he saw the other side of the shield. If Anna Karlovna was here in Paris she could not possibly be in America, and his fears for Kitty were the outgrowth of a fantastic dream. Yet, the woman might have America in her mind, and how the devil would he be stopping her now? A great chance—one in a thousand—and it had run through his fingers like water. He had lost his grip. Well, he could fulfill his promise to Samson, acquaint him with the fact that the Karlovna was in Paris. Samson would have his fingers on wires—secret wires. Samson would enjoy the chase, vengeance being the spur. Cutty did not hate the woman except abstractedly; he even pitied her a little; she hadn't had a square deal; but nevertheless he was terribly afraid of her.

There was no need to stand at the curb, gawping. He would get him to his apartment and stir things there into life and occupancy. But it would take hours to banish the two mental pictures of the woman—here in Paris and back there in Chaos.

His apartment—his headquarters in Europe—was in the Rue de Valois, across from Palais Royal. It was hidden, but central, and he signaled a taxi and was soon winding in and out of the morning traffic. A small hand bag carried his belongings. In Warsaw he had bought a tolerable suit of ready-made clothes, pajamas and toilet articles, knowing he could replenish his wardrobe in Paris. For a long time, he reflected ironically, he had been traveling light.

After he had brushed up he would call at the Meurice to see Olga. She had been in Paris three days. He was glad he had not wired her to meet him at the station. In that event he would have missed the Karlovna. To know that the woman was in Paris was something. If she saw him, would she recognize him? She had come into the Petrovski Barracks a dozen times. He hadn't attracted her attention, fortunately, small fry, when she had bankers, nobles and officers to select from.

The Drums of Jeopardy. It did not dissolve in the mind into terms expressible. Green stones, inanimate, lifeless, without any magnetism save what the human imagination could give them. And yet behind them a centuries-old trail of bleached bones. No, the mind could not go on with it.

It was in his nature to be sorry for the unfortunate, but that did not lessen the menace of Anna Karlovna's presence in Paris. If she saw Olga she would recognize her instantly and ultimately try to obliterate her. So he must guard there. Samson, then; since he could no longer rescue his kind out of Russia, let the hunt for Karlovna be his. Cutty stopped in the Avenue de l'Opéra and sent a telegram which, later, was going to cause him considerable anxiety.

He would be very glad to see Olga. Rest and good clothes—he was curious to learn if these would change her. Those three or four days, they were the essence of so many years. Not a weak fiber in her. It struck him how oddly alike were their fortunes and how very lonely they were. She had lost everything and he had never found anything.

He had chosen the apartment in the Rue de Valois because he loved the locality. The old palace of Richelieu, the old restaurants, and the Comédie Française were hard by, and at night the Rue de Valois was dim and still.

He would find the apartment just as he had left it, his attorneys being under orders to maintain it in case of prolonged and silent absence. Arriving, he at once sought the concierge for a key, his own bunch having been taken from him upon his arrest in Moscow.

He was astounded to learn that the apartment was occupied; and without inquiring into the fact, he rushed up the single flight and rang the bell indignantly. When the door opened he uttered a cry of joy and wonder. For in the doorway stood his faithful Jap Kuroki, whose Oriental phlegm showed no signs of perturbation at the arrival of a ghost. His reception was in form with that which he would have offered had Cutty been away for the week-end.

"Kuroki? Where the devil did you come from? How long have you been here? Who ordered you to come?"

Kuroki replied to this bombardment by placing a finger on his lips, a sign that he desired a little patience from his employer. He pattered off, to return shortly with what Cutty recognized to be a cable, much worn. This he seized and read. Then he sat down in the handiest chair and began to laugh. It was probably what he needed most—the tonic of a good sound laugh. Further, this remarkable exhibition of unquestioning loyalty and obedience brought Cutty back into the old familiar grooves suddenly.

Meet me next month Paris. P. H. C.

He remembered now. He had sent that cable to Kuroki more than three years ago, and in the excitement of some political rumpus, either in Bukharest or in Sofia—he could not remember which—had straightway forgotten it; and the little brown man had been here ever since! Long and loudly he laughed, and Kuroki grinned, glad that his employer was back, glad that he could laugh. But neither of them guessed that it would be a long time before these walls again vibrated with such laughter.

XIV

"KUROKI," said Cutty, "when I die you shall become a wealthy man. I have said it."

"But lady come every day, four-five o'clock."

"A lady?"—chilled. The Karlovna already? Instantly he recognized the nonsense of this supposition. Olga, of course; she had the address.

"Yess. She say, you come? I say no. She cry."

"Kitty?" Cutty was on his feet, electrified.

"Yess."

"Alone? Here in Paris? Where is her husband?"

Kuroki shrugged. "She no say. She jus' cry."

Something was wrong. She had called out to him across half the world.

"At what hotel is she?"

Kuroki proceeded to the littered reading table—a table piled high with mail, years old—and returned with a card. Hotel Brighton not more than fifteen minutes away.

"Is the telephone in order?"

"Yess, sair," answered the perfect servant.

Cutty ran to the telephone, his brain swimming with nebulous alarms. But soon he began to swear. The telephone service was the same as ever—that is to say, next to nothing. In the end he succeeded in getting the Brighton—which is in the Rue de Rivoli—and was informed that Mrs. Hawksley was out.

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"She Used to Come Into the Petrovski Barracks and Empty Her Pistols Into the Poor Devils Who Wouldn't Bend"

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

By ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

NOVEMBER 3, 1900, was a big day in metropolitan news files. There was a live pigeon shoot on Long Island, a woman cyclist had completed a century run over New Jersey roads, one of Funston's heroic brigades had intercepted Aguinaldo's mail in the Philippines, and the Republicans were marching up and down Fifth Avenue in the rain. Bryan and McKinley were running for President and the eminent Richard Croker was still hopeful of the outcome. Tammany was stringing along with Free Silver, and Croker, watching the dripping sound-money men sloshing up New York's main drag, dismissed the hostile parade from his thoughts with the historical subtitle:

"It's a fizzle in a drizzle."

The fizzling and drizzling procession was on a Saturday, Election Day was the following Tuesday, and after that the Horse Show was due at the Garden. Therefore, the Garden was practically empty for a week, unless you counted an exposition which opened on the same afternoon that Croker wise-cracked about McKinley's supporters. There was no room in the newspapers for anything but the coming election and the capture of Aguinaldo's postcards and mail-order business. That's why the show that was staged in Madison Square Garden opened without advance publicity and closed with few people realizing that it was the opening bid of America for the supremacy of the world's motor-car industry.

A Steering Demonstration at the First Automobile Show Held in Madison Square Garden

That drizzle drowned Croker, Free Silver, live-pigeon shooting and washed Aguinaldo off his rural free-delivery route, but had no effect on the glitter of polished nickel, the sheen of many-colored enamels and the goulash of exotic gears which were component parts in the chemistry of America's early automobiles. And what cars they were. They cranked behind the left ear; you got into them at the back, and they still retained the dashboard and apron of the old Conestoga wagon. The few details lacking were the whip socket and the whiffletree. The only thing guaranteed by the manufacturers was that they would stop often and suddenly.

The citizens of a horse-drawn civilization came to the Garden and stared in astigmatic but intelligent stupor at what some neighborhood oracle had described as the Horseless Horse Show. We were making cars in this country, but the industry was so young that it had to be fed through a straw. The Automobile Club of America was less than two years old, having been organized on June 7, 1899, and incorporated under the laws of New York State on August sixteenth of the same year. Its members mostly owned foreign cars and were slow to sanction an exhibition of domestic road mechanisms. The Garden management was anxious to put on an automobile show and, after intense campaigning, the Automobile Club consented to chaperon it. But not before the members had pooh-poohed the idea over the blue network of sarcasm.

The Motor Makes Its Bow

THE club was a social organization of men owning self-propelled pleasure vehicles for personal or private use. Its object was to afford a means of recording the experiences of members and to fight against unjust or unreasonable legislation demanded by farmers whose hens and hogs still garnished the right of way on Eastern turnpikes. The club consisted of four classes of members. The honorary were distinguished by ghostly linen dusters and gigantic goggles which made them look like deep-sea divers out of work. The active members were active only beneath the cars, the lifers had their lives shortened by trying to pump air into nonrefillable tires, and the associates were the back-seat drivers in the grumble seats, who, even at that early date, were thoroughly qualified to pick two wrong detours out of a possible three.

Albert T. Shattuck was its first president. Col. John Jacob Astor was given a sinecure on the Good Roads Committee at a time when the only good roads were within city limits. Up until the time of the Garden show the club had ripped off eight wabbling tours. The first was a transcontinental struggle from the Waldorf-Astoria to Claremont Inn on Riverside Drive. The survivors then hung up a farthest-north record by driving to Irvington-on-the-Hudson and return. Next was a pioneering adventure to Nyack—no return guaranteed. The most daring of all tours was a four-wheeled waltz clog to Philadelphia. After the jouncing, the line of march was dotted with broken gadgets and pivot teeth.

Society did not patronize the opening of the show, but the reporter of three vanished decades writes: "The middle classes came in to see the wagons that run by themselves." Looking through the files of the New York Times for that week in 1900, we find one solitary automobile ad. This was the Gasmobile, and its manufacturers had the courage to run the advertisement through the entire week. This paid notice described the glories of the Gasmobile and was two columns wide by about fifty lines deep. There was another notice which ran but one day, and was inserted by the Mobile Company, extolling the hill-scrambling virtues of the Mobile. An incline had been built from the floor of the Garden to the roof at a pitch of forty degrees. The Mobile was advertised to crawl up this steep gangplank, but shirked the job when the chauffeurs discovered that they had no way to stop it when it reached the top. It would have continued right over the roof The affair was postponed until mechanics constructed an auxiliary brake which enabled the driver to reverse. It then climbed the ramp under a terrific head of steam which threatened to tear it apart.

Sarah Bernhardt

The novelty of the whole affair can be judged by the New York Clipper Annual for 1901, which contains every known speed record made by man, beast or jigger up to December 1, 1900. Elapsed and corrected times are given for sprinting, trotting, swimming, yachting, and even the antics of the racing bicycle are carried out to the sextuplet dimension. The speeds of sack racers, lake steamboats, champion typesetters and Indian-club swingers are duly tabulated, and we find that James Winehart opened 459 clams in thirty minutes, which record still stands from 1883, but there is no mention of a single automobile performance. The nearest to it is a paragraph about a new gadget known as the electric cycle. The best time accomplished on the early motorcycle up to that time had been made by Demester, in Paris, when he knocked off forty-four miles in an hour.

The Garden show was a success with ordinary people from the jump. The social break came on the third night, when Dave Bishop and John Jacob Astor strutted in proudly, having just finished a marvelous automobile run from Staatsburg-on-the-Hudson to the Garden, a distance of ninety miles, in five hours! The vehicle used was an imported racer. From that minute the automobile was established and society took the Automobile Show as its yearly pet. But there was still a kick in the old gray mare, for a full page of the first motor program was devoted to the Old Glory auction sale. Fasig and Tipton had run their annual Old Glory sales every year since the Garden opened. They had no fear that the automobile would crowd the horse off the boulevards, for they announced that the famous Abbot number 414 in the catalogue—would be sold to the highest bidder. The Abbot was sold three weeks later in the Garden and brought $26,500. Auctioneer George Bain was much disappointed at the low price, but had to let the Abbot go to John Scannell, who was generally thought to be the proxy for Dick Croker. The Old Glory was a nine-day sale which netted $353,180, so it seemed that Fasig and Tipton were correct in their optimism.

A Day's Journey With the Crank

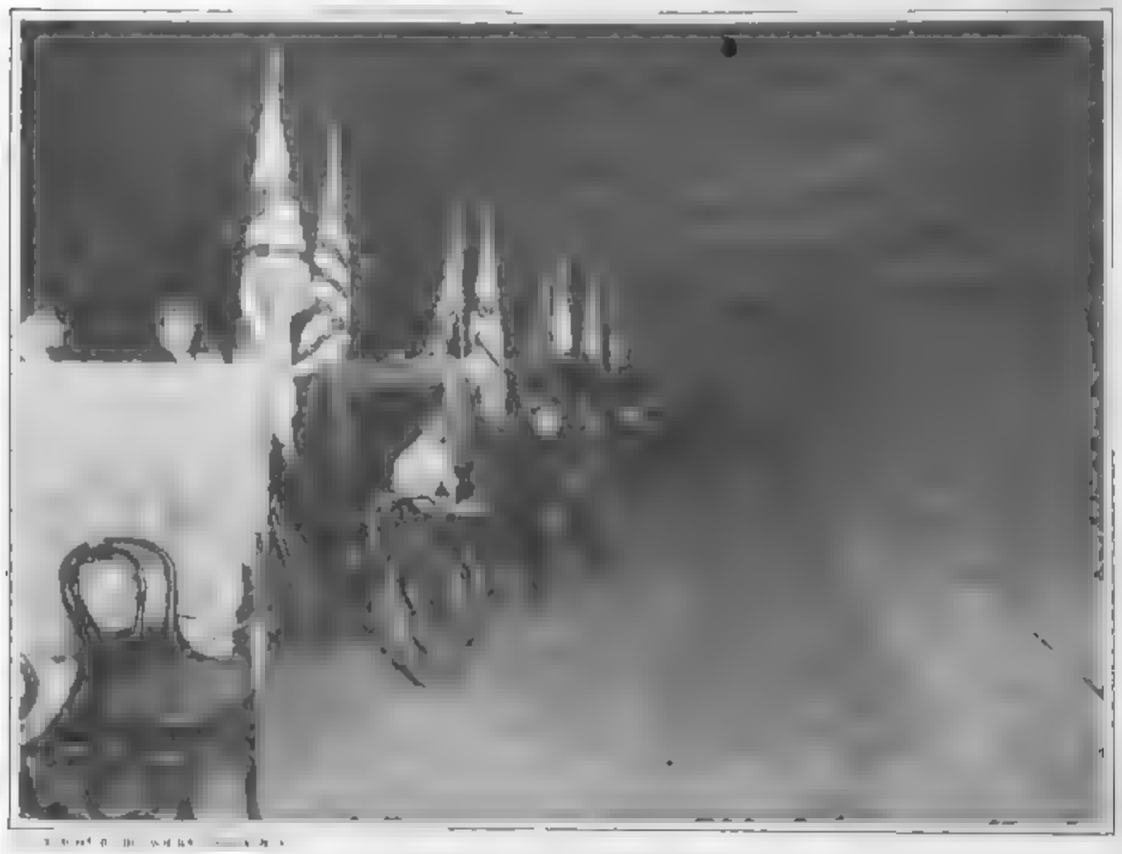
MANY of the domestic cars exhibited in the first show have ground their way to that bourn from which no gear returneth. Who remembers the Orient Victoriette? Its catalogued silhouette is conclusive evidence that the Victoriette was a bicycle that saw its chance and grabbed it. It was made by the Waltham people of Waltham, Massachusetts, and seated four people uncomfortably. It was one of the earliest cars to feature the steering wheel instead of the throttle. The rear seat was in front, which sounds peculiar and looked even more so. There was a seat over the front axle in which two passengers rode backward. The rear passengers were in the other seat, riding frontward. This was a nice, neighborly arrangement, for it placed the steering wheel within reach of all, and eight hands could snatch at it in times of emergency and peril. Examination of the pictures of the Victoriette fails to reveal the hiding place of the engine. The only spot which might have accommodated it was under the rear—front—seat; so we suspect that two happy passengers were slowly parboiled during the progress of the tour. There was no windshield on the Victoriette, no bumpers, no lights, no shock absorbers and no leaf springs. It was merely a buckboard on wheels and one ride in it would make you dizzier than the elevator boy in the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The Gasmobile—the only car advertising in the Times for the full seven days of the show—was a jig of beauty and a jog forever.

It had won the first and second prizes for gasoline cars at Guttenberg, New Jersey, and was pronounced by Newport to be the finest and handsomest carriage of the season. Its factory was in New Jersey, and it looked like a bathtub afflicted with the wanderlust. It had wagon springs, the old surrey dashboard, and was protected from the elements on all sides but three. It was steered by a lever attached to a shank running down the outside of the car. Any pedestrian could reach out from the curb, grasp

the steering handle and change the entire course of your life in an instant. The finest selling point about the Gasmobile was that its passengers were demountable. You could escape from the Gasmobile by falling out over the low dash.

There were speed contests for domestic cars in the first Garden show, but owing to the narrow track and the abrupt turns, the entrants were limited to eight miles an hour. However, we wish to inform traffic officers and rural constables that, once upon a very seldom time, there were prizes awarded for fancy and erratic steering. Most of the competition was confined to starting and stopping. Cranking an early car was a day's journey in itself. It cranked just in front of the off hind wheel and the engine had to be cuddled like an incubator baby. A speed of 3000 revolutions meant the crank handle and not the flywheel. We remember seeing an automobilist start out in the morning equipped with the usual linen duster. He started cranking at dawn. At noon he exchanged his duster for overalls and kept cranking. When twilight arrived he switched into his smoking jacket and continued to grind coffee. He was in his pajamas at midnight and went to sleep without waking the engine.

Turning the engine over was a major operation in the dim, accessory days of the motor car. If you remember



Lining Up for a Bicycle Race

correctly, everything was extra when purchasing an automobile. First, you bought the car; then you bargained for the lamps, the upholstery, the top, the spare tire and even the drip pan. The last accessory was an afterthought, for the first cars were not equipped with drip pans. It was not until the cylinder heads started spouting oil over streets, valleys and farm lands that legislatures passed laws compelling drivers to throttle the touring gushers.

Those Old Familiar Faces

ANOTHER form of competition in the Garden was the obstacle race. Barrels and posts were spotted around the track and the chauffeurs drove around them. The most complicated of all the obstacle races was the tricycle coat-and-waistcoat contest. The owners of steam tricycles trundled their wheels on scratch, then stepped back forty yards, making a quick run to their machines and chugging off. Halfway around the track they divested themselves of their coats, at the end of a full lap they took off their vests. Then they made another lap, picking up their garments on the run. Judges were stationed to see that the boys skipped no buttons. We don't know what effect this had on the future of the gasoline engine, but neither do we know how betting on the Kentucky Derby improves the breed of horses.

A car which brought favorable comment from people who had never before seen an automobile was the electric hansom cab made by the Riker Motor Company, at Elizabethport, New Jersey. The chauffeur sat on the roof and got the fresh air and sunshine while the passengers were hermetically sealed in the interior of the hansom. Conversation with the driver was through a trapdoor in the roof of the cab. You enjoyed a ride like this after its effects wore off. Undoubtedly, this was America's first chummy roadster. The Riker looked like a telephone booth without the telephone.

The Waverly was another electric, manufactured in twenty-one models, for business or pleasure, combining high-class material and workmanship. Practical, durable, safe and noiseless. You can write for prices to the American Bicycle Company. This company also made a perfect steam motor vehicle adapted and designed for road work and with a boiler tested to 1000 pounds. The car weighed nearly 900 pounds in its pneumatic-tired feet and could be purchased for $750. Its tank held nine gallons of gasoline, which just enabled the happy owner to get out of the range of his envious neighbors.

The Victor, exhibited by the Overman Company, of Chicopee, Massachusetts, had an entire automatic system of feeding water and fuel from the supply tanks into the boiler and burner. A fusible plug, not directly connected with the boiler, provided for extinguishing the fire when the water in the boiler fell below a depth of two inches. When the boiler fell to the ground, everything was extinguished, including the tourists. The Mobile Company boasted that one of its cars had been driven by Mr. Frank Lambkin from the home factory at Kingsland Point, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, to Chicago, without breakage, interruption or perceptible wear and tear of any kind. After driving his Mobile 4000 miles, Mr. Lambkin sold it for the full price of a new car. The Mobile was the car that ran up the 40 per cent grade in the Garden. It had also ascended the wagon trail to timber line on Pike's Peak. It seemed that this car would go anywhere, provided that it was upgrade. It was in great demand among people who wanted to spend their lives on the sides of hills. It was steered by a long curly lever, was driven by an ordinary bicycle chain, and was so short that its curved top made the driver look like a turtle with wheels. It won the Vanderbilt cup at Newport in September, 1900. The entire works of the Mobile were under the driver's seat. As designers of airplanes have sought to capture the streamlines of the gull, so the manufacturers of early American motor cars endeavored to incorporate into their creations the elusiveness and beauty of the grasshopper. The first Mobile was a sewing machine with delusions of grandeur.

The Reading Steam Carriage sprang from Reading, Pennsylvania, and looked like an animal cracker with a bite taken out. Large fuel and water capacity. Double-acting brake. No exhaust. Large boiler. No torch required. The only things lacking to make it a sedan chair were a couple of long poles, for it had neither fenders, bumpers nor lamps, and even the top was extra. When America arrived at the age of luxuries it still wanted to suffer a little.

The International Motor Carriage syndicate made a splurge with their Stanhope Phaeton, a perfect hydrocarbon vehicle, with the wheel base of a roller skate and with less noise and vibration than a middle-aged oyster.

We remember nothing of the Autogo, and possibly it did or it didn't. The Spurr was a golf trap on the lines of a jaunting car. The passengers in the rear seat rested their feet on a dashboard which was hung on chains exactly like the tailboard of an ice wagon. The Rambler sounds familiar; so do the Stanley and the Columbia. Some of the early companies are in existence, but the Brush roadster and its contemporary puddle jumpers leave no bruises on the memory. There were thirty-one cars on the track during the week, and you may recollect some of the exhibiting companies:

Electric Vehicle
Riker Motor Vehicle
Locomobile
National Automobile and Electric
Waltham
American Bicycle
Winton Motor Carriage
Mobile
Baker
Autocar
Foster
Woods
Automobile Company of America
Canda
Stanley
Buffalo Electric Carriage
Holyoke
Knox
Overman
International Motor Carriage
Trinity Cycle
John T. Robinson
Peerless
Springfield Cornice Works
St. Louis Motor Carriage
Haynes-Apperson
Strong and Rogers
Duryea
Upton Machine

Only two foreign companies entered the contest, and only one foreign car advertised in the 1900 catalogue. This was the De Dion Motorette, a velocipede with ambitions. It looked just as silly as our domestic boats, the body being slung like a hammock high over the axles. Its only advantage over a bicycle was that it had a wider seat.

One Way to Limit Speed

IT WAS this exposition of mechanical strivings, smothered under a superior news blanket of live-pigeon shooting, a red-hot political campaign and college football games, that proved to be the entering wedge for American competition in the automobile game. Society stopped sneering through its lorgnettes when the domestic engineer proved his ability to compete with the foreigner. The Garden exhibition was the biggest stride made by the industry since the English Parliament crocheted a law compelling a man with a red flag to walk ahead of every road locomotive, thus limiting the speed of the early automobile to four miles an hour. This creeping codicil was passed in June, 1834, and even though the road locomotives had six smokestacks, they were automobiles. The multiple-chimneyed road engine was an offshoot of the steam carriage constructed by Sir Goldsworthy Gurney in 1822. England's chilly reception of boulevard chuggers gave France the chance to forge ahead in mobile mechanics, and Pierre Ravel might have accelerated the advent of the modern car by many years if his model of the first benzine carriage had not been destroyed when French army officers pulled down his house to make room for fortifications during the Franco-Prussian War.

From the minute that John Jacob Astor and Dave Bishop walked into the Garden, the American motor-car manufacturers started to take charge of the world's traffic congestion, and we're still at it. It has been only twenty-eight

(Continued on Page 189)

The Garden in 1900

THE CHIEF ENGINEER'S DOOR

By MILLARD WARD

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

JOHN DUNHAM walked forward carefully through the narrow passage outside the seamen's quarters. On his left the doors of the two-man rooms stood wide open, exposing a neat bareness of red shellacked floors and white bulkheads, very different from the grime and clutter he had known in the ten or twelve man fo'castles of freighters.

After the hundreds of times he had passed that way, he felt an inevitable sense of strangeness and wonder at the idea that his present trip would be the last. The crew's quarters were near the stern of the ship, below the level of the main deck, so isolated that as a licensed officer he would probably never have occasion to visit them.

Dunham bent his head and shifted the sea bag on his shoulder, to go through the door into the wide 'thwartships passage that connected the row of seamen's rooms on the port side with the Black Gang's on the starboard. From this passage two narrow steel ladders, one on either side, led up to doors that opened into the alleyways in the after deck house. All the rest of the space in the stern was taken up by the yawning pit of the engine room and it was only by means of these two ladders that the deck could be reached from the crew's quarters.

"I'll Tell the Local Inspectors When We Get Back if It Ain't Opened, Sir"

From the alleyway Dunham went forward along the open main deck, one arm loaded with loose clothing, the other balancing his sea bag. His promotion from quartermaster to third mate had just been confirmed by the company office and his crisp new license was already in place in the wheel-house frame.

He had seen the departing third mate ashore before he went below to pack, and so he found the comfortable room in the saloon house amidships ready to receive him. He set about establishing himself without haste. He had stood the morning watch from eight to twelve as quartermaster, and dinner had been his last meal in the petty officers' mess. Now he was free until that evening, when he would stand the eight-to-twelve watch again, but as a licensed officer. Bob Watson, who had shared his room below, would shift over to the eight-to-twelve quartermaster's watch and everything would be sociable.

The only difficulty in his path lay in the departure of Captain MacMasters to take command of another tanker, even larger and newer than the Carfax. So far in his life at sea, Dunham had been fortunate in his immediate superiors. A good bos'n when he was a green ordinary seaman, a good watch officer when he was an uncertain quartermaster, and in Captain MacMasters he had expected to find a good captain for his breaking in as an officer. But Captain MacMasters was gone and his successor was unknown to the crew of the Carfax. Dunham had heard only his name—Skram.

However, the new third mate was not given to worrying. When he had finished putting away his clothes, he lay down on the freshly made berth with a pipe and a magazine. As a new officer, and one who had been in the crew of the same ship, he was not going to do any butting into other people's rooms until he knew the ground better.

Toward four o'clock, when the best of his magazine had been read and his pipe had long since burned out, he was roused suddenly from a three-quarter doze by a voice not far from his open porthole barking "Meesta Smit! Meesta Smit!"

Mr. Smith was chief mate of the Carfax and there could be only one man who would address him in such a manner. The new captain had evidently come aboard. The voice went on to say something about dissatisfaction with the way the ship was moored, in a harsh, clanging tone that made the words sound like "Bla-bla-bla."

Dunham cautiously pushed the faded green curtains across his after porthole from the side and then peered through a narrow opening between them. A tall broad man in a gray checked suit was standing at the foot of the short ladder from the main deck to the saloon passage, the top of his head nearly on a level with the third mate's porthole. His back was turned toward the house at the moment, but Dunham still found his appearance distinctive. His head rose straight up from shoulders that seemed about to burst the light cloth over them, his seamed mahogany-colored neck as broad and hard looking as any part of his skull. He had taken off his straw hat, exposing close-clipped brown hair that ended on the crown of his head in a shining tonsure of baldness.

The chief mate stood before him, listening silently but with resentful eyes. When the instructions were finished, Mr. Smith's lips moved briefly in reply and the captain went into the saloon passage. The glimpse Dunham caught of his face as he came up the ladder checked completely with the rear view, then he heard his heavy footsteps going on up the inside ladder to the captain's cabin.

Just before suppertime all hands were called aft to sign on for the next trip to the Louisiana oil fields, and Dunham was introduced to Captain Skram. A dry, powerful hand gripped his own and he mumbled a reply to a few roughly formal words. The captain gave him one keen look, but the rest of the time his attention seemed to be reaching impatiently toward some more important object over Dunham's head.

The licensed officers of the Carfax had their meals in the engineers' mess in the after house, which was much nearer the galley than the saloon and saved the messman a long trip over the open deck with cooling food. At supper it became apparent that the only one of the officers Captain Skram had known before coming aboard was the chief engineer, Mr. Fuller. Fuller, a short, thick, ruddy-faced man, was not liked by his subordinates, but naturally had never had much to say to the quartermasters and seamen.

Dunham ate quickly and silently, as became a junior officer, and went back on deck. Later, having occasion to visit the bridge and finding the door of the captain's room open, he noticed that Captain Skram and Mr. Fuller were sitting inside, smoking long cigars and calling each other captain and chief at the end of every three or four words.

At eight o'clock, when Dunham took over the watch from Mr. Smith, the pumps discharging cargo were running smoothly and the ship lay on an even keel. The night was clear and warm and Bob Watson was already on deck, moving lazily from tank to tank. When Watson finished his inspection, Dunham joined him at the starboard rail.

"Nothin' to do for a while, huh, Bob?"

Bob, a tall young Georgian, adjusted his chew of tobacco carefully before replying: "Reckon not, seh. She's half full yet."

There was nothing to look at except the dim shape of another tanker on the other side of the oil pier, the red Discharging-Explosives signal lantern burning steadily on her bridge halyards, a few scattered lights along the Bayonne water front and a long way off across the calm water of the bay the reflected brilliance of Manhattan Island.

Presently Dunham moved away from the rail. "Did you look at the hose connection, Bob? Been leakin' lately."

"I seen a tub undonneath to catch th' drip, but I didn't look in it."

Dunham went forward toward the pump room without much anxiety. One of the metal-ribbed hose lines, sixteen inches in diameter, that was carrying the ship's cargo ashore had not fitted its connection perfectly, but it could not have leaked a whole tubful since he came on watch.

As he approached, he took a flash light from his pocket and played it over the red deck plates. In this way he avoided stepping in a great blot of oil that spread out for a dozen

feet from the base of a black, brimming tub against the pump-room wall. There was no time for incredulity.

"Bob!" he hissed. "Bob! Come 'ere quick." The quartermaster appeared noiselessly. "'S a hell of a mess. Tub musta been pretty near full when th' mate went off. He didn't say nothin' about it. Gimme a hand here."

Regardless of their shoes, and with terrific effort to keep from landing full length in the oil, the two men lightened the tub with a bucket and then poured the rest into an open tank.

When the drip was spattering safely into the empty tub again, they paused for breath.

"We got to clean this deck up in a hurry," whispered Dunham. "Get a bag o' sawdust and I'll bring th' shovels and brooms."

As he turned back on his errand, the voice he dreaded at that moment worse than a fire alarm clanged from the lower bridge above his head:

"Meesta Dunham! Meesta Dunham!"

He stopped and looked up. "Sir?"

"Wat you doing dere? Where dat oil come from?"

"Leak from the connection overflowed the tub, sir. Tub's all right now, though."

Dunham could see the stocky form of the chief engineer come to a halt a few yards away on the main deck. He had finished his call on Captain Skram.

The captain's voice lowered slightly, but was still unpleasant: "Come up here, meesta."

Dunham started doggedly for the ladder, remembered his feet and hesitated. "I got oil all over m' shoes, sir."

"I tell you from here, den." The voice was clanging again. He couldn't even have his bawling out in private, as became an officer. "It is you' business to watch dat tub—you an' dat quattermaster you talk to so much. You wanta get wise to you'self, meesta. You don't make such a good start. You get dat oil clean up tam quick, and den you stand from under."

Dunham was astonished to hear Fuller's voice break in from behind him, sarcastic and hard:

"It ain't only the mess, muster. Maybe you know you got steam on deck. That oil hits a hot steam pipe, it vaporizes. Then let a spark come within ten foot of it and see what happens. If you want to commit suicide, go jump in the dock don't take us all with you."

Captain Skram sent down a sharp surprising bark of laughter from the door of his cabin and then disappeared. When Dunham turned, after a moment, the chief engineer, too, was halfway down the deck, a square, retreating blot in the dimness.

An hour's hard work was necessary to clean up the overflowed oil, and even then a dark stain remained on the red plates which Dunham knew from past experience would be there until the deck was painted again.

The knowledge that the tub must have been full to within a few inches of the top when he came on watch brought small comfort. The chief mate's lapse was no excuse for his own. Well, he thought wryly, it hadn't been serious, but he would have to stand from under, as the captain had suggested, and avoid any more trouble with unnatural care.

The Carfax's tanks were ready to be stripped in the second mate's watch the following afternoon, and at five o'clock she sailed for Baton Rouge, light.

Dunham's duties in getting in and out of port included no more than standing in the pilot house and swinging the handle of the engine-room telegraph in obedience to the captain's orders. Captain Skram did his own piloting, and, in the absence of anyone to impress, wore neither coat nor collar in the process.

The Carfax had a habit of sailing around suppertime. The sea outside was gray and peaceful in the summer dusk.

When Dunham came on watch at eight o'clock the sea was still gray, but darker now, under stars. The lights of the Jersey coast twinkled brightly off to starboard and a point on the port bow a single white light glowed close above the water.

"Stern light of a passenger ship passed us a while ago," murmured Mr. Smith, whom Dunham was relieving. "Needn't worry about overhauling her. Nothing else in sight."

Captain Skram stood at an open forward window of the pilot house, elbows resting on the sill while he stared silently ahead. The quartermaster struck eight bells, was relieved and went below. Mr. Smith yawned comfortably and mentioned the course.

"I'm goin' down, mister. Don't forget to sign the night order book."

When he was gone, Dunham took a position similar to the captain's on the other side of the pilot house. The ship was steering easily in the calm sea, and the presence of the familiar, almost motionless figure of Bob Watson at the wheel behind him was steadying. Ahead, the liner's stern light was already dimming in the distance, and the rest of the sea horizon was unbroken gray.

One bell sounded and neither Dunham nor the captain had moved. The breeze was cool and moist and the whisper of the down-curling wave from the Carfax's bow could be heard faintly in the pilot house. Dunham could not remember ever having been more comfortable. The breeze on his bare throat brought endurance in quiet waves and his body felt light and passionless as air. Even to Captain Skram the sea had given a stillness that had in it no restraint or repression, but only a profound acceptance of time. Two bells struck.

The captain left the window and went into the chart room. When he returned, he changed the course to three degrees farther offshore, his voice harsh as always, but somehow stronger and steadier. From the pilot house, Dunham watched him as he took half a dozen deliberate turns up and down the starboard wing of the bridge. Then, abruptly, without a word, the captain went down

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On the Pier Alongside the Burning Ship He Could See a Man in Underwear Swinging an Ax at the Mooring Lines

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The Farm Planks in the Platforms

PLATFORMS of political parties are not usually examples of close reasoning. For one thing, the atmosphere of a national convention is likely to be more emotional than logical. Also, there is widespread acceptance of the political policy neatly phrased by Woodrow Wilson in the aphorism that "a platform is not a program." To express generalities is easy; it is difficult to be specific. Many practical politicians look upon the party platform as a compass, giving directions but not distances. A party convention does not always feel itself in position to underwrite the legislative enactment of a forthcoming session of the Congress. With most people, candidates count more than platforms.

Eight years ago there was no agricultural problem, in the political sense. Four years ago both parties were committed by platform declarations to equality of agriculture with industry. This is a rather high-sounding phrase, into which many meanings may be, and indeed have been, read. It implied equality of opportunity; it could not, in a country of individual initiative, imply equality of returns. The extreme left wing of the farm bloc has forcefully endeavored to identify the term "equality of agriculture with industry" with a legislative device known as the equalization fee. Twice the Congress has passed legislation to this effect; twice the McNary-Haugen bills have been vetoed by the President. Thereby the Administration has refused to identify the equalization fee with equality of agriculture with industry.

It is, of course, self-evident that agriculture should be equal with industry, and it is little less than astounding to see an axiom set up as a political doctrine. The fanatical supporters of the McNary-Haugen bills asserted that they were in the right and all others in the wrong. But more, the sincerity of other views was intolerantly assailed, in the charge that those who did not support the equalization fee were therefore opposed to farm relief and believed in a peasant agriculture. Rarely has special pleading been more glaringly exhibited than in the debates on agricultural distress and relief.

Following adjournment of Congress, the fanatical proponents of the equalization fee set out to force recognition of their extreme doctrine by both political parties. They enjoyed a tactical advantage in first approaching the convention of the party whose President had vetoed their bills.

As we read the farm plank in the Republican platform, the equalization fee was not only unaccepted but an earnest attempt was made so to define equality of agriculture as to exclude any possible interpretation in favor of the fee. The expressions of the platform were unequivocal, and the immediate reaction in the rural press committed to the McNary-Haugen plan was that the Republican convention had turned down the equalization fee.

Thereupon the brigade of the equalization fee marched on Houston. It is difficult to believe that the rank and file of Democratic delegates wished to make the equalization fee an issue between the two national parties. Too many legislative chiefs of the party, like Walsh of Montana and Reed of Missouri, had fought the bills in Congress to allow a party issue to be made of it. But at the same time it did not appear that there could be any political capital in reaffirming the position adopted by the Republican convention. Also, the equalization fee had developed considerable support among cotton growers. Under these circumstances the political advocates of the equalization fee were accorded a reception in Houston different from that in Kansas City. On leaving Houston, the extremists declared they had obtained what they wanted, by implication if not by specification.

As we read the farm plank of the Democratic platform, the equalization fee was not named, but it was not rejected. The supporters of the McNary-Haugen bill were not able to secure an avowed commitment to their proposition, but they did secure the adoption of such phraseology as might permit of an interpretation including the application of the equalization fee. It might be said that the Democratic declaration was not mandatory, but was perhaps permissive. There is a pledge "to solve this problem of the distribution of the cost of dealing with crop surpluses over the marketed units of the crop whose producers are benefited by such assistance," which might correspond to the equalization fee, but again might also mean something different. A careful reading of the plank, in the light of happenings during the Harding and Coolidge Administrations, would seem to indicate that, though the equalization fee does not follow from the statements of policy, it could be included by implication, and certainly was not excluded. In short, the Democratic Party did not exclude the equalization fee, nor did it make a commitment to the doctrine, but left open what might be called a back door of interpretation. Supporters of the equalization fee assert the Democratic plank meets the case, but other Democrats see no such implication in the platform.

It seems to us it would have been preferable in every way if the Democratic convention had accepted the equalization fee, rejected it or disavowed the proposition as not constituting a party issue.

The Export of Gold

DURING the past eight months a continuous and relatively heavy export of metallic gold has apparently reduced the stock of monetary gold of the country by something like five hundred million dollars. Export of gold in the monetary sense may be accomplished either by physical shipment of the metal or by the earmarking of gold to foreign account. Contrasted with the circumstances that have existed since the war, such exports have more than a transitory meaning. If one asks in foreign banking circles for explanation of the outward movement of gold, the answer will be that it has been occasioned by export of capital from the United States and by new demand for gold in foreign countries engaged in stabilization of currency and resumption of the gold standard. If one asks the American banker why gold is leaving, one will probably receive the traders' answer that gold goes to export because it is profitable to ship it out. What may be termed conventional opinion was recently stated in The Economist, to the effect that our balance of trade of goods does not produce an export surplus large enough to maintain current export of capital, which must be maintained by shipping gold abroad. American commentators do not regard the situation as being as simple as that and prefer to await developments.

The outbound movement of gold could presumably be stopped by action on the part of the Federal Reserve System. The country does not possess a cut-and-dried international gold policy. It is to the interest of the commerce of the United States to aid in the stabilization of currencies abroad. To what extent the half billion dollars of gold is being, or is to be, applied to currency stabilization in foreign countries is unfortunately not clear. Some venturesome theorists have urged that we should not permit gold to go abroad except under such stipulations for such employment in currency stabilization as would redound to the interests of international trade. But such censorship of gold, if control might be so termed, might be regarded as an unwarranted interference in the internal affairs of foreign countries. Also, it is not at all clear that we possess the machinery to do such a thing. From the standpoint of the average American, export of gold deserves attention from considerations of credit and price level at home more than from the standpoint of correct monetary use being made of the metal abroad. For most of us it may be remarked that our interests lie more at home than abroad. We have been often told that part of our very large stock of gold would render us more service abroad than at home—a doctrine that is, perhaps, now to be tested in practice.

Business as Usual

DURING the spring many disquieting rumors on the state of business circulated. It was said for factories that falling orders had followed profitless prosperity. It was hinted that unemployment was spreading through the land. These undenominated rumors were given wide but undeserved publicity by politicians. Men of wide experience and trustworthy contacts counseled caution in appraisal of the situation, pointing out the lack of statistical basis for the distrust in prosperity.

The third quarter has dispelled the fog of rumors. The building activities of the first half of the present calendar year approached the high level of 1927. The unfilled steel orders on the books on July first were some six hundred thousand tons more than in 1927. The ingot-steel output for the first half of the year was twenty-four million eight hundred thousand tons—a new record for the period. Possibly the outturn for the year may be a new record. The estimates of railway car needs for the third quarter, prepared by the American Railway Association, indicate that more cars will be needed this year than last year, in the same period, by some six per cent. The crops loom promisingly. All in all, 1928 now gives the promise of prosperity equal to 1927, with perhaps a better distribution. It pays to have faith.

British Coal for Canada

THE British are great gunners for trade. Having taken from the French coal mines the trade of the French coastal cities, they now look across the ocean to Canada. Last year some three-quarters of a million tons of Welsh coal were sent over to Canada. This year larger shipments are in contemplation and contracts are being made to supply railroads in the eastern sections with British coal. The normal Canadian imports of coal run close to twenty million tons, and a goodly part of this trade the British mines hope to take from the Americans.

According to British reports, British and American bunker coals have been quoted alike at Halifax, and not long ago British coal was sold at Boston. Pit-head coal prices, quality for quality, seem to be lower in Great Britain at present, and it is stated that costs of transportation to Canada are no higher—if not lower—than from the mines of the United States. This is believed to hold true for shipments via the coast to Canadian ports as well as for rail shipments to lake ports.

Just how true this all may be for the different seasons of the year remains to be seen; also, to what extent American coal prices in Canada may still be lowered. But the fact remains that the British are seriously out to deprive us of an export trade in coal close to our doors. With unemployment in our coal fields, every effort should be made to retain the Canadian trade.

BEHIND THE TIMES

By Corra Harris

WE ARE the natives of the times that beget us and define us mentally and morally even more than we are of the country where we were born and bred Therefore a man has only to survive his day and generation in order to become a foreigner. He may be blood kin to these younger men and women; he may walk the pavements of the city that was a village in his boyhood and be able to find his way about; still he will be a dizzy old pilgrim wandering out of the past where he belongs, an alien and a stranger in this new world of mind and manners.

Not only is this true but if during his formative years he chooses a vocation beyond the zone of active affairs, in some quiet corner of the eternal mind which has nothing to do with time, the same thing happens. If by some fluke of circumstance he is cast into the raging torrent of real life, he is a sort of lost figure of speech walking in the flesh, but without the ability of a native to adjust himself to literal conditions.

Something like this happened to me a while back I had been the wife of a Methodist itinerant since I was seventeen. Without having been born with any notable ascending instincts, spiritually speaking, I had become, you may say, a sort of tintype of his mind and spirit. We had never lived a day in the real world of men and affairs. My information was chiefly about another world, a vast speculation, founded upon the evidences of things not seen. Quite involuntarily we had taken the vow of poverty and the only thing I knew about money was that it was the root of all evil. Everything was plain and safe. We walked in the high light of immortality by faith, kept the Commandments, read poetry and never indulged in worldly amusements. Sometimes we stood on Jordan's stormy banks and cast a wishful eye to Canaan's fair and happy land. The same being some kind of heavenly country where we should presently come into the great fortune set aside for redeemed spirits.

People of Another Era

THEREFORE when my husband passed away I was like a widow without a country. Nothing was familiar to my mind. The way we had gone together suddenly disappeared in the roaring traffic of secular life. Although I had been born with no mean genius for achieving a strictly worldly career, I had been divorced for more than twenty years from the world, and had now lost my original talent for surviving in it.

I still praise myself for the mental agility with which I realized that I was fifty years behind the times in character, habits and convictions, and for the swiftness with which I resolved to get back where I belonged

This was not such a bad idea any way you look at it. There is nothing wrong about that period of fifty years ago except that it has passed into history, been covered up with the dust raised by current events and so grown dim in the modern mind. The people of it had less speed and more real adventures in living. They had less conscious culture, but more time to read and think without worrying about culture as they do now. It was an era named after Queen Victoria, who was voluminous and a trifle crowded with virtues; but show me a modern woman —or a man, for that matter, who will get even half a century named after him!

That good old queen profoundly affected her times, and not always to beautify them. The architecture was bad, the furniture was atrocious and nobody knew anything about dieting; but the poetry was really poetic. The smoke, soot and foundry roar of Sandburg's verse were inconceivable—brilliant and powerful stuff, written in a sort of sweaty blue-shirt rhythm. I do not like the odor of it. I prefer Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality. I even prefer the Lady of Shalott. And I think the hoof of such a genius as Sandburg's would crash through Keats' Grecian Urn without ever seeing the ineffable pastoral carved upon it.

Life was still richly colored then with the pigment of romance. The primordial imagination for expounding man's lower nature had not developed and love was decently clothed. Music was musical, without being the merely animal rhythm jazz is now. The average man had no scholarship concerning the Scriptures. They simply twisted them to fit the mortal perversities of their respective creeds and went on living very well by faith. They might grow impiously heated in a discussion about modes of baptism or about being saved merely by grace, but a man could not openly question the existence of God and move widely in good society.

Now we recognize rationalists whose opinions on this subject would shock the piety of Robert Ingersoll. As for radicals, they were scarce as hen's teeth. It is now exactly fifty years since the first one I ever saw was hastily mounted on a rawboned fence rail and conveyed out of the community. He was brilliant and rich, but he had some kind of moral astigmatism which made it impossible for him to make proper distinctions socially

I am not denying that the people of that era had their vagaries and faults, but looking over my shoulder down the years at the time I was contemplating this migration backward, it seemed to me their prejudices were more respectable and their minds narrow in the right place There was nothing intellectually polluting in the way they acquired their vices They had them already by nature and practiced them normally.

By the Suwanee River

Modesty

A PREACHER could call every sin by its first name from the pulpit and thunder against it without embarrassing the congregation, but he can't do it now without being learned in the aesthetic elegance of immorality, which is a culture that cannot be discussed from the pulpit

Moreover, in those days it was not an indication of deceit if a man practiced his worse vices secretly, but the same was regarded as a polite way of protecting society from his own bad example, or that he still retained an embarrassed sense of decency which insured his modesty even as a corrupt person. What I felt was that he was a better man than these moderns who insolently expound their evil tendencies in the best society as being the cultured consequences of a prouder, more courageous recognition of their lower natures.

I wanted to get back into that period of mind where a man overtook his neighbor in a fault if he could and reasoned with him privately about it, regardless of his own faults. This is a more artless form of pharisaism and sanctioned by the Scriptures. The way they have now of passing the buck by leading a world movement for the good

Continued on Page 165

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Loving Couple

The Chocolate Sponge

SHE: Some more chocolate sponge, dear?

HE: No, thanks. . . . Stevenson pulled a fast one at the office today. Miss Trent flagged him as he was going by ——

SHE: Isn't the chocolate sponge good?

HE: Sure it's good. I just don't want any more, that's all. . . . Well, Steve was going by Miss Trent's desk ——

SHE: Is it too sweet, dear?

HE: No, it's fine. I ate two pork chops, and I don't usually eat only one. . . . Miss Trent, she's a hot sketch. She is ——

SHE: That was my mother's recipe. It was my favorite dessert when I was a kid. I used to eat three helps, always.

HE: Well, after I've eaten all I can hold I can't eat any more, can I?

SHE: I think you ought to have some more.

HE: No, thanks.

SHE: I say yes.

HE: I say no.

SHE: Do you feel all right, dear?

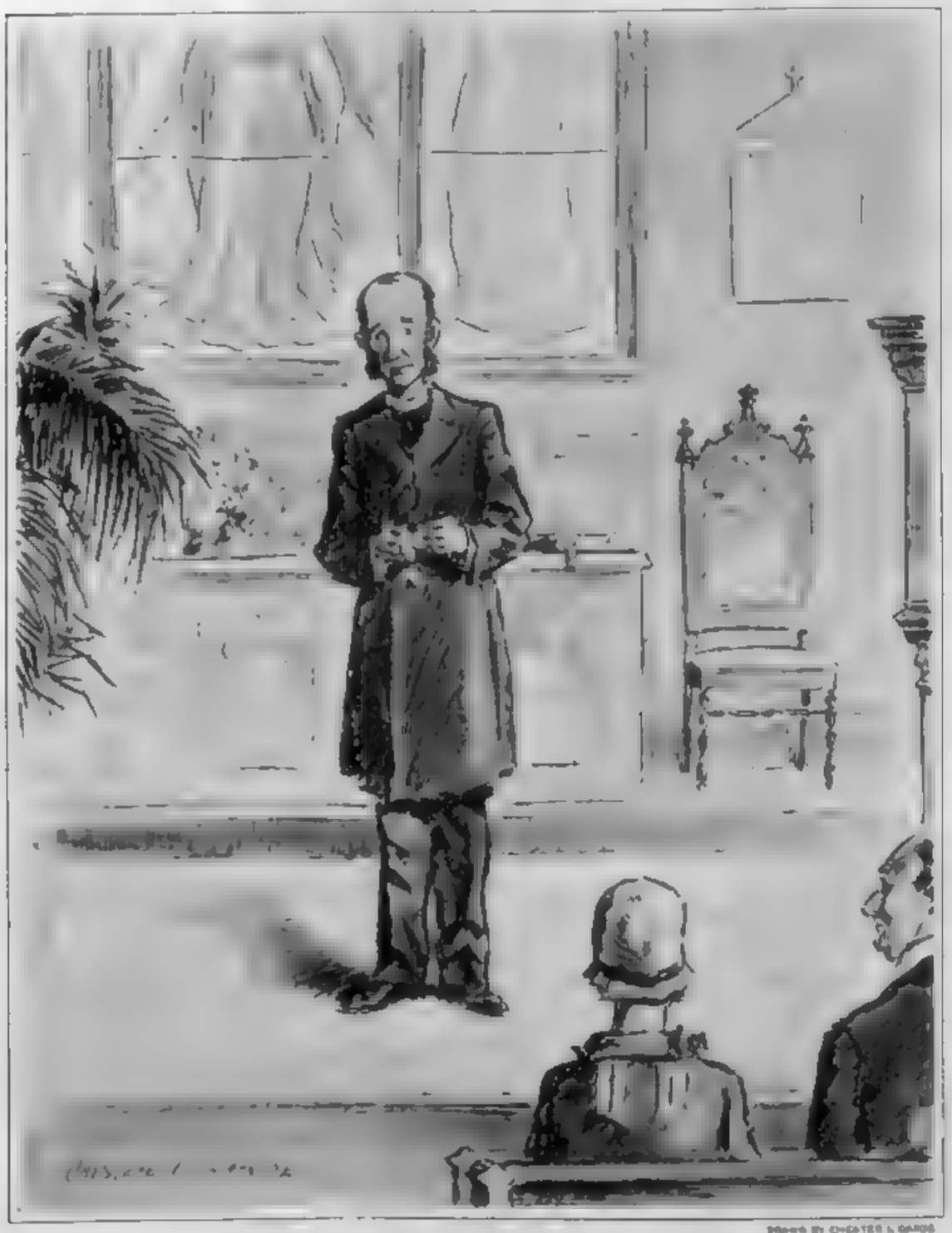
HE: Sure I feel all right. Never felt better. But I don't want to make a hog of myself, stuffing and stuffing.

SHE: I don't think you'd

(Continued on Page 88)

DRAWN BY GATE COLLIER

Hay-Making Time in Hawaii



DRAWN BY CHESTER L. GARDE

Underpaid Minister: "The Offertory This Morning Will be for the Poor of the Parish, Including Myself and Family"

DRAWN BY HERBERT L. BARNEY

The Champion Long-Distance Howler of the World Broadcasting His Stuff

The world's most popular beans ~ newly perfected!

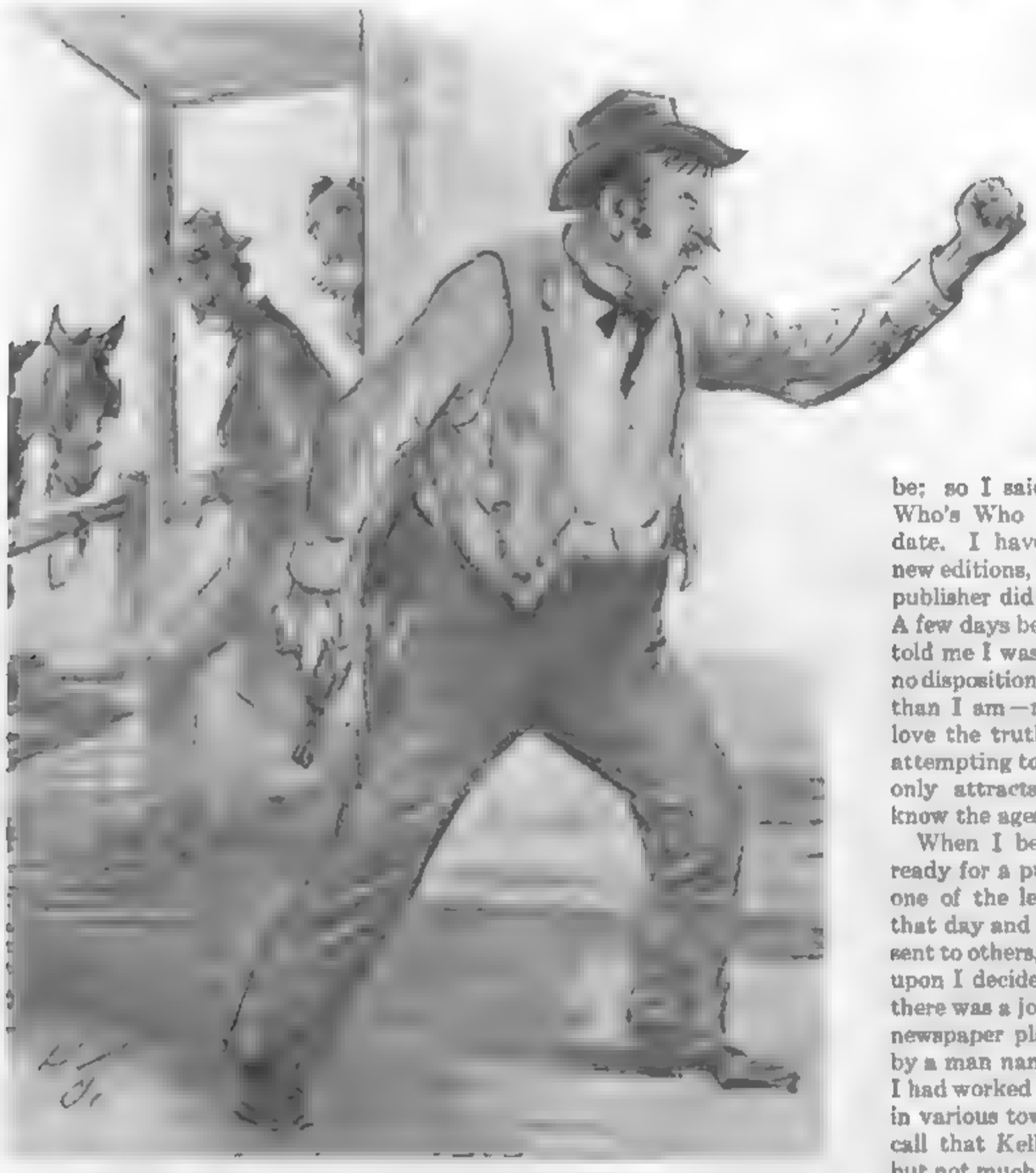
Campbell's famous kitchens have taken the most popular beans in the world and made them even better! Taste Campbell's Beans now!

Slow-cooked to a golden brown. Whole beans, yet each one deliciously tender and mellow. Made more delicious still by Campbell's tempting tomato sauce. How quickly the public has responded to this new perfection in their favorite beans! And how you will enjoy them!

PLAIN PEOPLE

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON



A Burly Man Stepped Up to Me on the Street, and With Pistol in Hand, Announced His Intention of Killing Me

XXIII

SO FAR as I am widely known, it is due to The Story of a Country Town. Before a majority of the people of today were born, I believe I may say with reasonable modesty that this novel was famous, and it has been selling somewhat ever since. Within a few months a memorial edition has been issued by noted publishers, with pictures by a noted illustrator. I have received more than eighty semiannual royalty payments on the book.

I am disposed to believe, now that I am willing to appraise myself candidly, that such natural ability as I have in writing is not inclined toward the novel form. I have tried it several times and failed, unless it may be said I succeeded in the first attempt.

Occasionally I meet people who have heard of me; more frequently I am introduced to persons as the famous Ed Howe, and realize that the persons so addressed have never heard of me. I suffer so keenly in this way that when introduced I prefer it be said simply, "Shake hands with Mr. Howe"—the favorite American form. Such fame as I have has not been, on the whole, very enjoyable. My admirers usually add a sting more depressing than their compliment is invigorating. No one knows what real abuse is unless he has attracted a little attention. How generously the unknown are complimented as The People.

The most uncomfortable experience I ever had was the result of attention once paid me in London—kindly intended, but I was not able to accept it gracefully. When anyone hears of me, I wish he might first hear that I stand fairly well in the town where I have lived fifty years. Elsewhere I have put down in this writing, with tears in my eyes and gratitude in my heart, that some creditable attention has been paid me there.

The original copyright of The Story of a Country Town was issued in 1882. Probably I began writing and worrying over it about that time, although I have no accurate dates in anything. I did not know the year I was born until my brother Bruce appeared in Atchison twenty-four years ago. He had preserved that leaf from our family Bible which records our ages, in father's writing, as he left home many years after I did. This said I was born May 8, 1853. When quite young I claimed to be older than I was, as I was old for my age, as people said in that day. I went with girls much older, and this embarrassed them, so I added several years; I wanted to be considered a man when almost a boy. In course of time I attempted to get back to my real age, but in trying to tell the truth, was a little too liberal with myself, as one is apt to be; so I said I was born in 1854. Who's Who in America gives that date. I have tried to correct it in new editions, but for some reason the publisher did not make the change. A few days before he died, my father told me I was born in 1855. I have no disposition to be known as younger than I am—not because I specially love the truth, but because anyone attempting to deceive in such a way only attracts ridicule. We easily know the ages of one another.

When I believed the manuscript ready for a publisher, it was sent to one of the leaders in publishing of that day and returned. Then it was sent to others, with like result, whereupon I decided to print it myself, as there was a job office attached to my newspaper plant. The type was set by a man named Kelley, with whom I had worked as a printer long before in various towns in the West. I recall that Kelley was an old soldier, but not much of a fighter, as he often told me he played tenor horn in the regimental band. As Kelley set the type, the printing was done, four pages at a time, on a medium Gordon job press. A thousand copies were run off, and when the sheets were ready, a local bindery bound them in cases purchased in St. Louis. The type used was minion, specially purchased for the purpose. No real book is printed in minion; it is too small. This first edition now has considerable value. I know that Julian Street and George Barr McCutcheon paid ten dollars each for copies several years ago, and the price is now higher.

About that time an old actor named Barney McAuley came to the local theater with a play called The Messenger From Jarvis Section, which I greatly admired, and I sent him a copy of the book. When he returned to New York, the book was given to a man named H. G. Crickmore, employed on the World. I heard that Crickmore was really the horse editor, with strong disposition toward books and plays and a noted first-nighter. The first notice of the book was written by Crickmore, so far as I know, and was as favorable as such a notice could be. Indeed, he went so far as to say it might be the great American novel turning up unexpectedly from a totally unknown man. I realize now that the story did not meet Crickmore's generous expectations.

I had sent copies for review to other Eastern papers, and about this time began hearing from them. The book almost never had a bad notice in that early day; probably the newspapers were specially kind because of its modest dress. I recall a Philadelphia writer who gave it a full page, which pleased me so much that I wrote him a foolish letter, and this he printed, greatly to my humiliation.

I had also sent copies to W. D. Howells and Mark Twain, both of whom I specially admired—the first because of A Modern Instance and the second because of Roughing It—both newspaper stories. Soon after, I received enthusiastic letters from them, and Mr. Howells reviewed it with great favor in the Century. Mark Twain wrote:

> I believe this is the first time I have ever furnished an opinion about a book, but like The Story of a Country Town so much that I am glad of a chance to say so. Your style is so simple, sincere, direct, and at the same time so clear and so strong, that I think it must have been born to you, not made. Your picture of the arid village life is vivid, and what is more, true. I know, for I have seen and lived it all.

The letter was written with pencil and included several sheets marked Private which gave me wholesome advice about writing. Mr. Howells also wrote in equally friendly strain. I remember that he advised me not to rush too hastily into print with another book, which advice I neglected, and the second made a complete failure. Later I wrote a better one, but there was so much disappointment with the second that the third did not get a hearing. Unhappily, copies of both these stories are still in existence and frequently I am humiliated by hearing them mentioned

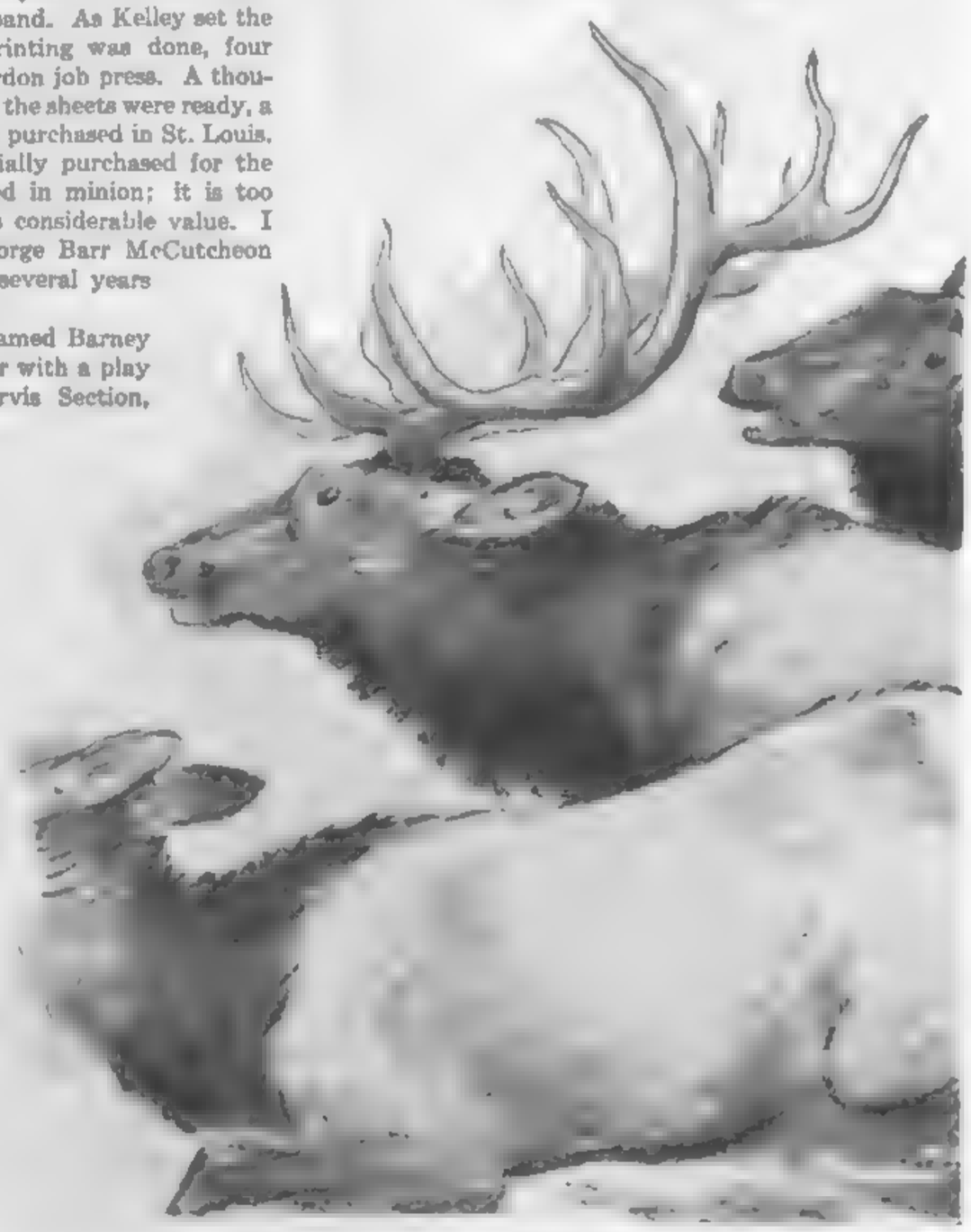
The favorable reception of the job-press edition of the story caused all those publishers who had rejected the manuscript to offer to accept it.

"Our records show," one of these publishers wrote, "that we rejected the manuscript; but alas, we are liable to err."

I closed with the first offer, which was from James R. Osgood, who failed in a few months. His business was taken over by Ticknor & Co., who paid me the considerable royalty due from Osgood.

Those firms which sent the original manuscript back, later offered to take it or actually printed the book, included Scribner, Harpers, Funk & Wagnalls, Houghton Mifflin, Henry Holt and Osgood.

(Continued on Page 42)



Five Times I Have Hunted Big Game in the Northwest

S W I F T

French Toast with Buttered Spinach

Beat 2 eggs slightly and add ½ cup of milk. Into this mixture dip slices of stale bread. Sauté them in Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard until brown, turning each slice once. Arrange slices on platter and pile buttered spinach in the center. Garnish with hard cooked egg.

Tempting rich delicacy in fried foods . . .

when you take this simple care

FINE cooks seem to have a particular knack for fried foods. They serve dishes—often-times simple, everyday ones—that jump into immediate favor because there's a certain extra deliciousness in them. A palate tickling richness that is, at the same time, delicate. When the talk turns to whys and wherefores, these cooks invariably say that they choose their shortening with very special care.

To get this special goodness they take that little extra, easy precaution of specifying Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" unfailingly gives mellow richness, appetizing delicacy, in both fried and baked foods. Because it is so pure, "Silverleaf" heats evenly. That means a center thoroughly fried, a crust of golden brown.

Time and trouble saved with "Silverleaf," too! Just score the print as marked, on "Silverleaf's" exclusive self-measuring carton, and cut the exact amount you need. No bothersome scooping out. No packing of spoon or measuring cup. For fried foods—and baked ones too—that will bring you enticing goodness, ask for "Silverleaf" by name. In one and two pound self-measuring cartons. Also in 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Your measuring done for you! Just score the print as shown on "Silverleaf's" exclusive self-measuring carton. Then you can cut the exact amount you need, without bothering to pack a spoon.

Swift & Company

"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 40)

Barney McAuley once told me Fanny Davenport wanted a play made from the story, in which she would appear as Mateel, with McAuley as Big Adam. Mark Twain also strongly recommended a play, with more made of Big Adam. Many years later I tried the play myself and it was presented in nine performances by a stock company. Audiences increased every night, and although I sent printed copies to several New York managers, they evidently considered it very bad, since none of them replied. I wrote the play hurriedly and wretchedly, I am sure, but it is the truth that the play met with great success at nine performances. I was treated better about the book than I expected, but was disappointed about the play. Sport North, owner of the stock company, played Big Adam, which I had greatly enlarged, and he told me that in his long experience as an actor he had not received equal favor in a part. I shall always believe the play had several big scenes. The week of seven night performances and two matinées brought in more money than any other play in the history of the company. W. D. Howells heard of the stage performances and, recalling Mark Twain's suggestion about it, wrote me. I sent him a copy of the play, with the ending changed into a happy one, but evidently it did not please him, for he made no comment.

While writing the story, I had little children, lovable and noisy, and it was my custom to retire for quiet to the kitchen of the house where I still live, after a hard day on the newspaper. So far as I am able to recall, every line of the book was written at night.

The publishers to whom I offered the manuscript were the book's first critics; I did not read it to friends. I attempted this with my brother Jim, whom I considered an excellent writer, and the result was so discouraging that I did not attempt it again. He came over to my house one evening, and I began with the title: The Story of a Country Town.

"In the first place," he said, "the title is not grammatical. It should be A Story of a Country Town."

We wrangled over that a while and he went home without hearing a word of the book beyond its title. He has long been dead, but lived long enough to tell me that my recollections of our neighbors in Fairview were not accurate. He was six years older than I, and said the Fairview people were about an average of country people on the frontier.

So far as that goes, I considered the book a novel and did not aim at accuracy. There never was a Mateel Shepherd, a Clinton Bragg or a Jo Erring, although I had an uncle named Joe Irwin who lived at our house when I was a boy. He was considerably my senior and I greatly admired him, but he did not marry until long after we both left Fairview. My father was actually a farmer and a preacher, and bought a weekly paper in the county seat, which he named the Union of States; but the book is mainly fiction, and so intended. Fairview had no mill and no tragedy. I used incidents in the life of my father somewhat freely in John Westlook, but he did not return at night to confess his sins over the coffin of his deserted wife, nor did he disappear forever in a blinding snowstorm. What he thought of the book I never knew.

There was a learned woman school-teacher in our town to whom I also applied for criticism, but she tore the book to pieces so completely that I soon quarreled with her; and since, I have purposely violated many of her strict rules, in the interest of brevity and clearness. When I write I think I should have something to say as to the form of it, and will take many liberties the learned will not indorse. And this woman was learned. Although she never went beyond the high school in Atchison, I believe her to be the best-educated person I ever knew. She reminded me, however, somewhat of Buddha. Once, when in Ceylon, a native guide was explaining to me the severe doctrines of his prophet.

"Buddha, he too particular," the guide concluded.

My only daughter was born after the appearance of the book and named Mateel. I once heard a Frenchwoman pronounce the word Mathilde and made it into Mateel. The name is now quite common. I saw a book the other day entitled Sunny Mateel, and I meet with women of that name wherever I go. I long believed I had invented the word, but one of the famous New York faultfinders said recently I did not. Another said I did, so I now have no opinion of my own on the subject. My daughter is not at all like the unhappy heroine, but a bright, useful and successful woman.

In revising the book for an entirely new edition in 1927, I was more than forty years older than when I wrote it and had many conflicting emotions. I thought the first eleven chapters almost as good as many kind critics have said, and found pride in them, but while reading had an uneasy consciousness of trouble later on. I found it when Jo Erring's love affair began, but could not do much to improve it without recasting the entire book. Poor Jo's unreasonable jealousy does not belong in a novel from which the author hopes for permanent fame. It is natural enough, but few men and no women will admit it.

Nor is the jealousy of men a modern thing. The early Hindus took brides as young as nine or ten, to prevent old love affairs in their history; and when a Hindu husband died, he expected his widow to jump on his funeral pyre, to insure that she would not marry again. If the widow objected to so cruel a custom, other men attending the funeral saw that the wishes of the jealous husband were carried out.

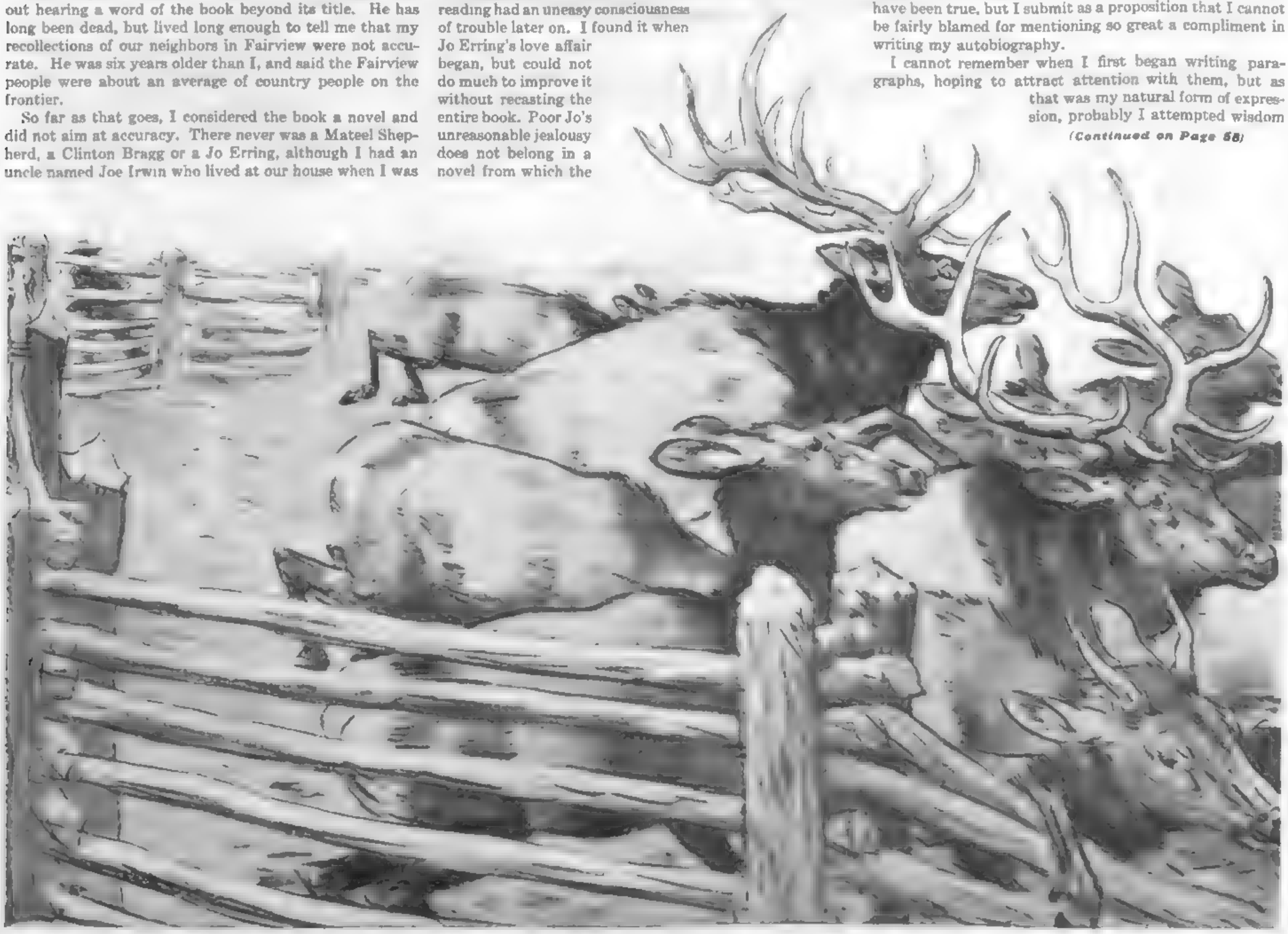
A good many years ago I made Jo's madness into a booklet called An Ante-Mortem Statement, and although I expected much from it, it soon died a quiet death. Twenty years later a New York man sent the booklet to Edward Bok, then editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and asked why he had neglected it. Mr. Bok offered me five hundred dollars for the privilege of printing it as a serial and I accepted the offer. He wrote me it attracted a storm of protest and a few letters of commendation—the latter mainly from elderly people who said every young woman should be compelled to read it. Our system of frequent engagements of marriage between the young is one of the worst of our habits, but he who says so cannot hope for popularity. The system results in millions of unhappy marriages we know nothing about. The French plan, which gives young people at least a fair start with marriage, is very much better. But as a literary critic, I am compelled in old age to desert poor Jo Erring, as others who know about him have done. There is more of the author in Jo Erring than in any other portion of The Story of a Country Town, and Jo did much to weaken the book. Many a man has confessed admiration for it to me, without mentioning Jo, who admired it for no other reason. I have known many men to go to the devil as Jo did, and with Jo's malady, but they gave some other excuse.

XXIV

IT HAS been said by writing men that the Atchison Globe was at one time the most extensively quoted paper in the United States. The statement may never have been true, but I submit as a proposition that I cannot be fairly blamed for mentioning so great a compliment in writing my autobiography.

I cannot remember when I first began writing paragraphs, hoping to attract attention with them, but as that was my natural form of expression, probably I attempted wisdom

(Continued on Page 58)



They Bunched and Surged Against the Corral at One Point, Tore it Down and Every One Escaped

Quality lubrication for your car rests on four engineering factors

Meet these four needs and you get low gasoline and oil consumption, full power, and a quiet, long-lived engine. Only engineering study can determine the best oil for your car. The Gargoyle Mobiloil engineers have studied your engine with these four factors in mind.

All four of these engineering factors are of equal importance in the lubrication of your car. See the Mobiloil Chart. All Mobiloil dealers have it. You are always sure with Mobiloil.

1

Minimum carbon formation. Oils too light or too heavy in body to suit your engine tend to work past the pistons into the combustion chambers. The grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine will be distributed evenly and in the correct quantity. Mobiloil burns cleanly in the combustion chambers thereby leaving surprisingly little carbon.

2

Oil distribution. Some conditions affecting oil distribution are: the type of lubricating system, the size and position of the oil pump, the piston clearances. Mobiloil is carefully "fitted" to your lubricating system so that thorough and even distribution to every friction point is assured.

3

Maintenance of perfect piston ring seal. If the piston seal is weak, compression is lost and power wasted. Mobiloil's rich body and character resist blowby of the expanding gas in today's new high-compression engines. Full compression means full power.

4

Operating heat. What type of cooling system? What temperatures encountered in all kinds of driving? The Mobiloil recommended for your car retains its lubricating value under the most extreme heat.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB," which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

PACKARD

ASK
THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

" " " One reason I always buy a Packard is that they don't change its looks every year and make you feel out of date with a car that is still perfectly good. You can hardly tell the difference between the new model I got Virginia last month and the one I bought two years ago. Hers has a number of important improvements, of course, but they are both beautiful cars and both look like a Packard. I like to get a good car, treat it well and keep it.

GLASSHOUSES FOR STYLE

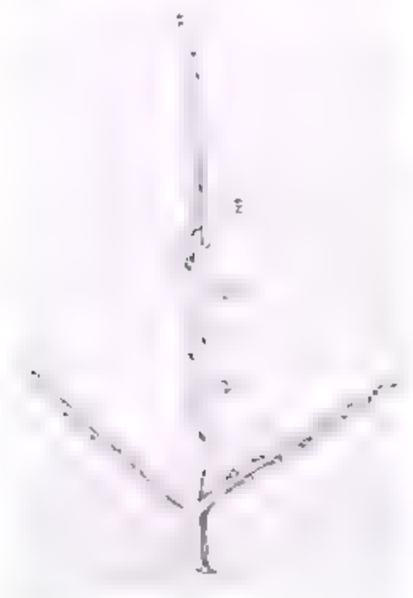


Figure 3

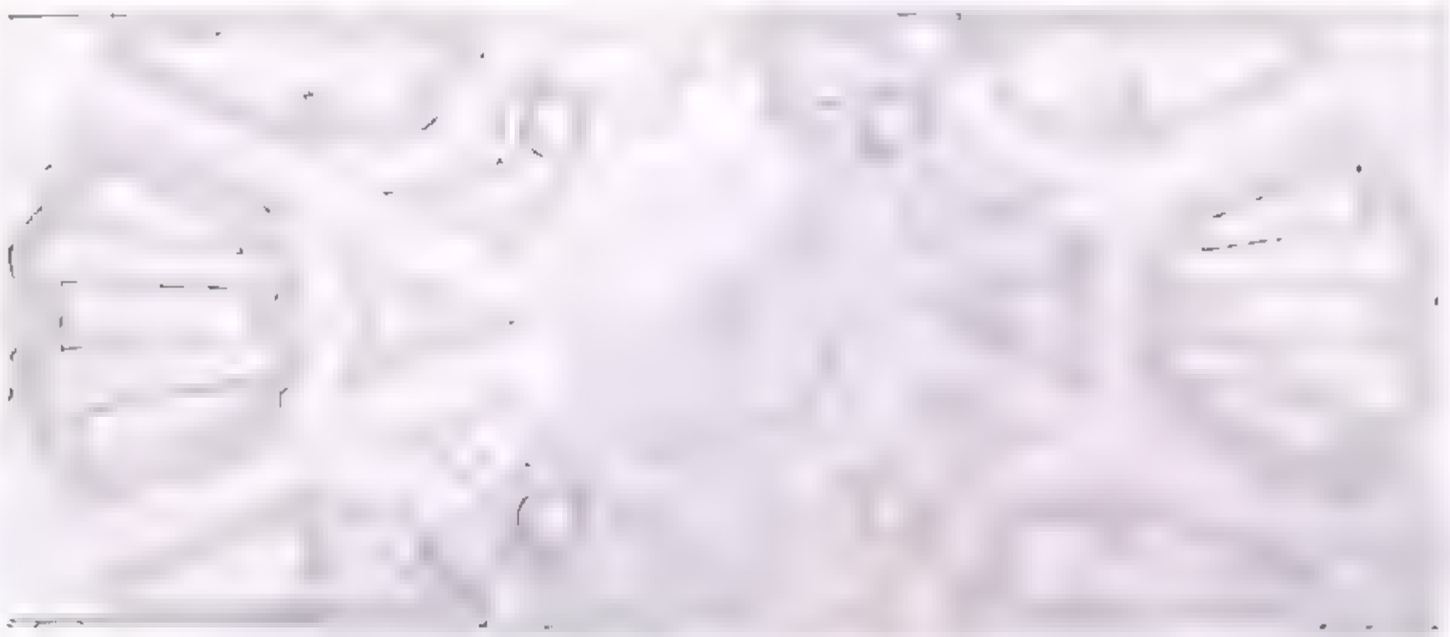


Figure 1

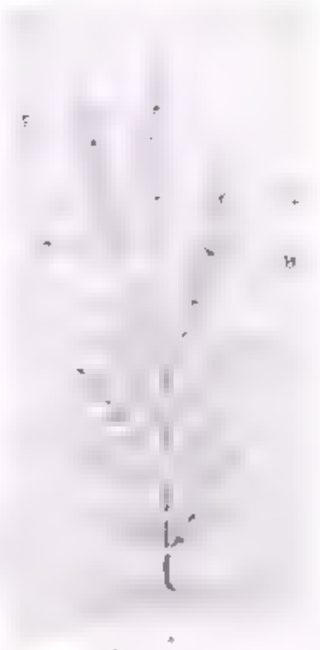


Figure 2

By William M. O. Edwards

As Told to Brenda Ueland

I CAME to America in 1887, when twenty-five years old. That was the year of the Queen's Jubilee; she had reigned fifty years and so there were tremendous celebrations over it.

I had an aunt who lived in Boston, and she was in Wales then, visiting my parents, and she became ill. My parents thought they ought to send me back to America with her to look after her. But I was to stay only a year. Then, just at that time, I had a fight with my boss; so that settled me about going.

My boss was an old Scotch nurseryman who one day treated me like a son and wanted to adopt me and the next day gave me the devil. I worked for him for nearly four years and in that period at least once a week he fired me. When I would be working out by the day on some big place and making money for him, it was: "Now, Willy, you're a good lad. Take care of yourself, Willy." But at home in his nursery he wasn't satisfied unless I did work enough for three men. So he'd give me the sack and I'd be on my way, walking along the road to Shrewsbury. And presently the old man would come along in a gig, and he'd say:

"Now, Willy, you'd better get in and ride. Willy, would you care to have a glass of ale with me?"

Quitting for the Last Time

I WOULD never refuse, you know; I'd take only one anyhow. But that is the way he would make it up to me. You see, I was hot-tempered and an upstart if anyone tried to insult me.

Well, finally, when the boss landed on me too hard, I slammed my spade into the furrow and said, "Bedad! I'm going to America!"

I landed in Boston, and the first thing I did was to go to hear Phillips Brooks preach at Trinity Church. Like all good Welshmen, there was nothing I enjoyed like a great preacher. Later I came to know Phillips Brooks, but I will tell of that when I come to it.

My first job was in a big nursery in Cambridge. They sent me to plant some trees on President Cleveland's place on Cape Cod. Gray Gables it was called.

Well, I was a greenhorn, you know, and my boss didn't tell me much; he just gave me a ticket and said: "Go to Boston and into the station; stand there under a clock and a gentleman will come along and meet you."

I was used to England, where distances are short, and so I thought we would arrive in a half hour. Well, sir, we were on the train all afternoon. I thought we were going to the end of the world. And there I was in my working clothes. I looked common, you know.

I didn't think much of the country when I got there—nothing but cranberries and bayberries all around; swampy, soggy, sandy land; an ugly-looking place after England, I thought. The gentleman that I was with was a political friend of Cleveland, and he had oversight of Cleveland's place while the President was in Washington. First, he led me up to a little cemetery on the top of a hill.

"What do you think of this dismal country anyway?" he said.

"Well, I don't think much of it," I said.

"Well, I agree with you," he said, "but my father and mother are buried here, and they were patient, great-spirited people and they made the best of it, and so, for their sake, I love this country and will stick to it as long as I live."

The Cleveland house was empty then. The President was in Washington and having his troubles, no doubt. And he had been married only a year or so. You may remember that it was one of the most romantic weddings that has ever been, for the bride—Miss Frances Folsom—was so young and dark and handsome, and he was already President, and they were married in the White House itself. Later I knew Mrs. Cleveland and her mother, Mrs. Folsom, in Pittsfield. I used to sell hothouse grapes to Mrs. Folsom.

At Gray Gables I planted elms. Elms are best for the seacoast because they are tough and sinewy and elastic and they stand high winds and daily blowing better than any tree. Try sawing through an elm and you will see how tough it is.

Cleveland had recently bought Gray Gables because his friend, Richard Watson Gilder, and his other great crony, Joe Jefferson, the actor, lived in that country, and they had persuaded him that there were plenty of fish up there. Fishing was what he liked best, and because of it, it turned out that a couple of years later I saw Cleveland and actually chinned with him for an hour or so.

I was in Lenox, Massachusetts, working on the estate of Anson Phelps Stokes. There had been a storm and some of our bank on the shore of Lake Mahkeenac had been washed away. I was boss gardener, and so with a gang of men I was supervising the mending, when I saw, in an old boat among the cat-tails, a lonesome old man. He looked like a poor fisherman, a blooming old farmer! He wore a sort of smock like that which yeomen and countrymen wear in England. He came rowing along in his boat to where I was working, apart from the other men. At once I recognized him. I had seen his picture so often, and besides, I had heard how he would come up there to visit some people who lived across the lake.

He asked me what I was doing.

A President in Conference

"WE ARE planting young trees here to bind this bank, Mr. President," I said. Immediately he put his hand up to warn me.

"Sh! Mum's the word! Don't tell anyone. Mum's the word!" And then he said, "How did you know I was the President?"

"I know you from your pictures," I said, and then I told him how I knew Mrs. Folsom and had seen his young wife, Mrs. Folsom's daughter, many times.

The next day he saw me there again and we talked some more. But he told me several times, "Mum's the word. I get so tired of Washington, so it's mum. Don't tell anyone I'm here."

At that time all working chaps who liked to talk politics and had any brains used to discuss Cleveland and argue about him. There was great enthusiasm about his independence, his businesslike methods and what the editorial writers called his "moral fury." It was told how he was never more elated than after he had thrown the presidency out of the window—a thing that he often did too. One of those times was when he wrote the famous anti-free-silver

(Continued on Page 47)

Figure 6

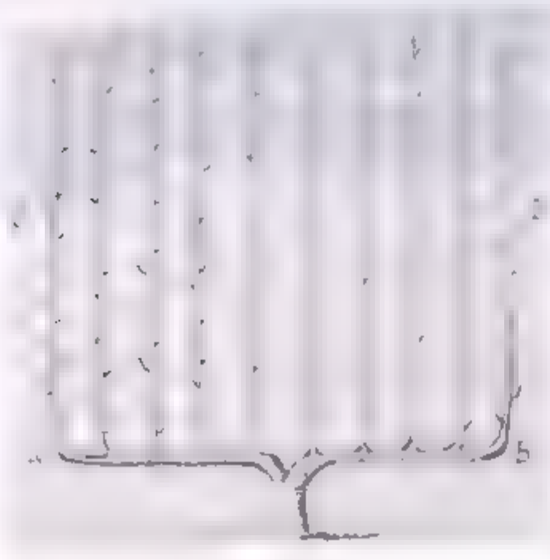


Figure 9

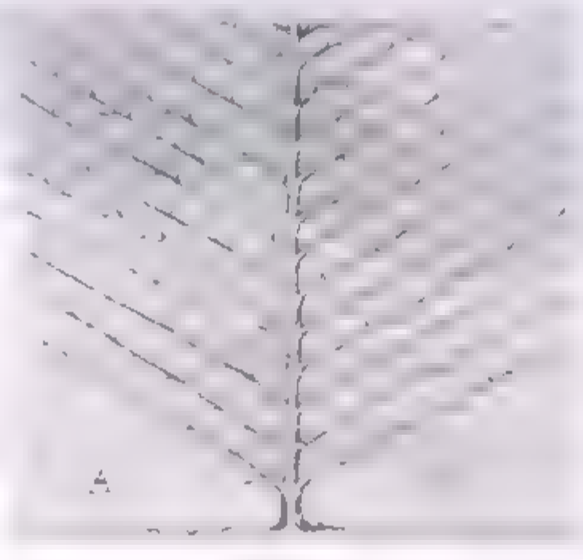


Figure 8

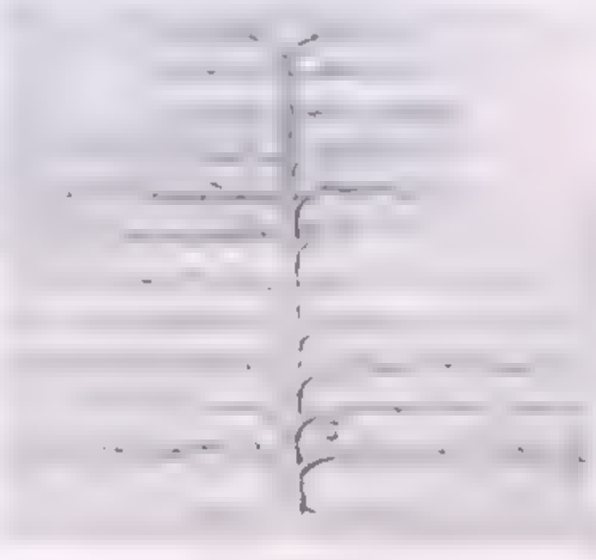


Figure 7

Figure 4

SILVER ANNIVERSARY BUICK—FIVE PASSENGER SEDAN

WHAT is so often said of Fisher—namely, that there is apparently no limitation upon its ability to surpass itself in attaining new heights of beauty and style—is again brilliantly exemplified in the triumphant new Buick with Body by Fisher

(Continued from Page 45)

letter in February, 1891. It was just at the wrong time. His advisers wanted him to keep silent—as he could have easily—but he wouldn't. And the shout went up from all over the country, from the machine men of the Democrats, that this was the end of Cleveland; this finished him! As for Cleveland—why, they say he was delighted. Whenever he had a chance to show the stuff in him he didn't have the slightest qualms or regrets. The politicians were wrong too. Ordinary folks liked that and reelected him.

And when I chatted with him that time, I have never seen such an unself-conscious-acting gentleman. He sat there in his little boat in the morning sunlight, fussing with some tackle and talking in a simple way in plain words of doings that were important all over the world, and naming great names; and suddenly with a shock I realized that he himself was the most important man in all these great international happenings. It gave a man a queer feeling. He seemed to have not the slightest idea of how important he was.

He told me his fishing trips were almost a duty, because they eased his mind, and that was what kept him alive. While on the water he could make his brain stop whirling, but as soon as he stepped on land again his cares would come crushing down on him again.

There were plenty of stories going around about his good nature and kind-heartedness. When fishing, they said, he limited the fish he caught to a reasonable number and he killed his fish as he caught them. Richard Watson Gilder used to tell how once Cleveland worried for days about a cat that he saw some boys chasing. He blamed himself for not getting off the street car and going to the defense of the poor cat. He hadn't done so because if it had been discovered who he was, it would have been so blooming conspicuous. And yet he kept worrying about it.

Cleveland's last words were: "I have tried so hard to do right." And from what we felt about him in the '90's, these words were his life in a nutshell.

Wild Beauty

ON THE place of Mr. George Westinghouse in Lenox, I made 100 acres of lawn. This Mr. Westinghouse was the inventor of the air brakes and the originator of the great company that now bears his name. He was a busy man; he never stopped to talk to anybody much. He was one of those geniuses—always working, you know—and he had a great workshop on his place, with dynamos and such things in it. When in the country he was always in his workshop.

But now for the lawn. It was the kind we liked in England—a velvet plain stretching to the horizon, unbroken, as far as possible, by paths, driveways, shrubs, with perhaps only an occasional magnificent tree—an oak, or an elm, or a great sycamore—on it. In Old England that was what we liked—a green plain, with trees and shrubs confined to its boundaries, where you could frolic and play golf, cricket, tennis and football, and have Maypole and morris dances in the real old-English fashion. I am sure that English lawns and English cricket have grown up together.

A lawn needs cricket and cricket needs a lawn—ten acres of it—with tough sod kept compact by rolling, so that it will not be torn up. I know that there were cricket teams on all the handsome places in England. The son and heir was usually the captain; his younger brothers, the clergyman's sons, the sons of coachmen, gardeners and tenants were the team.

To my mind, there is a tendency in these days to give too much lawn space to driveways and paths. The result is—especially on small places—that there are only segments and crescents of lawn. In these days of automobile worship many a fine place is most of it blue-stone driveways curving in and out and all over the place. But in the old days we didn't like driveways at all, because they gave off heat and dust, while grass gives off coolness and tranquillity and beauty like a carpet. On the finest old places in England the very minimum space would be given for drives and paths; shrubs, whose round dirt beds catch rubbish, were confined to the boundaries; the flower garden was a special plot in itself.

The Anson Phelps Stokes place at Lenox was called Shadow Brook Farm, after a stream that ran through it which had originally been named by Hawthorne. The Stokeses sold it eventually to Carnegie.

It was a grand place. There were seven or eight miles of bridle paths winding through its wild mountains. There were deer, foxes, rabbits, pheasants, swans and fancy ducks, eighty cattle and forty horses on it. Twenty families lived on the place and there were forty men working on it, not counting all the servants at the mansion. Moreover, Mr. and Mrs. Stokes had ten children and these had always dozens of friends visiting there. So it was a job to feed them all. Every few days we would send a wagonload of vegetables and a barrel of cider up to the house. The maid-servants had beaus visiting them from six miles around, on account of that fine cider.

Mrs. Stokes was the best manager I have ever known, and she had such a kind, interested way of smiling at you and questioning you that, talking to her five minutes, I would be telling her things in my life that I had never even thought of telling before. Many great ladies are so sudden and imperious in their demands on a gardener that he is always nervous and wondering what next. But not Mrs. Stokes. If she were going to give a party she would tell me, an entire month in advance, just exactly what she would want—what flowers and how many, what fruit and vegetables, what herbs for the French chef, how many spring turkeys, how many broilers and ducklings, how much venison.

Every morning she sent a list of all the requirements of the big house down to me, and every single radish I sent up to her I had to keep a record of. It was all in the books and it was known to the last penny what the profit and loss of the estate was. It was run like a perfectly organized business.

Some gentlemen like a place to be sleek and formal, but Mr. Stokes loved wild Nature best. So, behind the mansion on the rocky hillside, we had a wonderful rock garden. It had a hundred species of plants, for a rock garden, you know, can include wild flowers of other lands, provided they grow in a natural way and require the minimum cultivation. These, with the encouragement of a gardener, all establish strong colonies. There were narcissuses, lady's-slippers, violets, daffodils; and among these water came trinkling down over the bowlders from a mountain stream.

In Old England, you know, we used to classify the gardens into two kinds—the picturesque style and the geometrical style. By the picturesque style something quite definite was meant. The rock garden at the Stokeses' was this kind. It would be a duplicate in miniature of a beautiful and wild mountain scene.

The other sort of flower garden was the geometrical style. All great places had these. In Figure 1, on page 45, I show the design of the geometrical garden at Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The center is a fountain. The beds are divided from one another in this way: First a stone curbing three inches wide and rising four inches above the ground; then a strip of fine yellow gravel three inches wide; then an edging of box four inches wide, which is kept very low; and lastly another strip of gravel. Flowering plants proper are not planted in such beds, but low-growing things, about three inches high, of many colors and hues, such as yellow, green and red—alternanthera, mesembryanthemum, echeveria, cerastium, santolina, sempervivum, saxifraga, thyme, and so on. When complete, all must appear to the eye of the beholder like a well-balanced whole, like a fine big rug. The spaces between the large beds should be grass. Grass is so much more beautiful than gravel and so much pleasanter to walk on, and there were usually rose trees at regular intervals.

Now these rose trees I have not seen here in America, but there is no reason why they should not succeed here. In England they are charming, beautiful. This is the way they are grown:

Throughout Britain there is a vigorous rose called the dog rose, which grows wild along the hedges and the edges of woods. During the winter these are dug, gathered and trimmed to a stick about the size of a walking stick—say, three feet long. They are planted in nursery rows in good rich land. Then they are pruned—I shall tell about pruning later—in such a way that only the best shoots at the very top are allowed to grow. The rest are cut off close to the stem. By June these little shoots should be as big as a lead pencil. On them, buds or cions of various fine tame roses are grafted.

Shadow Brook Farm, Formerly the Estate of Anson Phelps Stokes, at Lenox, Massachusetts

A Cultured Disease

BY THE second year these little trees will have formed shapely heads, with big bright roses flourishing on them. And because of the vigorous nature of the original wild stock—the roots and stem—the supply of sap is abundant and the roses are larger, better and more numerous than those grown on their own roots. In the congenial English climate they will flower all summer. These little rose trees used always to be planted, six or eight feet apart, on both sides of the walk leading from the mansion to the flower garden.

Every alert gardener makes discoveries, but the credit usually goes to some book gardener.

One season, at Lenox, the roses began to fail. All of us were puzzling over it, and finally an English gardener, a friend of mine named Meredith, discovered tiny lumps on the roots of all the roses. At that, Meredith's employer, who appreciated him, made a special trip to New York and bought him a fine microscope—I bet he paid $100 for it—and examining these tiny lumps, Meredith discovered eel-like worms in them. Next Meredith found that wild roses were immune, and he was the very first to graft greenhouse roses of all varieties onto the Manetti wild-rose stock.

Well, a certain man, hearing of Meredith's discoveries, found out all about it and then wrote it all down in a bulletin and had it distributed. I have seen plenty of such fellows. I remember one particularly who annoyed me. He could talk like a streak of lightning, but he couldn't grow beans.

As I had become acquainted with Henry Ward Beecher at a flower show in Shrewsbury, England, so I became acquainted with the great Phillips Brooks at a flower show that I had organized in Pittsfield.

As long as I had been near Boston, every Sunday I went to hear him preach. The first time my brother and I sat on the main floor and I didn't feel a bit comfortable with so

(Continued on Page 175

CARTOON AND COMEDY

The Influence of Western Culture on Quiet Eastern Folks After Their Place Developed Into a Dude Ranch

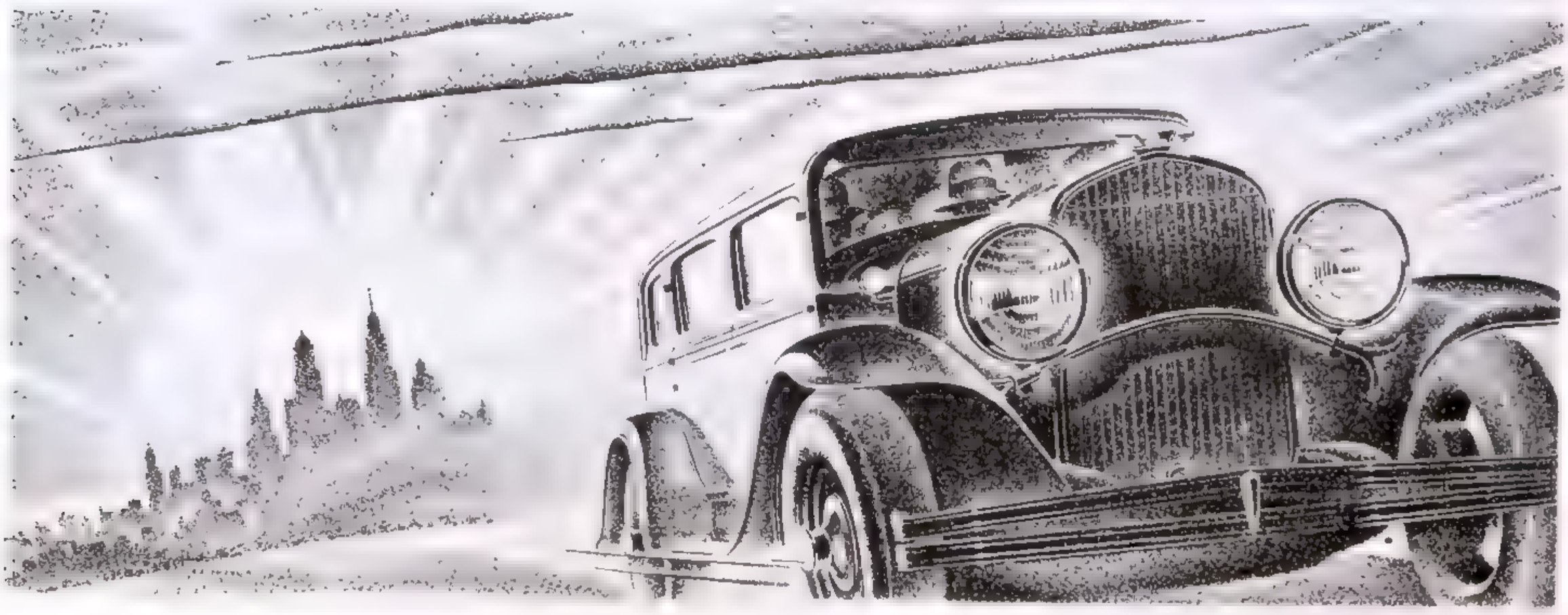
Willie, the Big Butter-and-Egg Man: "Go Easy, Girl Friend. The Guv'nor's Only Gave Me a Dime"

Italo-American Farmer: "Great Dolce Far Niente, I Told You Never to Carry All Your Eggs in One Basket!"

Insurance Agent About to Leave on His Vacation

Burglar's Wife: "What Good is All This Junk? How're We Ever Goin' Ter Get Rid of It?" Burglar: "Well, I Thought You Might Start a Gift Shoppe"

Not Chrysler— but the Chrysler *Public*



BROADLY speaking, the measure of any man's success is the size of the public behind him.

He grows as his public grows—as his acts are approved in increasing volume by an increasing public.

These few words tell almost all there is to the Chrysler story—or give, at any rate, the root-reason why Chrysler looms large on the motor car horizon. Chrysler is presenting at this moment a group of cars sparkling and shining with newness of performance and appearance—cars which have again captivated their public.

These brilliant new Chrysler cars have been in process of creation for two years—they will exert their influence upon the design of all other motor cars for several years to come.

Chrysler has never halted or hesitated, because Chrysler is free and has no obligations to anyone but its own public—no limit except the limit of its own creative powers, its own energy and enthusiasm, its own faith in the boundless resources of the nation—its own conviction that the world, the age and the day in which we live are quite literally and absolutely *all right.*

Chrysler quite frankly confesses its intention to try to surpass other cars and other manufacturers—quite frankly admits an enthusiastic ambition for continued leadership in value giving—quite frankly intends to leave nothing undone to earn and deserve and hold the greatest motor car public in all the world.

This, it seems to the Chrysler management, is the urgent need of every manufacturing institution which aspires to satisfy a swift-moving public—to realize that it *does* move, that yesterday is dead, that laurels wither, that today is gloriously alive, that tomorrow calls clamorously for greater and greater endeavor.

A SAGA OF THE SEA

A Furious Northwesterly Gale Held Them in Its Grip, Hurled Them Onward Under Reefed Topsails Over Hills and Valleys of Maddened Water

"Blow the Man Down!"—By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE crew of the American clipper ship Kestrel did not—the fact cannot be too strongly asserted—love their first officer. Mr. Naseby, twenty-three years of age and but newly in that rank, won in a meritorious progress aft from the foc'sle, was complacently aware of it. It was the correct thing for an efficient mate to be thoroughly hated by the sulky ruffianly aliens almost in totality composing the crew of every American ship. That ideal had been harshly ingrained into him by his own early experiences. He was youthfully proud to be regarded as authentically of that breed of down-easter bucko men drivers who were already a legend, proud of the sledge-hammer fist which substantiated his claim thereto. Indeed, he emphasized that truculence with an exaggerated vigor, perhaps, to the hypercritical, suggestive of a maturity not completely attained, of a suppressed and secret uncertainty of himself that needed the flattering reassurance of their hatred.

He could feel that hatred now as he leaned over the bows, watching which way the cable was growing as it came up drippingly from the muddy water of this side channel of the Canton River; was conscious as it were in his back of the murderous longing to tip him overboard, unanimous among the men tramping round and round at the capstan bars. They did not dare to do it, continued to shout, in a mingling of imperfect English accents, the vociferous chorus of the shanty given out in alternate solo lines by old Johnsen the carpenter:

"Oh, say was you ever in Ri-i-o Grande?"
"OH, YOU RIO!"
"It's there that the river runs down golden sand."
"FOR WE'RE BOUND TO THE RIO GRANDE."
"AND AWAY! YOU RIO! OH, YOU RIO!
SING FARE YOU WELL, MY PRETTY YOUNG GELS,
FOR I'M BOUND TO THE RIO GRANDE!"

The morning sun glittered on the disturbed surface of the water. Waiting a little ahead of them, ready to draw them out of the rank of naked-masted ships moored among the sampans swarming over the river, a paddle-wheel tug fussed, with steam hissing from the valve pipe abaft its high black funnel, the hawser slack between them. Fathom after fathom of mud-caked cable came up clear to enter the hawse hole as the shanty continued:

"Now, you Whampoa ladies, we'd have you to know,"
"OH, YOU RIO!"
"We're bound to the westward, O Lord, let us go!"
"WE'RE BOUND TO THE RIO GRANDE."
"AND AWAY! YOU RIO! OH, YOU RIO!
SING FARE YOU WELL, MY PRETTY YOUNG GELS,
FOR I'M BOUND TO THE RIO GRANDE!"

A little way along the river another American ship was also getting up anchor, her shanty heard in the interval of their own, and then again obliterated:

"And good-by, fare you well, all you ladies of town,"
"OH, YOU RIO!"
"We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown."
"FOR WE'RE BOUND TO THE RIO GRANDE."
"AND AWAY! YOU RIO! OH, YOU RIO!
SING FARE YOU WELL, MY PRETTY YOUNG GELS,
FOR I'M BOUND TO THE RIO GRANDE!"

The cable was up and down. He lifted his hand. "'Vast heaving!" The shanty stopped. The rough-looking men, barefooted, semiclad in trousers and vests, stood and mopped themselves at the capstan bars. He hailed the captain: "Anchor's apeak, sir!"

The captain's voice answered him—a pleasant voice with a definite Massachusetts accent:

"Break her out, Mr. Naseby!"

He turned again to the expectant men. "Heave! And put your backs into it! Heave, damn you—heave!" They pressed and strained at the bars, forcing the pawls from cog to cog. "Heave! And she comes! Heave! Oh, she gives! Heave! And she must! Heave! And bust her out!"

The hemp cable slackened suddenly from its extreme rigidity as the anchor jerked free from the bottom, the stock emerged from the yellow water, the muddy flukes became visible.

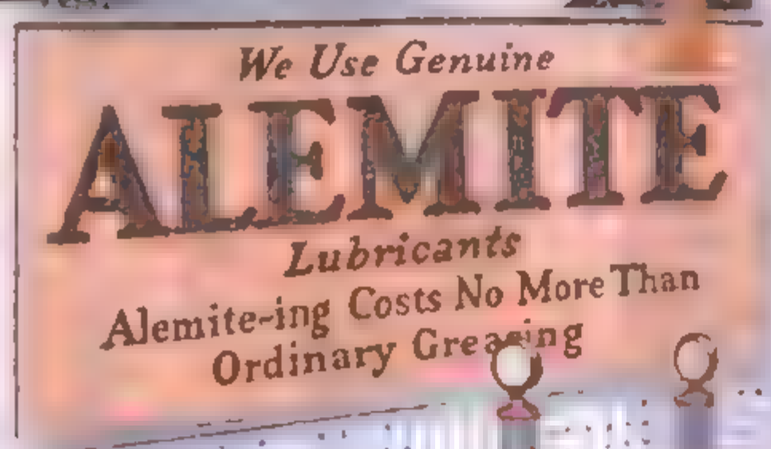
"'Vast heaving! Clear anchor, sir!"

The captain's voice was sonorous from the poop: "Tug ahoy! Go ahead!"

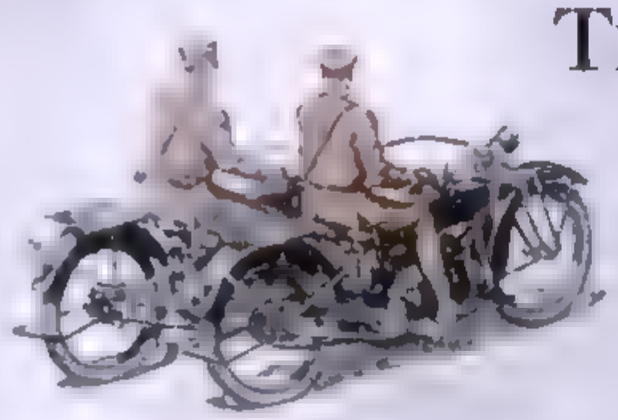
With a warning hoot to the clustering craft stern-waggled by pigtailed Chinamen, the tug's paddle wheels commenced to churn the flotsam-strewn, high-water slack, now almost at the ebb. The hawser tautened, shivered, threw off its moisture. The Kestrel drew slowly out into the broad stream. From some of the ranked ships, skeletal in their

(Continued on Page 53)

For Public PROTECTION



95% of the cars selling today — including the new Ford — are equipped with either the Alemite or Alemite-Zerk System. Both are equally efficient. In buying Alemite fittings be sure that the word "Alemite" is stamped on the body as shown above.



These Scientific Lubrication Stations— Genuine Alemite-ing Stations —Are EVERYWHERE Today

Avoid the Irresponsible "Greasing Station." 80% of All Repair Bills Are Due to Improper Lubrication. Remember This—*and Take Care*

SINCE the universal adoption of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating Systems on cars, thousands of irresponsible "greasing stations" have sprung up on every side.

Now to protect the public against improper greasing, cheap "greases," inefficient methods and needless repair bills, *genuine Alemite-ing Stations* have been installed throughout all of America. Stations where *Genuine Alemite Lubricants—made especially for the Alemite Systems—are used.* Stations where the mechanical service is first-class.

If your car is Alemite equipped, go to those stations. There is a great difference between having your car *Alemited* and just "greased."

By so doing, you avoid greases filled with acids and fillers. Greases that break down under heat and pressure. That "eat" bearings, make gears noisy and cars eternally full of squeaks. *Remember that 80% of all repair bills are due to improper lubrication or poor greases.*

Note the sign above. It marks the *safe* and *efficient* Alemite-ing Station. A service that makes old cars run like new; that cuts repair bills enormously and adds thousands of miles to the life of your car.

What to Ask For

Just drive in wherever you see one of these official Alemite signs and ask to have your car Alemited. The service consists of the following:

1. BEARINGS: Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. This lubricant is a pure, solidified oil that will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure (average grease breaks down under 200 pounds pressure). It resists heat up to 200°. And will lubricate bearings properly at 30° below zero. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles in your car from worn, corroded bearings.

2. GEARS: By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. Most of the grinding noise and rumbling you hear in the motor car comes from the use of cheap grease in transmission and differential. Such grease thins out in Summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry. The grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your motor.

The use of special Alemite Gear Lubricant usually adds 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running.

3. SPRINGS: Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

The above is what we mean by Alemite-ing your car. It is the easiest way to keep a motor car running sweetly. It is a service that will eliminate 80% of ordinary repair bills.

(Chassis bearings and springs should be lubricated every 500 miles. Gears every 2,500 miles.)

The Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2688 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

A New Service

Ask your dealer, garage or service man for details on the new Alemite Service. R. A. S.—Recorded Alemite Service.

A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the resale value of your car. A plan endorsed and sponsored by leading car dealers throughout the country . . . . R. A. S.—get details from dealer, garage or service stations.

—one good ring
may bring another

For doorbells, buzzers and general ignition uses

FOR RADIO: *You'll buy fewer and better dry cell "A" batteries if you insist on the Eveready Dry Cell Radio "A," No. 7111. This special cell, 1½ volts, is built by a new process and lasts unusually long in radio service.*

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
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EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries

–they last longer

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'Continued from Page 50

intricate tracery of rigging to the loftiness of masts and spars, their tackles busily swinging up tea chests from the sampans alongside, came a cheer to speed their departure. Those ships, like themselves, had run the Stars and Stripes to the peak. On the others, groups of officers and men looked over the bulwarks at them in gloomy silence. Those ships were British, and few of them were taking in cargo. For this was the tea season of 1851, hereafter to be famous.

Protected by the Cromwellian Navigation Laws, the shipping industry of England had been happily content to amble across the seas in the leisurely manner of the eighteenth century, in slow bluff-bowed craft whose higher canvas was, almost as a sacred precept, snugged down for the night; commanded only too often by uneducated old salts, ignorant of all but rule-of-thumb navigation. In their comfortable immunity from serious competition, they had contemptuously ignored the rival growing up in the Eastern states of the American seaboard. Thence, where the only aristocracy was a mercantile, and indeed a shipping, aristocracy, from the ports of Salem, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, a very different race of captains—often, if not in majority, cultured gentlemen—were taking out their ships to the strange places of the globe, returning laden with exotic products for the use of a rapidly expanding community. Those men neither loitered in port nor snugged down at sea; they drove their vessels under the greatest possible press of canvas night and day, turning over ventures with a maximum dispatch highly necessary for merchants perpetually menaced by the recurrent financial fevers of a young nation whose needs always outstripped its cash resources, creating a tradition of apparently reckless but superbly skillful seamanship without parallel.

Soon after the War of 1812, indeed, in the passenger trade of the Atlantic the hard-driven American sailing packets of the Black Ball, the Red Star, the Swallow Tail and other lines had all but sent the lumbering old British western wagons out of business, had achieved a monopoly—from 1840 imperfectly contested by the primitive Cunard steam packets—which was to continue well into the second half of the nineteenth century. Secure in their own world-wide monopolies of freight to and from a Europe of which England was the clearing house, the British shipowners had neglected such a trifle, had smiled derisively when at New York, in 1845, had been launched a ship which absurdly reversed the canons of marine architecture—long for her breadth, with her greatest beam well aft, and a bow that was narrow and concave to cut through the seas instead of broadly rounded to smash over them. Heavily sparred, driven as only a Yankee captain knew how to drive, her passages made her name suddenly famous throughout the world—the Rainbow, first of clipper ships.

And then various things had happened, all of them epoch-making. In 1849 the British Navigation Laws had been repealed; British shipping was suddenly exposed to anybody's competition. In 1848 a laborer discovered a gold nugget in a California mill race; by 1849 it seemed that the entire world had gone mad in a frenzy to reach the fabulous Eldorado. The Yankee shipowners put clipper after clipper into the water as fast as they could be built, and raced them round the Horn with passengers and cargo at rates that more than reimbursed their first cost ready for sea. Thence they had sent them across to China, there to load tea for New York and Boston.

In 1850 it had occurred to an enterprising firm that there was now nothing to prevent an American vessel discharging a Chinese cargo in London. The Oriental had been chartered, had made the passage in ninety-seven days—as against a usual one hundred and fifty to two hundred days by a British ship—had startled every shipowner in England into a panic of dismay—Admiralty draftsmen had been hurriedly put to take off her lines as she lay in dock—and had earned an additional 75 per cent on her first cost for her lucky owners. It was a revolution.

In the China tea trade, until 1834 the comfortably close preserve of the East India Company and thereafter of the merchants who had bought old John Company's ships, it was suddenly a case of American ships first and the rest nowhere. Tea—then almost uniquely derived from China—is a highly perishable commodity in aroma and flavor, and the first arrivals of the new crop commanded a high premium in a London market not yet demoralized by the coarse growths of India. In that year of 1851 a small fleet of American clippers had arrived across from Frisco, had been loaded immediately with freights at six pounds a ton, while the British tea wagons lay with empty holds vainly offering themselves at three pounds ten shillings a ton, or under. Thus it was that the Kestrel, from Frisco, after a racing passage round the Horn and then a racing passage across the Pacific, further imperiled the souls of a number of honest British mariners by exasperating them to a blistering profanity as they watched her being towed, her sails bent to the yards, but not yet loosed, down the low-shored muddy reach toward the open estuary of the Canton River, outward bound for London. They were vituperatively eloquent about Yankee hell ships, in which no self-respecting sailorman would sail—if he could help it.

Most of that crew which Mr. Naseby was now stimulating into alacrity had, emphatically, not been able to help it. Even as their predecessors out of Boston had been in majority dumped on board, helplessly drunk and drugged, by the crimps of the drinking shops and boarding houses, so these—replacing that villainous rabble which had promptly deserted for the mines in the ship-thronged port of the Eldorado—had been dumped aboard, insensible, at Frisco; seamen of various nationalities—Irish, Scandinavian, Western Islands, Portuguese—together with a bunch of shanghaied landlubbers.

Now, however, they were all—those who had not deserted in Whampoa—more or less efficient sailormen. That eight thousand miles across the Pacific, aided by the fists and boots of the mates, with a liberal allowance of belaying-pin soup and handspike hash, coupled with the knowledge that every officer had a six-shooter in his pocket which he would

Every Sail That Could be Set Had Been Piled on Her—Such a Crowd of Canvas as, at That Date, None But an American Skipper Dreamed of Carrying

be extremely prompt to use, had cured them of many delusions. They knew now that between an order and the impact of something hard there was the briefest interval, best employed in instant obedience. It was a discipline that, if brutal, was to a certain extent necessary. No kid glove officer could handle those ruffianly and often criminal deadbeats—the floating scum of the world—which a phenomenally expanding merchant marine had perforce to take into its service. All too few were the American lads in the foc'sle—young Cape Codders themselves assuredly to be officers and even skippers while yet in their early twenties—who provided a leavening of loyalty and eager efficiency in a calling which was ancestral to them.

Mr. Naseby pushed open the hatch of the foc'sle, peered into its gloom. There, lying in variety of prostrate and motionless attitudes as they had been hurled on top of one another, were half a score of men; the replacements shipped aboard by the crimps of Whampoa; still happily ignorant of the fact that they were on a ship and that the suavely smiling Li Chung of the Yellow Lotus tea house had drawn a first month's pay for each of them. The mate regarded them with a scowl. The odor which proceeded from them was not pleasant. He turned to one of the hands shipped from Frisco, a Portuguese from the Azores who had not succeeded in deserting and was now near him on the deck.

"Here, you, Pedro! Get a bucket of water and souse these swabs! Smart, now! And keep on till I tell you to stop! Drown the perishers!"

"Aye, aye, sar! Drown the perishers, sar!" The man answered with a cringing promptitude, sprang for a bucket. Dutifully, in a zeal perpetually conscious of the mate's ever-ready fist, he hurled bucketful after bucketful of water over the insensible wretches heaped on the floor.

Presently one of them stirred a little in returning consciousness. On the instant the mate leaped in among them, commenced to kick the man savagely with his heavy boot.

"Get up, you swab!" he yelled at him. "Get out on deck! Get out on deck or I'll kick the life out of you!"

The man sat up, blinked at him stupidly. Where was he? What—who —— The mate kicked him again. A gleam of comprehension came visibly into his befuddled mind. He scrambled awkwardly to his feet, lurched a little, and then with a horrible oath sprang at his tormentor. He did not reach him. Smack! The mate's great fist had shot out in a blow to the jaw. The man went headlong. Again the mate kicked him.

"You would, would you? I'll larn ye to lift a finger to me! By all the powers in hell, I'll cut the liver out of you if you so much as look it! Get up, there! Get up!" He emphasized each phrase with the toe of his boot. "Get up, or I'll kick your ribs in!" Breathing hard, his drug-white haggard face smeared now with blood, the wretch once more got slowly to his feet. The mate assisted him with another kick behind. "Get out on deck, and look lively!" Cowed and scared, the man lurched for the hatch, disappeared.

The mate turned his attention to the next of these water-drenched semi-corpses. "Get up, you scum!"

It took him the best part of an hour to restore animation, by this primitive if ultimately effective process, to the whole of those ten comatose, foul-smelling wretches. There had been the show of a knife and a first-class thrashing in the course of it. When the last of them had been booted staggeringly to the deck, the mate went aft to the captain on the poop.

The Old Man—he was, like most of the racing clipper captains, a young man still in his early thirties—stood talking with fat old Smidt, the expatriated Dutch pilot who would take them down below Hong-Kong. He greeted his officer with a pleasant smile that was a hint of white teeth through the clipped Vikinglike fair beard, a gleam from his gray-blue eyes.

"All clear for'ard, Mr. Naseby?"

The tone was the easy well-bred tone of a man of culture. Captain Morrieson, in fact, the son, grandson and great-grandson of a Boston merchant dynasty, was—like the celebrated Captain Philip Dumaresq of the Surprise, Captain Babcock of the Swordfish, Captain Low of the N. B. Palmer—one of those seamen of good family who were showing the world something entirely new in the way of merchant skippers.

Mr. Naseby was not yet sure how he was going to get on with him.

He himself had only joined at Frisco, vice a mate who had gone for a spree in that city of wooden shacks and beached hulks, where the only law was that spasmodically imposed by the Vigilance Committee, and had never more been heard of. Captain Morrieson had a quietly reserved manner which he could never completely fathom; had a way of giving him a searching look from those gray-blue eyes which was almost uncomfortably disconcerting. Somewhat unusual in Mr. Naseby's experience, he never himself swore at his crew or lifted his fist to them. But he was a first-class seaman, nevertheless. The passage across the Pacific had amply proved it. Mr. Naseby swung himself free of these thoughts, reported succinctly that he had got the new hands on deck.

"And scum they are, sir," he added. "One of 'em drew a knife on me."

The captain nodded. "The usual rabble. Can't help it, Mr. Naseby. We must do our best with what we can get these times."

The mate growled bad-temperedly. The fellow with the knife had very nearly ripped up his bowels with the formidable New Orleans trick.

He was at the same time uncomfortably conscious that it had sounded like weakness in him to mention it.

"I'll make sailors or cat's meat out of 'em, sir," he said, in that exasperation, "by the time we reach London."

Captain Morrieson's pleasant smile renewed itself.

"Go easy, Mr. Naseby. I'm not Bully Waterman, you know." He referred to what, in their world, was the sensation of the day. In San Francisco they had left that famous clipper captain under arrest—and barely rescued from a vengeful mob—on charges of having brutally murdered several of his crew during the voyage round the Horn. "Most of the hands have settled down now, and they will set an example to the rest. And you'll find by experience that violence is not always the best way to get the best out of men."

Mr. Naseby dutifully remained silent, but he pressed his lips together. The skipper was soft with the men—there was no doubt about that. He hated soft skippers—the sort that let their mates do the dirty work and never backed them up when there was trouble. There was a resentful hostility in that silence to which he was compelled.

Captain Morrieson was equably unaware of it. He turned to resume his conversation with old Smidt.

"Yes, captain," said the old pilot, spilling his cheroot ash down the dirty clothes inelegant on his fat body, "dose British skippers—dey cannot pelief deir eyes. It is sometings dey nefer tought possible dat Yankee ships sail mit tea for London. To dem it is de end of all tings." He swung round to the man at the wheel. "Port your helm a little. Keep her on de tug's quarter. Dere is current here."

The channel broadened. Astern of the fussily churning tug, the Kestrel glided onward, glided at last out into the vast estuary of the Canton River. A northerly breeze ruffled the surface of the river. Captain Morrieson asked a question of the pilot, received a gutturally acquiescent answer. He turned again to his subordinate.

"We'll cast off the tug, Mr. Naseby. Loose sail fore and aft."

"Aye, aye, sir!" The mate went forward from the poop, vociferated: "All hands loose sail!"

A moment later the deck was a scene of busy activity. Aloft, men were scrambling up the ratlines, were lying out upon the yards. He himself attended particularly to the foremast, while the second mate—Stembridge, a hatchet-faced young man likewise taken on at Frisco, whither he had returned from diggings that had disastrously swallowed his grubstake, as probably they would that of the man he replaced—superintended the mainmast and mizzen under the eye of the skipper. He roared at them, with vehement fluent oaths:

"Lay out there and loose the heads'ls! You, I'm talking to, you lazy lump of lobscouse!" He hit the laggard brutally with the belaying pin which had come naturally into his hand. "Jump, when I speak! Jump, or I'll crack your thick skull! Fore-tops'll yard there! Down from aloft there, you slugs! D'you want me to come up after ye! Down from aloft, you ——! Sheet home your fore-tops'l! Now then, fore-tops'l halyards! Lay onto 'em, my bullies, lay onto' em! Shantyman, there, strike a light! Cheerily now! Run away with 'em! Long pulls, men!"

The shantyman sang out the first line, while the crew tailed onto the halyards, shouted the alternate chorus:

"Then up aloft that yard must go!"
"WHISKY FOR MY JOHNNIE!"
"Oh, whisky is the life o' man!"
"WHISKY, JOHNNIE!"
"I thought I heard the old man say."
"WHISKY FOR MY JOHNNIE!"
"We're bound away this very day."
"WHISKY, JOHNNIE!"
"A dollar a day is a white man's pay."
"WHISKY FOR MY JOHNNIE!"

"Belay your fore-tops'l halyards! Aloft there! T'gallant yard! Loose those gaskets! Loose them, I say—not play with 'em! Jump to it, ye splay-footed sons of ——! Jump to it or I'll boot ye!" The men ran in fear at that hoarsely stentorian voice, shrinking from the menace of his ever-ready belaying pin and boot. "Well, belay t'gallant halyards! Fore-royal there! . . . What in hell are you doing with that buntline? Fore-skys'l yard! Have you gone to sleep? Shake it out! Shake it out, or I'll shake the soul out of ye! Wake up, you there, with the jib sheet!" That was the way to get things done, for all the nonsense of namby-pamby skippers. No violence, indeed! These men were just brutes to be driven.

The second mate was similarly vociferating at the men setting the sails on the main. Another shanty was started. The main-tops'l yard rose in quick jumps to the robust tune:

"Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down!"
"WAY-AY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"
"Oh, blow the man down in the Liverpool town."
"GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"

"As I was a-walking down Paradise Street"
WAY-AY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"
"A saucy young p'liceman I chanced for to meet."
"GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"

"Says he, 'You're a Black Baller by the cut of your hair.'"
"WAY-AY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"
"'I know you're a Black Baller by the clothes that you wear.'"
"GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"

"'You've sailed in a packet that flies the Black Ball.'"
"WAY-AY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"
"'You've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots, clothes and all.'"
"GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"

"'Oh, p'liceman, oh, p'liceman, you do me great wrong.'"
"WAY-AY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"
"'I'm a clipper-ship sailor just home from Hong-Kong.'"
"GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"

"They gave me three months in the Liverpool jail,"
"WAY-AY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"
"For booting and kicking and blowing him down."
"GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN!"

They sang with zest this shanty which had no reference to the wind; in their vernacular, "blow" was the equivalent of "knock," and the third mate was, traditionally, the "blower and striker."

The three immensely tall masts of the ship became clothed with white canvas, broadening symmetrically down from tiny skysails to the huge span of the courses. By the cut and trim of her sails alone any sailorman could have told that she was American. No other mercantile marine had even begun to imitate that fine quality, strongly woven cotton cloth, fitted with an exact precision, in contrast to the slovenly loose wind bags generally characteristic of other nationalities. Now, under all plain sail, braced to taut bowlines which gave the weather leeches the rigidity of the cleaving edge of a bird's wing, the Kestrel heeled to the fresh breeze, slipped through the water that murmured along her sides. The tug was already far in the distance astern. The mountains around Hong-Kong could be discerned ahead.

"Muster the men aft and pick watches, Mr. Naseby," said the captain. "And while they're here, send the carpenter and the bos'n into the foc'sle to rummage their kists for weapons."

They were twenty-one days out from Whampoa. Before a changeable northeast monsoon not yet at its height, the Kestrel had sailed down through the China Sea, had threaded through the islands and reefs on the northwest coast of Borneo, had signaled herself at Anjer on the Strait of Sunda ten days after departure, had left the land behind with Java Head, and was now on the long straight slant across the Indian Ocean toward the Cape of Good Hope. Already they had picked up the southeast trades. Alow and aloft, she was a picture of beauty as she sped before them. Every sail that could be set had been piled on her—such a crowd of canvas as, at that date, none but an American skipper dreamed of carrying.

In addition to the skysails, the royals, the topgallants, the topsails above the courses on her three masts; in addition to the staysails between them and the fore-topmast staysail, jibs and flying jib down to her bowsprit, port studding sails had been rigged from the royals down on fore and main, had been further supplemented with ring tails and water sails in a maximum of effective spread. Her tall well-raked masts bending a little under that immense leverage, her lee scuppers foamingly awash, every taut sheet and stay wind-plucked to a diversely toned song of speed, she bounded like a vibrant living thing over the intensely blue waves where the flying fish skitted over the surface to a sharp sideways turn at the end of their short flight from their underwater enemies.

On the deck, holystoned to the whiteness of a yacht, its brasswork dazzling in the sun, the port watch was busy at its never-ending tasks—some painting spars and bulwarks, some assisting the carpenter to make those reserve spars of which a clipper could never have too many, some helping the sailmaker to cut out and sew the spare sails they would surely need, some splicing and serving new running gear. Small rest indeed had the crew of a clipper racing against time. Alert on the weather side of the poop, Mr. Naseby kept his eye on them, taking it from them only in the brief instants when he cocked it aloft to assure himself that all was well with those great towering pyramids of sail. He believed in

(Continued on Page 205)

*If any one of these four—the first Americans to be saved from hydrophobia by the Pasteur treatment—should read this, we would be very glad to have a letter from him.

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

3,000 miles to save four young lives

One day in the year 1885, a mad dog rushed upon a group of laughing American children—and left four little lads* facing practically certain death from hydrophobia.

Scarcely a month before, Louis Pasteur, the famous French scientist, had done what the world had believed impossible—he had demonstrated a method for preventing hydrophobia. Already he had saved several lives.

But Paris was 3,000 miles away—a twelve-day voyage in 1885. Was there time to save these four boys?

"Send the children at once!"

When their doctors cabled for hope, Pasteur replied: *"Envoyes les enfants toute de suite"*—(send the children at once).

And so Patsy and Eddie and Austin and Willy sailed for the Old World. When the ship docked at Havre, they were rushed to Paris and the laboratory of Pasteur.

Each day for ten days they were given gradually increased amounts of the life-saving vaccine. As they felt the tiny needle-scratch, they wondered, "Is this all we've come such a long way for?"

But they had come for—and received—life itself. The disease never developed. Safe home at last, they never forgot the simple, kindly man whom they had learned to call "Papa Pasteur."

The fortress against hydrophobia (rabies)

Since 1885 Medical Science has simplified and otherwise improved Pasteur's original method, so that today preventive treatment against hydrophobia can be given without delay by any qualified physician right in the patient's own home.

If your child is bitten by a dog, notify your doctor at once. And, if possible, have the dog securely locked up—alive—where it can be observed for symptoms of rabies.

Your doctor will tell you that anti-rabic vaccine as prepared in the Parke-Davis laboratories is so effective and so simple to administer that when used promptly there need be no cause for alarm.

May we send you a little booklet called *Fortresses of Health*, which tells how your doctor is equipped today to fight your battle of health against hydrophobia and many other once-dreaded diseases? Send your request to Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Mich.; Walkerville, Ontario; or London, England.

A PERSONAL NOTE

Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

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The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

DO you realize that you are just as deeply interested in your favorite neighborhood theatre as the owners and managers themselves? Do you realize that you are the ones who keep the neighborhood theatre alive and prosperous? And that the managers who accede to your wishes must first know what those wishes are? When you read in this column of Universal's romantic and dramatic productions, don't you know that by simply making a request you can have them brought to your neighborhood? You will always find your favorite theatre coöperative, not resentful. Try it.

—C. L.

Good News! You won't have to wait much longer for *"Uncle Tom's Cabin."* It will soon be in your neighborhood. This is the all star cast such players as MARGUERITA FISHER, GEORGE SIEGMANN ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, JAMES B. LOWE (America's greatest colored actor) LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD MONA RAY and others.

Jean Hersholt in "Jazz Mad"

Ask your favorite theatre for *"The Man Who Laughs."* All audiences here and abroad have enthused over it I know you will

Ask your favorite theatre to get *"Phyllis of the Follies,"* a daring backstage story, starring MATT MOORE and ALICE DAY.

Marian Nixon in "Silks and Saddles"

Ask your favorite theatre to get *"Jazz Mad,"* Sven Gade's great story featuring JEAN HERSHOLT, GEORGE LEWIS and the charming MARIAN NIXON

Ask your favorite theatre to get *"The Night Bird,"* another high-class REGINALD DENNY picture which I am confident will afford you the kind of entertainment you are always seeking. DENNY seldom misses hitting the bull's-eye.

Ask your favorite theatre to get *"Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"* starring BESSIE LOVE and TOM MOORE

George Lewis in "The Collegians"

Ask your favorite theatre to get *"The Last Warning,"* a thrilling mystery story—which I am safe in saying is even greater than *"The Cat and the Canary,"* and starring LAURA LA PLANTE.

Write to me for a list of Universal Productions for the Fall and Winter of 1928-29 so you can keep track of the fine pictures we are making—the names of the stories—the names of the authors and the stars. In this way you can prepare your own season of entertainment. I'll answer you at once

Carl Laemmle, President

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

Thousands of people are making collections of photographs of big scenes from Universal Pictures. To meet this demand Universal will send photographs of scenes from *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* as follows: Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Getting On in the World

SO IT SEEMS

The Cash Customer

IT WAS Sunday evening. My friend had just met me at the hotel and we were going to dinner, then to a theater.

"Perhaps I'd better cash a small check," he mentioned, leading the way into a busy drug store at the corner. Although the store was locally owned, the concern had a chain of several similar establishments in the city, and men often shifted from one store to another. My friend walked up to the employe nearest the cash register, proffered the check and asked that he be given the cash for it.

The clerk examined the paper skeptically and, as if he was uncertain of the signature, asked my friend his name. He then searched through a sort of card index under the counter near the cash register, and his face clouded.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, handing back the check, "but we don't seem to have your name on our account list, so I'm not allowed to cash it. If you would care to come back later the manager will be in. Maybe he can do something for you."

Amazed and visibly embarrassed, my friend opened his mouth to vent his thought, but instead his face whitened and he turned on his heel toward the door.

After we were on our way he remarked, "I suppose you noticed how well my patronage is appreciated there. Why, I've been buying nearly all my medicines and sundries from this chain of stores for more than two years. I buy nearly half of them from this one store. Yet they refuse to cash a little ten-dollar check because I have no account there!

"Soon after our marriage my wife and I, both being sorely inexperienced in the value of money and good credit rating, went through something of an orgy of spending. We opened accounts wherever we needed them and bought freely. At the height of this buying craze I lost my job. It took us nearly a year to clear ourselves of these debts, thoughtlessly contracted. After that we vowed that we would pay as we went. It looks as if merchants would appreciate cash customers, but this experience proves to me that they don't.

"I suppose the man who delivers my milk every morning could go down to this drug store, open an account and cash as many checks as he wishes! Can it be that merchants no longer desire to do business on a cash basis?"

Seemingly there is some ground for this man's skepticism. The average store does favor the credit customer over the one who pays cash. Thereby these merchants really discourage thrift, and to discourage thrift harms business, in the final analysis.

In spite of the phenomenal progress made by the installment plan of buying during the past few years, there still are millions of thrifty men and women in America who would rather remain on the safe side and pay as they go, especially when it comes to the purchase of ordinary necessities like food, clothing and sundries. Although the average-salaried person or even the moderately successful business or professional man cannot always pay cash for his larger purchases, like homes, automobiles and furniture, many still cling religiously to their determination to pay cash for all ordinary needs and thereby stay at least within reach of debt freedom.

Although installment business is now calculated by the billions of dollars, the fact remains that there is no substitute for cash. There is no business quite so good as a cash business, whether the seller be manufacturer, distributor or retailer. Cash speaks a universal language, understood by all. Still, the credit customer is almost always favored over the man or woman with cash in hand.

A few years ago a Washington, D. C., department store conceived an idea for holding a private sale in its shoe section in advance of the announcement of the sales event to the general public. The shoe department printed a supply of circulars advertising the clearance sale, and in a conspicuous box in the center of the page it announced that the three days just preceding the opening of the sales event would be devoted to a private showing of stock to regular customers; but the only regular customers who received this announcement were those who had accounts on the company's books. The scores of good cash customers did not know about the sale until it was announced in the newspapers, three days after the charge customers began picking over the stock and selecting the choice bargains. The cash customers had no advantage over the stranger who had never seen the store.

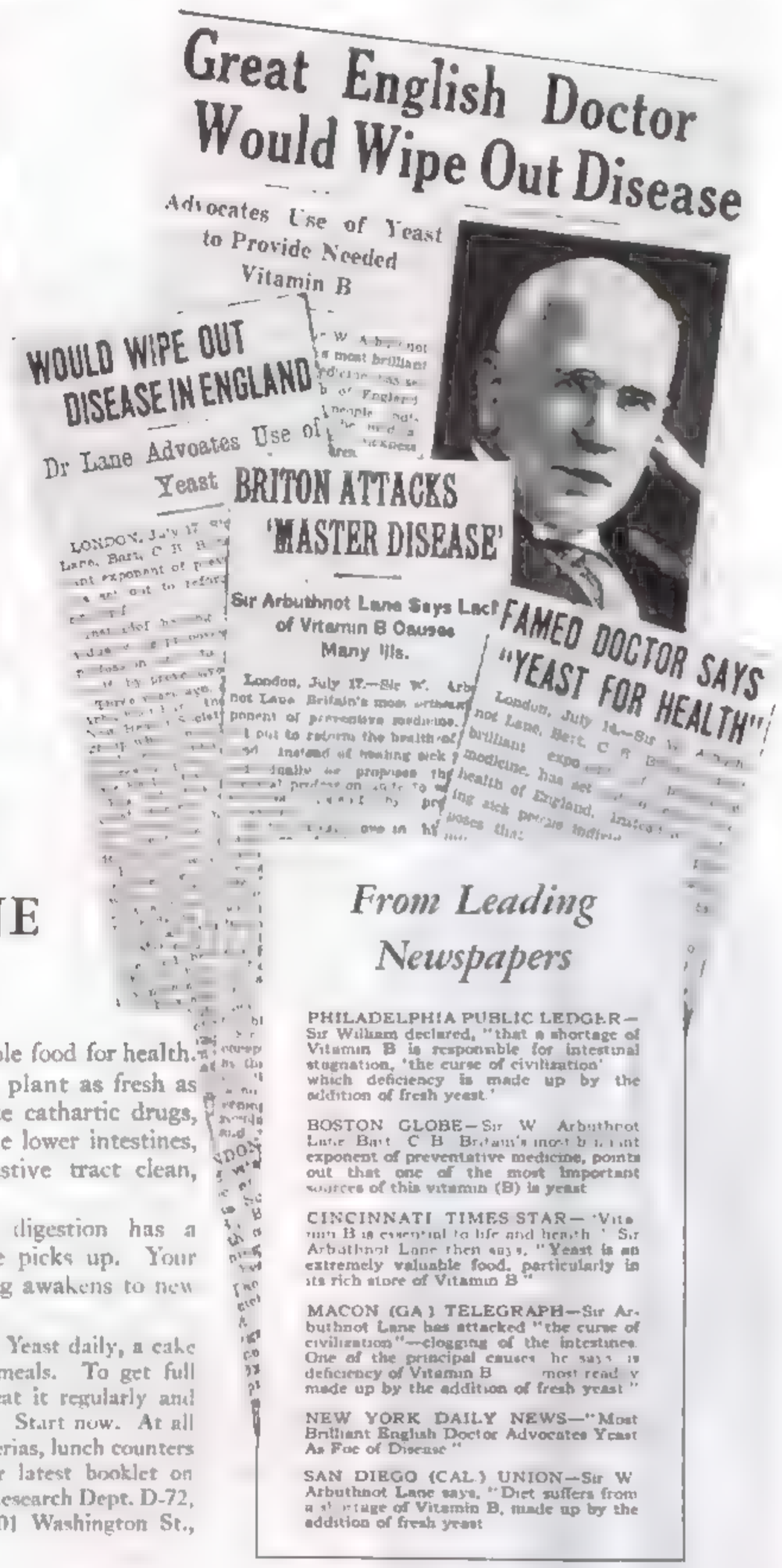
(Continued on Page 213)

"Civilization's curse can be conquered," says famous British M. D. in press interviews

Lafayette Ltd., London

SIR WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE

Bart., C. B.


Great English Doctor Would Wipe Out Disease
Advocates Use of Yeast to Provide Needed Vitamin B
WOULD WIPE OUT DISEASE IN ENGLAND
Dr Lane Advocates Use of Yeast
BRITON ATTACKS 'MASTER DISEASE'
Sir Arbuthnot Lane Says Lack of Vitamin B Causes Many Ills.
FAMED DOCTOR SAYS "YEAST FOR HEALTH"
From Leading Newspapers
PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER—Sir William declared, "that a shortage of Vitamin B is responsible for intestinal stagnation, 'the curse of civilization' which deficiency is made up by the addition of fresh yeast.'
BOSTON GLOBE—Sir W Arbuthnot Lane Bart C B Britain's most brilliant exponent of preventative medicine, points out that one of the most important sources of this vitamin (B) is yeast
CINCINNATI TIMES STAR—'Vitamin B is essential to life and health.' Sir Arbuthnot Lane then says, "Yeast is an extremely valuable food, particularly in its rich store of Vitamin B."
MACON (GA.) TELEGRAPH—Sir Arbuthnot Lane has attacked "the curse of civilization"—clogging of the intestines. One of the principal causes he says is deficiency of Vitamin B most readily made up by the addition of fresh yeast."
NEW YORK DAILY NEWS—"Most Brilliant English Doctor Advocates Yeast As Foe of Disease"
SAN DIEGO (CAL.) UNION—Sir W Arbuthnot Lane says, "Diet suffers from a shortage of Vitamin B, made up by the addition of fresh yeast

Three years ago **SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE** ***founded with the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith and other prominent Britons the now famous New Health Society, which is teaching millions how to lead healthier lives. Baronet, Companion of the Bath and Chevalier of Legion of Honor, Sir Arbuthnot has won these distinctions in his field: Fellow, Royal College of Surgeons; President, Fellowship of Medicine; Consulting Surgeon Guy's Hospital and Hospital for Sick Children; creator of universally adopted surgical methods.***

WHEN Sir William Arbuthnot Lane speaks the world listens!

In a recent interview Sir Arbuthnot made the startling statement that constipation is "civilization's greatest curse." American newspapers reported his message in prominent space!

In this interview Sir Arbuthnot reflects the view of enlightened medical opinion *health through natural corrective foods.* One of the most important of these foods, many doctors agree, is fresh yeast.

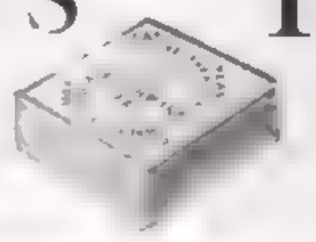
In a recent survey throughout the United States half the doctors reporting said they prescribed this remarkable food for health.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a plant as fresh as any garden vegetable. Unlike cathartic drugs, which merely "scour out" the lower intestines, yeast keeps the entire digestive tract clean, active—healthy.

When constipation goes, digestion has a clear track ahead! Appetite picks up. Your skin clears. Your whole being awakens to new vigor and alertness!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake before each meal or between meals. To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Start now. At all grocers, and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-72, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH



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Try a Swan Pen. Let it prove itself the smoothest, easiest writing pen you've ever touched to paper. Make your own test of its faultless writing qualities. You'll recognize immediately what a difference the hand-made Swan nib makes in the way this pen writes. What's more, its smooth, effortless response will not vary with time and use. Many Swan Pens are still performing perfectly after twenty, thirty, even forty years of active writing service!

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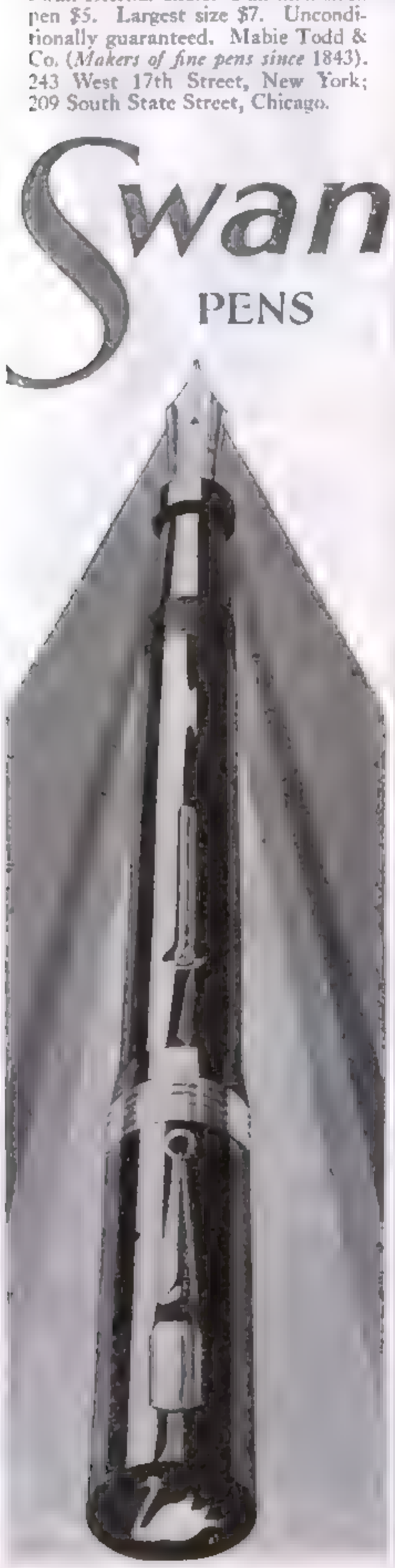


PLAIN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 42)

when I most certainly had none—very early in my career. After we had been issuing the daily in Atchison two or three years we started a weekly edition, printing it on an old hand press I happened to own. An opposition paper heard of it and made fun of me, saying I had ambition beyond my ability.

One day a copy of the weekly came back from a newspaper in a distant city with this notation on the margin, written in pencil:

Returned; nothing in it.

Thirty-seven paragraphs had been cut from it, and these later appeared in that same paper, which was for years my regular and perhaps too generous patron. This was my first taste of fame.

I attended the San Francisco Exposition first at night, and saw this sentence in electric lights on top of a building:

Better Be Safe Than Sorry

That came into my mind long before as a reporter in Atchison, and I wrote it. I see the sentiment almost every day now. I may sometime find it in a book written before I was born—that has happened. But so far I am encouraged to believe I have contributed one saying to the world which has attracted its attention and favor.

The great bulk of my paragraphs have, of course, been insignificant. I once compiled a book of them, and rejected certainly ninety out of every hundred, and those I retained have never attained the distinction of a best seller. A good paragraph a month is a favorable record for a busy writer.

If I have been able to write an occasional acceptable paragraph, I am entitled to no credit; they come into my mind almost complete—if they did not I could not write them. When I am compelled to dig to fill a page, I fail. In the old days on the Atchison Globe I wrote all day—sometimes more than a hundred different pieces of copy, long and short. Fortunately for me, some of these were liked. A record was once kept in the Globe office without my knowledge, and it developed that I really supplied a lot of copy—one day seven ordinary newspaper columns.

I wrote the paragraphs to fill up on dull days, and most days have been dull in my long experience as a reporter. I hear of newspaper offices now where much condensing is necessary, but with me there was never enough legitimately going on to fill the paper. My first attempt at writing a story I set direct from the case in Atchison. It was called The Spirit Child, and a man who kept a store in the room below the office told me he had shed tears over it.

With present facilities for collecting news, possibly newspaper men believe too much in fillers. Should I be placed in charge of a model newspaper, with ample capital to meet losses, I doubt if I would encourage the specialty I practiced so long. Many newspapers have several special writers occupying space to the detriment of legitimate news, which, of course, is the main idea. I once knew a newspaper which had so many reporters writing special and sometimes trifling things that it was badly crippled, the news was so much neglected. It is a question I am not able to decide—probably no one is. I have observed that some of the New York newspapers have several "colyumists," while others do equally well without them. Readers disagree as widely as publishers. The work of a certain specialist is now appearing in a large number of the best newspapers, and I know plenty of men who thoroughly dislike the daily feature of this highly paid man. How many dislike it I do not know, but I have heard almost no one express approval. Yet the man has more fame than I ever had; my work may have angered many and pleased few.

It was often said that although I received frequent offers of promotion from the big newspapers, I was content to remain in the country. The latter statement is true. I have steadily preferred to live in the small town where I began, but never received an offer to work on a big newspaper except occasional invitations to write special articles. Two reporters on the Globe, both of them women, were invited to go to big cities, but I had no such distinction. I don't believe I could work on a city newspaper; I wouldn't know where to begin or what to do.

Very often I was told I was wasting my time in a small town, but it wasn't true; for a long time my income from the Atchison Globe averaged twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

I never had visions of enlarging my field except once, and that was a mistake. I bought a failing paper in Kansas City, fifty miles away, but never actually took charge, owing to the failure of a bank and trust company which was custodian of funds I intended to use in financing the venture. That failure robbed me of my savings for the years I had lived in Atchison, but I have since concluded the bank failure was actually a fortunate thing for me—that I could not have succeeded in Kansas City. A perfecting press had gone with the deal. This I took to Atchison, went to work with more vigor and content than ever before, and soon worked out of a very bad mess.

Several years later a man who did not know about the experience said to me, "You are wasting your time in Atchison; you should be in Kansas City."

It was a compliment I did not deserve, and caused me to blush. My son Eugene made a success of taking over another paper, but I do not believe I could have done it. He now has a larger income than I ever had, and you may be sure I am not envious.

Melville E. Stone, long-time head of the Associated Press, once said to me, "Why aren't you a good newspaper man like your son Jim?" At the time Jim was making a fine record with the Associated Press in Russia, and I was proud of that too.

One experience in Kansas City I shall never forget. That was in the day when railroad passes were granted freely to editors. I wanted a pass to New York, where I was going to complete some detail of the purchase, and was refused in the name of the Kansas City paper. But the man said if I made the request from the Atchison Globe it would be granted. I have long believed there are plenty of warnings before mistakes are made. I was amply warned before making the Kansas City venture and blame no one but myself.

Had I properly handled the money I made on the Atchison Globe, I would have been a rich man now; but being busy with the newspaper, I neglected my finances to such an extent that whenever I had money, it resulted, I may almost say, in a row as to what rogue should get it. A man may keep the money he honestly earns, if he is careful, which I never was. I emphasize the importance of watching everybody—the man who is honest may be careless. But I have saved enough from the wreck to cause me to hope I shall never be dependent—a thing I am very touchy about.

I once knew very well a very interesting old gentleman of eighty-six. He had been a preacher in his younger days and told a curious story of leaving the ministry. A member of his congregation was a man of distinction and intelligence, but not on the church rolls. The two were very close friends, and one evening the pastor asked his friend why he had never joined the church. The friend did not like it very well, and they talked until midnight about religion. The result of the talk was that the pastor never again entered a pulpit or church, securing a position as reader for a publishing house at a greatly reduced salary. From this start he was able to save enough to keep him in his old age. He told me a good deal about his sons and their wives and his daughters and their husbands—an old story, for I have long known the old are not popular.

"If I should become dependent," the old gentleman said to me, "I should commit suicide."

It was unnecessary; he died peacefully at ninety-one. I do not see fit to give the man's name, although it is an honorable one. I will only add that of all the old people I have ever known, he was the most agreeable, intelligent and best groomed. It is a pity millions did not know him, he became old so gracefully.

I once wrote a story detailing how an old fellow employed three nurses to attend him in eight-hour shifts that he might die like a gentleman. Previously his children had persuaded him to live with a favorite daughter, but he soon quarreled violently with her husband, hobbled from the house with bedclothes wrapped about him and employed strangers to look after him.

And he found the strangers very kind they usually are, if one is able to pay union wages for what he requires. Dying is dreadful enough at best, but the most pitiful stories I have heard during a long life have concerned old men who were not able to die like gentlemen and pay their own way.

XXV

I DOUBT if anyone is able to write an autobiography without exhibiting considerable vanity, however modest the performances he tells about, but readers of this will not find me claiming ability as a public speaker. I have appeared before audiences a good many times and have always been ashamed afterward. An audience frightens me. It is almost the exact truth that in my earlier experiences I did not know what I was talking about when on my feet. I am naturally a poor talker, and get it honestly. I have heard my father regret, in his sermons, he had not the gift to tell better what was in his mind. I think that most men who attempt public speaking have stage fright, or are unable to think while on their feet. Only a few have this ability, and some of those have no ability beyond an easy flow of words.

I was once talking with a prominent man who had made a speaking tour under professional management, and was surprised to hear him launch into violent abuse of public speakers. He said they were all bores, and lectures one of our most pronounced public ills. This meant that the man I was talking to had suffered misery during his tour and was thoroughly ashamed of the experience. It also meant that the man realized that he was a failure as a public speaker, for the few good ones find pleasure as well as profit in the business.

The nearest I ever came to making a good talk in public was many years ago in a Western town where I had been lured by a professional manager. I did not accept all he said about the clamor of the people everywhere to hear me, but accepted too much of it, as most people do in presence of compliments. The opera house, a new and really considerable edifice, had been secured and the audience was composed of not to exceed thirty people; most of them men, I recall, which I thought strange, since it is usually women who make up lecture audiences. They become tired of staying at home and are more willing than men to take a chance on amusement in the evening.

I knew soon after my arrival in town that everything was going wrong. The citizen who had made the guaranty was mad, realizing he had been victimized, and had engaged in a violent quarrel with my manager. My advertising had attracted one man who had heard of me, and he called on me at the hotel, from the windows of which I could see the opera house brilliantly

(Continued on Page 60)

They may *look* alike – *but* . . .

POOR melons may look good *outside*, but it is only when you cut into them that you can discover their quality.

When you buy lamps you can be *sure* of getting the highest quality. Look for the name MAZDA. The high quality of Edison MAZDA Lamps is a result of many years of scientific research. Because of their extra quality, Edison MAZDA Lamps give more light for the same cost of current than is produced by lamps that do not bear the name MAZDA.

It is a real convenience to get Edison MAZDA Lamps in cartons. With six to the carton, safely packed, you can always have high quality lamps handy when sockets need refilling.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to the use of the name MAZDA.

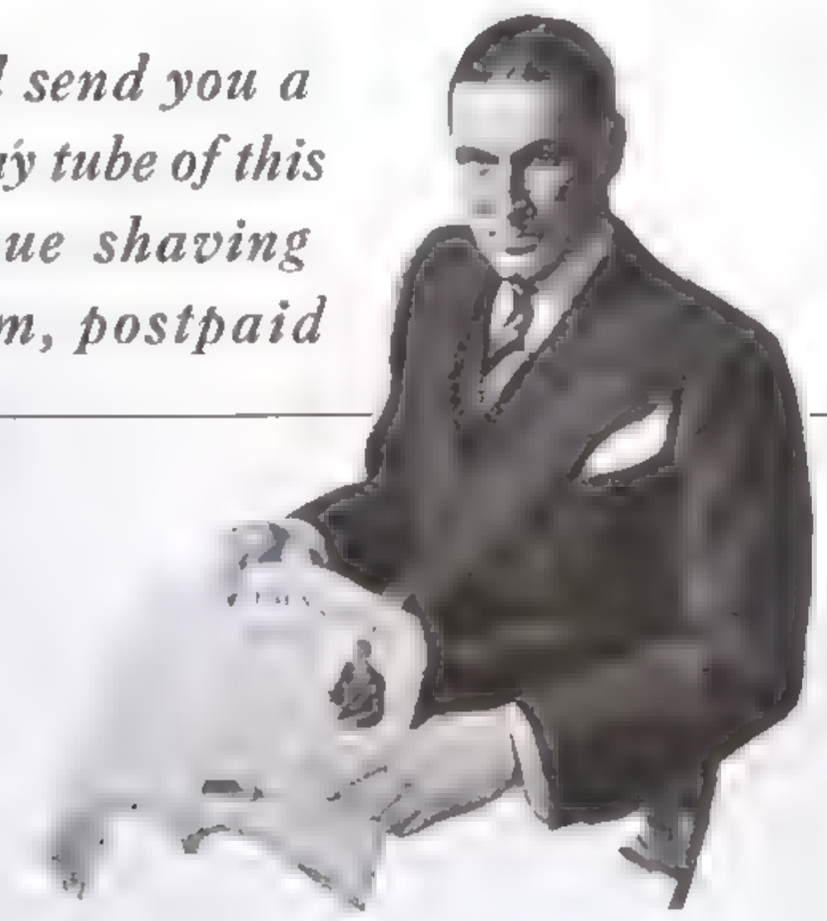
*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Just Sign Here . . .

We'll send you a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream, postpaid



Gentlemen:

Palmolive Shaving Cream embodies the four great essentials 1000 men told us they wanted in a shaving cream, plus a fifth which we added.

Its success is a sensation. Men are flocking to it by the thousands.

We believe it will give you shaving comforts unknown to you before. That it will surpass your present method of shaving in five important ways.

In your interest and in ours, let us send you a 10-day tube to try. We know we can win you in this way. 85% of its present users thus were won from other preparations.

Five Advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

We're the makers of Palmolive Soap, as you know. Thus 65 years of soap study stands back of this creation. We made up and discarded 129 formulas before venturing it on the market.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

35c *With the new unbreakable Bakelite top*

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Mail the coupon now

9277

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1551, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

(Continued from Page 58)

lighted and no one going in. I told him I would return the money guaranteed for my appearance and redeem the few tickets sold, but he insisted that I go through with it. So I walked with him to the opera house, angry and ashamed, and arrived late. There was no one to introduce me, but I immediately began introducing myself. I did not go on the stage, but stood among the thirty who had gathered in one spot for company.

In introducing myself I said I was a fool who had been led to believe there was a demand for his services as a speaker, and then I launched into an assault on lecturing and lectures in general. I dislike both and know a good many things to say on the subject. I had a few notes of my talk, but never took them from my pocket.

There was one gloomy man present who had made me uncomfortable in the audience the night before, in another town, but I defied him and soon had him interested. I also noticed that the stage hands came down and sat near me. This encouraged me so much that I began to enjoy myself, noting that for once in my life I was able to say what I wanted to say. There was so much enthusiasm in the audience that a good many were attracted from the street, and came in, as there was no doorkeeper to oppose them—the doorkeeper had joined my thirty friends and the stage hands.

I would give much to be able to talk all the time as well as I did the night I was mad at lecturing, and when I told those present I intended to return their money and quit the tour it seemed to advance me in their favor.

I have escaped humiliation since, until the twenty-ninth of April, 1927, when a dinner was given me in New York City. I was flattered that such attention should be paid me and wanted to accept it, but knew I would probably fail if called on for a speech.

Two distinguished men had been appointed as a committee to conduct me to the dinner. When I entered their automobile at the Waldorf, I think I felt a good deal as a man feels who has eaten the usual breakfast of ham and eggs and is on the way to the place of his execution.

Arriving at the Biltmore, I was able to ascend some steps. A great number of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were crowding around me, going into the hotel. I remember that at the top of the steps was a magnificent hotel flunky of the kind introduced into this country from Europe—a man truly appalling in his magnificence. I was still able to hear what this man said to the arriving multitude:

"Guests for the Howe dinner take elevators on the left."

I was jammed into the crowd and ascended to the second floor, where we emerged into a great lobby. Hundreds of people there, men and women gabbling as at an afternoon tea. I had a moment of consciousness here and recalled a line written by Oliver Wendell Holmes describing such an affair: "Gabble, gobble, get." I dimly recall meeting Irvin Cobb, who was toastmaster, and that he was better looking than I expected to find him. Reports as to Mr. Cobb's beauty, as they reached me far in the West, had not been favorable. I also recall that as he sat beside me, he had the fidgets—a malady I am familiar with from personal suffering. His feet beat a tattoo under the table and it seemed to me I was never that bad. I recall Bob Davis, whose speech consisted of taking money out of his pocket and subscribing to the paper I edit; I recall Rupert Hughes, somehow, and Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, who spoke of me and my family, but when Irvin Cobb arose and I knew he was about to introduce me, I think I lost consciousness, for I have no idea of what I said.

I had long wished to meet a man named Hendrik Van Loon, who wrote a book I admire because of its intelligent simplicity, and my admiration extended to the author. I am informed that Mr. Van Loon was brought up and formally and distinctly introduced to me. The lady who introduced me says we shook hands cordially and even exchanged jokes. I have no recollection whatever of meeting him, and recall that, on leaving the hotel, I regretted, in a dazed way, that I did not have the opportunity. No doubt I was introduced to dozens of famous people I have long wished to meet, but am conscious at this moment that I have never seen any of them.

I had met some of these people before, among them Cyrus H. K. Curtis, whose guest I had been several times, and on these occasions he asked a blessing at table—a habit I have not noted among the common people in a good many years. I knew him to be one of the most modest and kindly of men, but in New York I could see him only as owner of a two-million-dollar yacht and publisher of some of the world's greatest publications. I had also known Ray Long, Roy Howard, John Golden and some of the others, but at the dinner I could see in them only the big boys of the New York I was afraid of.

I lately found a little notebook in which I had written down some of the things I wished to say at the dinner. I note this entry: "Good speeches at a banquet at last." I thought it would be suitable to say that all my life I had heard of the dullness of speeches at banquets, but that it seemed to me that those preceding mine were good—since the speakers could not very well avoid saying nice things about me—but whether I said it or not, I do not know.

Another note consisted of a single word: "Almanacs." I intended to say I did not hope to tell a new joke before so smart an audience, as New York people saw the almanacs before I did—and then tell a new joke. But probably they did not understand a word I said.

On the way to New York I stopped off to visit Corra Harris, in Georgia, and addressed a Rotary Club at Cartersville. The editor there says I did well. I have a copy of his paper to prove this statement—my New York speech was delivered in Cartersville, Georgia.

XXVI

THERE is an old type of man, it has long been said, who cuts off his nose to spite his face. I have that disposition. When deeply offended I am apt to do reckless and foolish things more harmful to myself than to those offering the offense. Some old ancestor of mine must have been a great fool in that way, but I am able to record to my credit that I have been steadily outgrowing the disposition. It does not influence me nearly so much at the age of seventy-five as it did between twenty and fifty.

Twelve years ago things were going badly in Atchison, and when furiously angry, I suddenly made up my mind to quit the Globe—the cause of the annoyance. So I quietly and quickly made an arrangement to turn it over to my two sons. The proposal was to give them control if they would induce old employes and friends to raise a specified sum for the minority stock. The price I named was not half the value of the paper. What I received in cash was almost exactly the sum it was earning every year. In my anger I named a figure that could be easily and promptly raised. I was so determined to quit that I supplied the money with which the new owners paid their bills until the first month's collections came in.

Then I took my old typewriter and went home to sulk. That afternoon the paper carried announcement of retirement, and the messages of regret I received somewhat soothed my wounded feelings. Frank I. Cobb, who long enjoyed the reputation of being the best editorial writer in the United States, wrote as agreeably about me in the New York World as any of my intimate friends at home could have suggested.

Whether I was wise in retiring I do not know, but the pace at which I worked and worried was telling on me. The trouble was nervousness and I could not sleep. The

(Continued on Page 62)

Nothing *Finer* Can Be Said of Any Motor Vehicle Than, It is-

POWERED BY LYCOMING

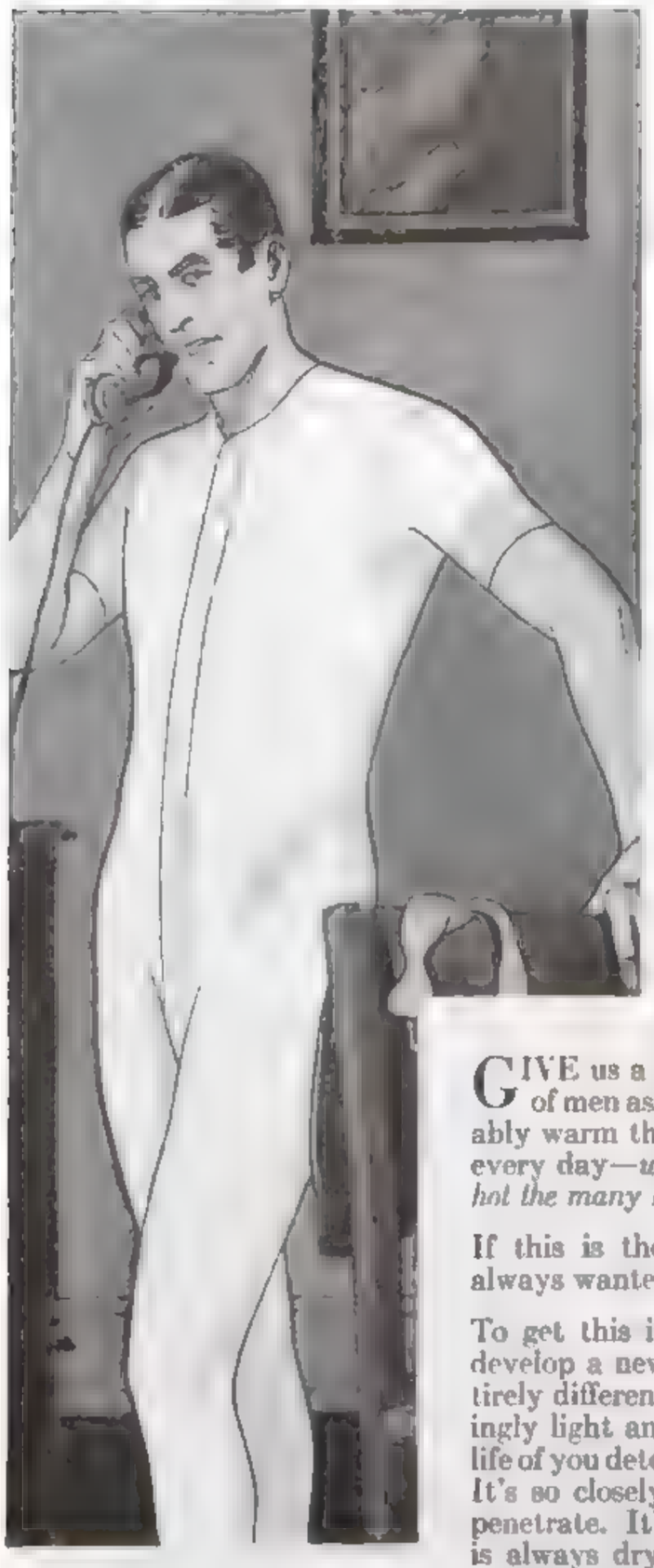
LYCOMING MOTORS

LYCOMING MANUFACTURING CO.
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

Lycoming Equipped Stock Cars Hold All 24-Hour Stock Car Records, Averaging Over 84 m.p.h.

Now an Utterly New-type Underwear

—That thousands of men asked for



Cut on a new design . . . made from a new fabric . . . keeps you warm outdoors, comfortable indoors

Allen A

Underwear for men and boys only

GIVE us a suit of underwear, thousands of men asked, that will keep us comfortably warm the few minutes we are outside every day—*without making us insufferably hot the many hours we're indoors.*

If this is the kind of underwear you've always wanted, here it is.

To get this ideal combination we had to develop a new fabric, and cut it to an entirely different design. The fabric is amazingly light and elastic. (You can't for the life of you detect its slightly heavier weight.) It's so closely knitted that cold air can't penetrate. It's so absorbent that your skin is always dry and cool. Thus it prevents over-heating, or quick chilling.

And note how the garment is cut. The short sleeves that never show, never bunch, never cramp your arm movement. The collar that molds softly to the neck. The military shoulders that allow active freedom. Here's comfort unknown to you before.

Try one suit and note how much more comfortable you are.

Ask for this special Allen-A underwear by style number—610-A, if you prefer white; style number—611-A, if you want ecru. Only $1.50 the suit. If your dealer doesn't carry it, simply send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

New Fall Styles in Men's Hosiery

These new styles are the smartest in Fall hosiery. In vertical stripes, diamonds, plaids and novelties. In silk, silk and wool and worsted. Priced from 50c to $1.50 the pair.

Allen-A

Underwear

(Continued from Page 60)

system I had created was exceedingly nerve racking. It is no more than the truth to say many days I did not have half my working hours to devote to legitimate duties, being interrupted by callers or by details I should have been free from. I was flattered when noted men called on me, but while they were in the office my special cog on the paper was not operative. It was like a switchboard operator entertaining callers in a telephone exchange, with all the bells ringing in protest. George W. Cable was such a caller on one occasion, Thomas Wentworth Higginson on another. I had provided a private office for myself, but actually had the scant privacy Irvin Cobb later attributed to a goldfish. I thought the observation new and very funny, but H. L. Mencken said it was old. The system adopted in cities—and which I suppose is necessary, although sometimes insulting to desirable callers—would not have worked in Atchison.

One of my special annoyances was that after I had patiently trained employes, other editors tried to get them away from me, sometimes attributing to them work I had done. One man, thus lured away, returned and worked on an opposition paper. He himself had so much confidence in his ability that he announced he had made the Atchison Globe and would proceed to unmake it. He not only failed to do this but the paper employing him did not long survive. I have finally been given too generous credit for everything I did in Atchison, but there were many and persistent early protests. About the only lawsuit I ever brought was to recover money dishonestly taken from me and others. The attorney for the defendant stated in open court that his client had written The Story of a Country Town, although it had appeared under my name before the man came to town or I had so much as heard of him. There are at least a dozen who have been credited with making the Globe, and that I was not good-natured about it is evidenced by a little sketch I wrote:

BART WHERRY'S REBELLION

Our people are distressed because Bart Wherry, the lawyer, will move to the county seat and open an office there. We don't like to lose a good citizen, particularly one like Bart Wherry, who has become rather noted over the state because of his speeches in conventions and at notable court trials. So a committee called on him to see if anything could be done. It turned out nothing could be; Bart is going away. He talked quite frankly to members of the committee. It seemed he is tired of keeping Charley Millard down. Charley Millard is a man of about Bart's age and in Bart's employ; he sits in the outer office and tells callers when Bart will be at leisure. In addition he keeps the books and looks after the collections.

Charley Millard does not really amount to a great deal, having tried practicing law for himself, but when Bart Wherry wins a big case we all say Charley Millard really won it; that he looked up the law and told Bart what to say in the trial. When Bart makes a speech at a convention and the papers ring with it, we say Charley Millard wrote the speech; that he is bookish, while Bart is not. Charley Millard's wife also believes her husband should have the reputation as a lawyer enjoyed by his employer, and in the course of a long time Bart has become tired of the talk. So he is going to the county seat to open an office. Charley Millard wanted to go along and occupy his old position, but Bart said to him:

"No, Charley, you have already done too much for me. I want you to take the position in the legal world your talents deserve. And at the same time I expect Fin Wilkinson to be nominated this fall for President of the United States. It has always been said of Fin that were it not for whisky he would occupy the first position in the gift of the people. Now that no more liquor is to be had, let Fin come through with you."

Some of my friends say I would have been dead long ago had I kept up the old pace. I do not know, but have been better since retirement. I found long sea voyages did me good and my daughter accompanied me on one of these. I seem to have looked so badly that a woman of a race famous for bluntness—she came from London—told her to hurry me on around the world as rapidly as possible, since I certainly would not live to complete the journey alive. There was even some talk among the passengers as to the embalming facilities on board, in case the captain could be persuaded not to throw my body overboard. I have already outlived the woman fourteen years.

Soon after retirement from daily newspaper work I established E. W. Howe's Monthly that I might not be entirely out of the writing game. The price at one time was ten cents a year; the publication didn't amount to much, and I made a price to conform. During the war costs so much increased that the price was made twenty-five cents. Elbert Hubbard once gave the monthly a notice in The Philistine, and we received over a thousand subscribers as a result of it.

After I had announced the appearance of a free and untrammeled publication, Edward Bok wrote and suggested that I sell the indignant writing I had in mind to the Ladies' Home Journal, to which proposal I dissented, adding that such a venture on his part would result in his losing at least half the subscribers the Journal already had.

Two rather distinguished men of experience have talked of becoming publishers of the monthly with a view of giving it a larger circulation, but both, after looking me over, objected to my age.

"Where would I be," one of them asked, "in case of your death?"

The point was so well taken that no arrangement was made, but so many editors select extracts from the monthly and pay for the privilege that I have a modest revenue from this source. A New York magazine editor once selected a page and sent me one hundred and fifty dollars. Another magazine paid me five hundred dollars for fifteen hundred words, but I have had but one such triumph.

A subscriber paid me a thousand dollars and expenses for talking an hour at a dinner given in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel in Chicago, but my triumphs usually are modest. I recall a lady admirer who had been in one insane asylum, two prisons and shot three husbands. But I offset this lady admirer with one of the famous New York men who selected material from the monthly which was dignified by appearing in a London book.

I have also to my credit a notice in the Encyclopedia Britannica and a quotation in the Standard Dictionary. Someone sent me notice of the dictionary honor and I frequently referred to it, but lately I have forgotten the page. If any reader of this encounters it I shall be obliged to him for a letter.

Since having no duties to interfere, I have spent the winter months of the last eleven years in Florida, as I found the cold months a little more trying as age approached. This residence in the South has increased an impression long entertained—that there are a tremendous number of well-to-do in the United States. In Miami I see thousands of fine elderly people able to escape the winter rigors of the North, East and West, and have concluded that the noted and successful are very generally only specially good workmen who have kept everlastingly at it and are able to take it easier in their less active days. A large proportion of the creditable people I meet in Miami began in the country, where millions of them still live contentedly and usefully. Some have graduated on merit to the big cities and have enormous fortunes, but I cannot see that they are more content than those who have enough.

XXVII

I DO not care for what is known as the political game. I have attended but one national convention, and that only to see what such a gathering was like. Although I had a fairly good seat, I soon returned home that I might find out what was going on from reading the press bulletins. I have never attended a state convention in Kansas, as politicians have not been my

(Continued on Page 64)

Harnessing the Waves of Sound

In any building—as in these widely varying structures, Johns-Manville, through the science of sound control, can end troublesome noise and reverberation—and insure perfect acoustics.

THESE buildings were put up to meet a wide variety of purposes—to earn dividends, to house businesses and fraternal orders, to provide care for the sick, and entertainment for the public. Yet in each a problem of sound control was present and important. In some there was excessive noise, echo, and reverberation to be stilled—in others sound had to be amplified and properly directed so that audiences of thousands might easily hear and enjoy. In each instance Johns-Manville acoustical engineers were successful in harnessing the waves of sound!

How Science Controls Sound

Sound travels in waves, ordinarily invisible to the eye, but subject to reflection and distortion just as are water waves. The sound waves of voices, music, office machines, or street traffic strike against the hard cement, plaster and glass surfaces of our modern building construction—and bound back to another surface until the constant overlapping and amplifying of these reflected waves produce that irritating, nerve-wracking noise and reverberation which make life or work in such structures unbearable.

Johns-Manville acoustical engineers through scientific application and substitution of interior finishes that absorb and dissipate the sound waves, are able to control, subdue, or amplify the all-important factor of sound in modern life, to meet the individual acoustical requirements of any building.

Noise, if necessary, can literally be blotted out. In hundreds of offices, hospitals, restaurants, etc.—in fact, wherever quiet is desired—an amazing quietness and elimination of disturbing noise has resulted from the work of the J-M acoustical experts. In scores of churches, theatres, auditoriums—wherever sound must be carried clearly and distinctly to large audiences Johns-Manville has so controlled echo and reverberation and the path of the sound waves that perfect audition and acoustics are now enjoyed.

475,000 square feet of ceilings in the New York Life Insurance Company Building are finished with Johns-Manville sound-absorbing material
—*Cass Gilbert, Architect*

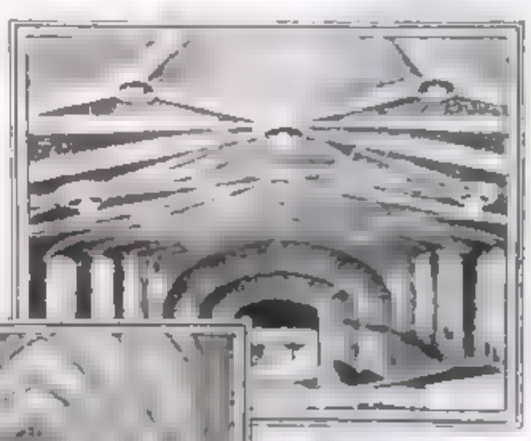
Free Advice on Sound Control

Write to us now about any problem of sound control in any building. We maintain a department for free advice on any phase of sound control. Architects value our suggestions so highly that we have been consulted on almost every important auditorium constructed in this country in years. And remember that this is not a treatment for auditoriums only—but for every place where sound must be controlled.

Main banking room, J. P. Morgan & Co., [illegible] Wall St., New York. The beautiful ceiling decoration was unaffected by the [illegible] has been applied to all work spaces. —*Trowbridge & [illegible], Architects*

The corridors in the Private Patients' Pavilion of the new Presbyterian Hospital Medical Center are effectively quieted with Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Treatment.
—*James Gamble Rogers, Architect*

The [illegible] Auditorium, Cosmopolitan Asylum, Scottish Rite Cathedral, Ball Rooms and Supper Rooms in the great Detroit Masonic Temple are assured of good acoustics through Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment
—*George D. Mason & Co., Architects*



From the highest seat to the stage [illegible] chestra Johns-Manville Treatment assures good acoustics in this auditorium of the University of Colorado

In beautiful St. Gabriel's R. C. Church, Hazleton, Pa. [illegible] has provided perfect acoustics without harm to the architectural effect
—*Peter B. Sheridan, Architect*

MASTER of ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

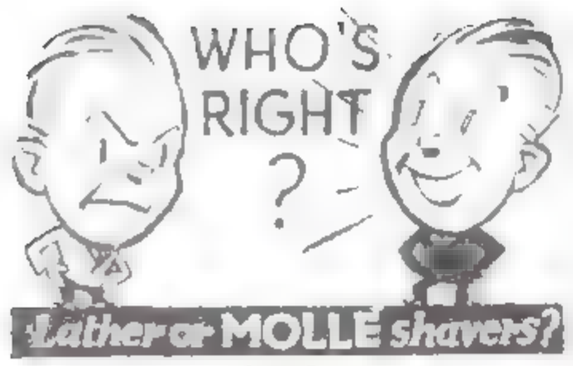
SOUND-ABSORBING TREATMENT

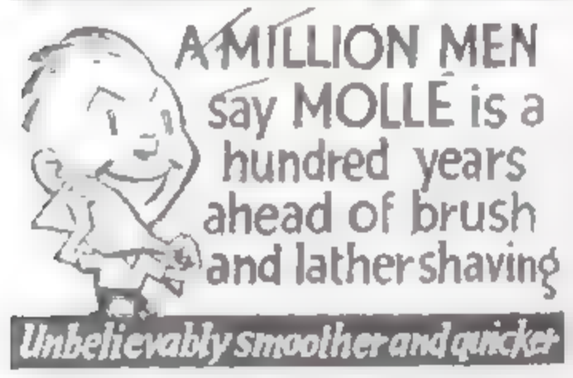
JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco
Branches in all large cities
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto
Please send me information about the Johns-Manville Method of Scientific Sound Control.

Name

Address

Address





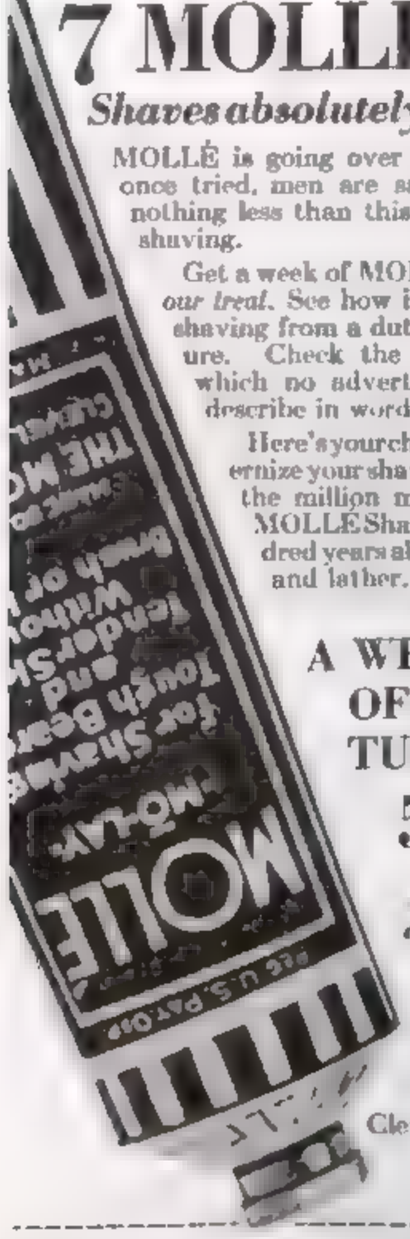
7 MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY)

Shaves absolutely FREE!

MOLLÉ is going over big because once tried, men are satisfied with nothing less than this new way of shaving.

Get a week of MOLLÉ Shaves, *our treat*. See how it transforms shaving from a duty to a pleasure. Check the "after-feel" which no advertisement can describe in words.

Here's your chance to modernize your shaving. To join the million men who say MOLLÉ Shaving is a hundred years ahead of brush and lather.



A WHALE OF A TUBE 50c

—*your druggist has it*

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
U. S. A.

"SHOW ME" Coupon—FREE MOLLÉ

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Dept. 61B, Cleveland, Ohio

Send me a week of MOLLÉ Shaves free, please.

Name .....

Street No. .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from Page 62)

heroes. I regard them as often mischievous and always extravagant. Long ago I was impressed with the declaration of a statesman that one-half our public expenditures might be saved and the service improved.

Having lived a long time, my vacations have included six trips abroad, two of them around the world and one to South America and the West Indies. I believe the trips abroad did more to round out such education as I have than any other of my experiences. Once I traveled straightaway for three weeks, day and night, without seeing land or the smoke of another steamship. I was on another ship a full month continuously and on another three weeks, always traveling toward home, which I finally reached with better understanding of my nothingness. India, with its beauty and cruelty; buried cities in Africa of which nothing is known; dead civilizations around the Red Sea—these instructed and humbled me as the people of the New World and books had not been able to do. I had lived among teeming millions of the prosperous; elsewhere I found vastly greater millions of oppressed, hopeless, hungry. The foolish ceremonies at Benares, the heathenish customs among the oldest peoples at Jerusalem and Cairo, kept my brain busy appraising; here was the truth as it had not been presented to me before. The roar of Victoria Falls, the dry and vast plains of Australia, the boiling lakes of New Zealand—I had gone to see it all as an idle holiday and came back with an education.

Expositions have always interested me, and I have seen all those at home in my time, and several overseas. I have made many long journeys to hear unusual musical events. I have gone far into the inland sea beyond Vancouver, British Columbia, to see the trees and hunt and fish. Certain towns and cities become famous, as do certain men, and I have visited all these. I think San Francisco, New Orleans, Portland, Oregon, and possibly Boston, made most lasting impression on me at home; and Benares, in India, abroad.

Five times I have hunted big game in the Northwest. One of these trips was little more than a carouse in the wilds, with a number of prominent men patronizing a free bar. I came near being killed by accident by a very well-known statesman. Drunken men and drinking have always been obnoxious to me, in public or private, and I did not repeat the experience. On our return to the railroad, we shot up the town, its leading citizens joining us. One of our party rode a horse into a saloon and gambling house in the best Western style. We captured everything in town, the proprietors and inmates joining us to enjoy the big time we were having. When men are far from home they do very ridiculous things. So far as I am concerned, experience with ridiculous things reformed me. The town we shot up and captured, then as tough a place as I have ever seen, is now a fine city. For years I wondered what became of the wretched women I saw there in the saloons, and hoped they had disappeared with civilization, but saw a lot of them last year in the streets of a booming oil town in the Panhandle of Texas.

On another of these hunting trips members of the party included Judge David J. Brewer and Gen. George Crook. At the time, Brewer was a United States Circuit judge, but later went to the supreme bench of the United States. General Crook was commander of the Department of the Platte, a survivor of the Civil War and noted Indian fighter. For weeks I slept beside Judge Brewer in the open, and he would look up at the sky and tell me the story of the stars, of which he knew a great deal. Later I was in a railroad wreck with him and assisted in carrying out the dead and wounded.

These two men of entirely different types were among the most eminent of the professors in the world school I have attended. One day General Crook used a table to represent the battleground of the Little Big Horn River and told me the story of the Custer massacre, in which 265 officers and men were killed, including Custer. The only survivor on the white side was a cavalry horse called Comanche, now stuffed and preserved in the museum at the University of Kansas.

How different this soldier's story of the fight from the lurid accounts I had been familiar with! During the later years of my life I have been specially observing the difference between facts and accepted history. General Crook said Custer and his immediate command probably attempted to cross the Little Big Horn and struck quicksand. During this delay the Indians began the battle. Then Custer attempted to retreat up the hill behind him, to form his men into a defensive circle, and the soldiers were picked off as they retreated up the hill; possibly the remnant of the command surrendered near the top of the hill and were killed with their own guns. I have been on the field, and the monuments marking where the soldiers fell indicate that Crook's theory may be correct. First, there is a single monument near the river; then two farther up the hill; then three—four—half a dozen—a dozen, as the retreat progressed.

The quarreling about the tragedy on the Little Big Horn has attracted almost as much controversy as the Battle of Waterloo, and the evidence is equally shadowy. In a recent magazine I saw a statement by a retired general of the Army that Captain Benteen, who was with Custer on the morning of the twenty-fifth of June, 1876, but later detached to accompany Major Reno, was not under fire that day. On the other hand, I knew well a man who was a soldier with Custer's command and detached with Reno as Benteen was. He told me Reno was assaulted by a great body of Indians and that he drove them off; that Captain Benteen was not only present but that Reno seemed to look to him for advice, as Benteen was a more experienced officer. My informant had been only a common soldier, but when I knew him he had advanced to important business man. Certainly he was modest and not given to boasting.

Another instructor in my university was B. B. Brooks, cowboy, trapper, hunter, ranchman, who later served two terms as governor of Wyoming. I had all sorts of experiences with this man, including partnership in running range sheep. In the early days we rode over the territory, investigated thoroughly, cut the figures in two for safety in the usual way of adventuring men, and then went into sheep in Wyoming at the exact moment when we should have kept out.

The smartest men in the mountains are the trappers. Almost anyone can fool cattle, sheep, elk, deer, bear, antelope or men and women, but a cute one is required to fool a beaver, which Brooks could do. Western stories have always been popular—and exaggerated to the point of absurdity. The best one I ever heard was told me by Brooks about his trapping days, and it had the merit of truthfulness. I believe I can always tell when a story is probable, from having been so frequently deceived.

This man, who, at twenty years old, was trapper, hunter and cowboy, is now one of the strongest men of the West—banker, stock grower, oil operator. I love this story of a poor young man growing into honorable distinction—a story heard more frequently in the United States than in any other country.

Brooks lived in the West when it was really rough, and his experiences fascinated me. For forty years we have been intimate; occasionally I visit him and he visits me. I have observed of him that I have never introduced him to a man who did not later say, "I liked your friend Brooks."

For a considerable time he was what is known as a skin hunter—that is, he killed elk for their hides—and must have been a good shot. But I have seen him miss easy ones, which the best of them do. In stories of Western bad men, marvelous shooting is claimed—and laughed at out where the rifle and pistol shooting was actually done. And the outlaws were not the best shots in the West; anyway, they were all killed off by honest men or officers who could shoot better.

So far as I am able to judge, after long association with men of the West, the best all-round shot in its history was Charley Reynolds, chief of scouts with Custer at Little Big Horn, who lost his life there. He was able to make a better average of good shots than any other Western character I have heard of; and, by the way, he was originally a farmer boy in the Kansas county in which I have lived fifty years. He was so little of a talker and boaster that the Indians called him Lonesome Charley, and his fame comes from such men of experience as Gen. George Crook, familiar with arms from youth at West Point to generalship in the Civil War and in the Indian wars of the West. Many other men of equal experience have attested to the reputation I give Charley Reynolds, including General Custer himself, and many of his captains.

When Lonesome Charley's body was found across the river from where Custer made his last stand, fifty-eight empty cartridge shells were found beside him. As he had acres of Indians to shoot at, it would be interesting to know how many of the fifty-eight shells did execution before he abandoned rifle and pistol for good.

I have seen Brooks kill four running antelope with four rifle shots—and I have seen him miss a standing elk at eighty yards. It is like that in hunting—also in life. Brooks is the type of man who tells stories on himself, and such stories are usually reliable. I have spent months with him wandering over the West on horseback, looking for game, and heard his experiences at intervals when something came up to suggest them.

When living alone near the mountain foothills, he awoke one morning to find an early snow had covered the entire country, including his cabin, outbuildings and fences. Looking out the window, he saw thousands of elk, driven out of the mountains by the heavy snow. Many of them were in his yard, as the snow covered everything and the buildings did not attract their suspicion. Near the cabin was a large pole corral, with the gate open. Brooks believed he could dash out suddenly with his dog, chase some of the elk into the corral and close the gate. This he did, and actually caught seventeen. Then he went back to get his breakfast, all the while feeling proud of his exploit. After breakfast he went out to look at his prizes again, and the dog seeing the seventeen elk, made a dash at them. This so frightened the animals that they bunched and surged against the corral at one point, tore it down and every one escaped.

Only an honest man would finish a good story like that. I once told it to a woman, and she said later:

"I feel like crying every time I think of all those elk getting away!"

Brooks was then under contract to supply elk meat to the soldiers at Fort Fetterman, and the seventeen that got away represented a pretty good week's work.

The smartest, squarest, most capable man Brooks ever knew in the West was probably an outlaw—his partner two or three seasons in trapping. At the time Brooks was almost a boy, and the rough man with whom he associated advised, protected and directed him as the best of fathers might have done. One day at a lonely post office in the mountains, the man received a letter and disappeared within an hour, as if he had received news of a possible pursuer, and Brooks has never seen or heard of him since.

Brooks has wife and children, and I knew them all from the beginning. Although he has always lived on the frontier, there has never been a serious accident or sickness in his family. When his first child was born, he rode thirty miles for a doctor, who returned with him at a furious gallop. The

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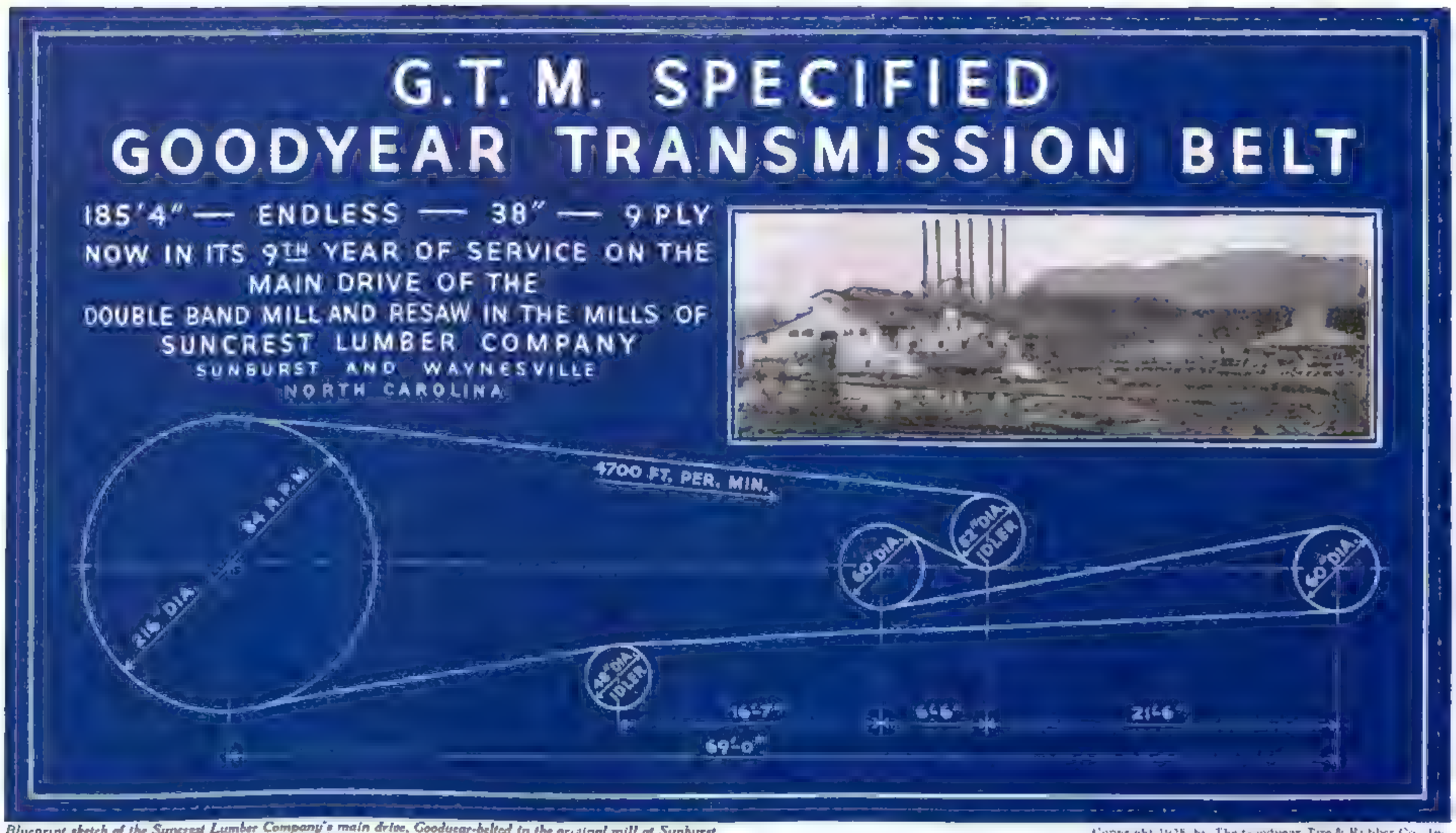


Blueprint sketch of the Suncrest Lumber Company's main drive, Goodyear-belted in the original mill at Sunburst and now equipped with the same Goodyear belt in the Waynesville mill; inset photograph of the Waynesville mill

Copyright 1928, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

The Life of Two Mills—and the G. T. M.

You may recall having read the story published about this belt over five years ago. It was even at that time such a record of steady, powerful and economical belt performance as to merit special attention. Now it turns out to be a ***continued*** story, increasingly dramatic as the years of this belt's usefulness lengthen, and demonstrating in unmistakable terms the value of the Goodyear Analysis Plan and the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

This Goodyear Belt was first installed in the double band resaw mill of the Suncrest Lumber Company at Sunburst, North Carolina, on June 1st, 1920. It was scientifically specified to its job by the G. T. M., after an analytical study of all the requirements of the main drive in that mill, and specially constructed by Goodyear in accord with those expert specifications.

Its job was one of the hardest any transmission belting is called upon to meet. Operating over a 52-inch tightener-idler, it completely reversed its course at a speed of better than 4,700 feet per minute—a racking strain that called for extraordinary stamina. As the main artery of the mill's power, it had to supply the drive for cutting a full capacity footage of hardwood, spruce and hemlock.

This it did with complete efficiency for five and a half years in the original mill at Sunburst. Then the Company dismantled that mill and removed to Waynesville, North Carolina, to be more convenient to a new tract of timber. While the new plant was being built, the belt was shipped to the Goodyear factories at Akron for inspection and minor repairs.

The layout of the new main drive being exactly the same as the old one, what more logical than that ***the same belt*** which had served so well at Sunburst should go on the job again at Waynesville? So the great performer was at work again early in 1926, and is there today, and, as Mr. J. R. Alloy, the Treasurer, writes, "as far as we can determine in very good shape, and good for considerable additional service."

With eight years of life in two different plants, and a cut of more than 220,000,000 feet of lumber to its credit, this belt typifies the performance of all Goodyear Belts in the service of Suncrest. Both originally at Sunburst and in the new plant at Waynesville, the entire belt equipment was and is Goodyears—band mill drives, edger drives, hog drive, slasher, trimmer and resaw—100% Goodyear.

It stands to reason that the belt which is accurately specified and built to perform a particular duty will perform that duty easier, over a longer time, and at a lower ultimate cost than any ordinary belting can hope to equal. This is the entire logic of the Goodyear Analysis Plan, and it is proved every day throughout the industrial world by such records of Goodyear Belts as this

You may find it highly profitable to call in the G. T. M., and have him co-operate with your plant officials in a practical study of your belting problems. You can rely on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods he recommends—Transmission Belts, Conveyor Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—to give you the special economies that come with the right equipment for the job. For further information about the Goodyear Analysis Plan, or for records of Goodyear products in your particular field, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

The Greatest Name in Rubber

BELTS · VALVES HOSE · PACKING

GOODYEAR

Madam, please compare these models

Which one meets your needs?

No matter what size Premier Electric Cleaner you may choose you will be amazed at the speed, ease and thoroughness with which it cleans.

And there is a Premier especially designed for every purse and purpose.

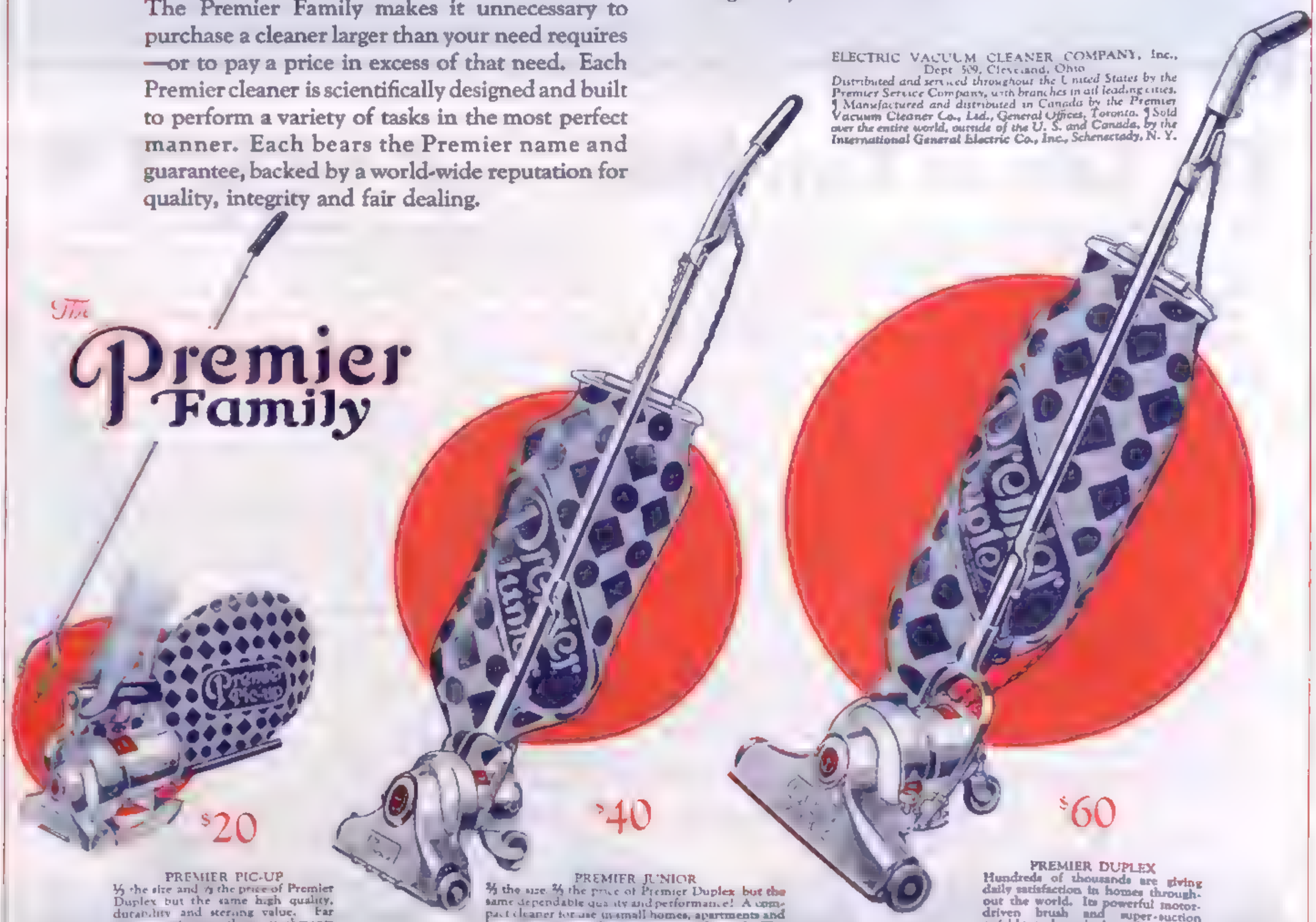
The Premier Family makes it unnecessary to purchase a cleaner larger than your need requires—or to pay a price in excess of that need. Each Premier cleaner is scientifically designed and built to perform a variety of tasks in the most perfect manner. Each bears the Premier name and guarantee, backed by a world-wide reputation for quality, integrity and fair dealing.

Go to the nearest authorized Premier dealer or ask him to come to you and demonstrate the Premier Family right in your own home. Select the one that will serve you best and see how much more leisure you'll have—how much brighter your home will be.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. 509, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by the Premier Service Company, with branches in all leading cities. ¶ Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ¶ Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, N. Y.

The Premier Family



$20

PREMIER PIC-UP

⅓ the size and ⅓ the price of Premier Duplex but the same high quality, durability and sterling value. Far more satisfactory than attachments for thorough cleaning of automobiles, clothing, stair carpets, draperies, upholstered furniture, mattresses and other household articles. As easy to use as an electric iron. Has the same motor-driven brush and powerful suction as the Premier Duplex.

$40

PREMIER JUNIOR

⅔ the size, ⅔ the price of Premier Duplex but the same dependable quality and performance! A compact cleaner for use in small homes, apartments and bungalows where cleaning areas are limited. The Premier Junior takes one third less closet room and costs a third less. Has the same motor driven brush and powerful super suction as the Premier Duplex. The only difference in action between this model and the Premier Duplex is that it requires three strokes of the Junior to clean the same area that the Duplex cleans in two. Premier Junior is furnished with a complete set of attachments—FREE.

$60

PREMIER DUPLEX

Hundreds of thousands are giving daily satisfaction in homes throughout the world. Its powerful motor-driven brush and super-suction quickly and easily bag all the dirt with a speed that cuts cleaning hours in half. Neither motor nor brush ever requires oiling.

Prices slightly higher on Pacific coast and in Canada

(Continued from Page 64)

doctor was Doc Barber, made famous in Western history by Owen Wister.

A long time ago, when Brooks was riding in his mountain pasture looking after his cattle, he encountered a bear track in a light and recent snow. The instinct of the hunter was keen in him and he whirled his horse instantly to follow the trail, which led toward some bad brakes known as the Bear Dens. Suddenly he stopped and laughed at himself.

"I have a bride in the cabin down on the flat," he said, "and haven't lost a bear."

Whereupon he turned toward his home and his bride of only a few weeks. But he had an uneasy feeling, somehow, about that bear, with the result that he followed and shot it. Had a single cartridge out of five failed him, there would have been another widow and another victory for a bear.

XXVIII

I HAVE spent this day in what we call the Morgue at the Globe office at Atchison. Here are filed clippings from newspapers and other data new and old, together with files of the paper since 1877. This record shows that a burly man once stepped up to me on the street, and with pistol in hand, announced his intention of killing me, although I had done nothing to warrant so great a frenzy. An item had been printed about him, which I did not write, but it was not offensive; no more than that the man, a doctor, had been called in a runaway accident. I believe he had been drinking and was angry about something else. He was not arrested or so much as reprimanded. Indeed, I heard a citizen went to the doctor and said it was a pity he had not killed me.

I had supported this savage critic for governor because he was a home man, and he won for no other reason than that his opponent was John P. St. John, a Republican asking a third term. John P. St. John was a fanatical prohibitionist, also, and later it was said he caused the defeat of James G. Blaine for President of the United States. Thousands of Republicans openly opposed St. John in his third-term ambition and voted for the Democrat.

Further in the record I found a certain lawyer was appointed assistant attorney general in our town, specially to enforce the prohibitory law. One night a bomb was exploded on the open back porch at his home. It was whispered about that he said I did it. Actually, at the moment the explosion occurred I was standing on the street with two citizens. We had been out late attending a public meeting—a fact known to a good many. We heard the explosion, produced by someone placing loose powder in an old tomato can and firing it by means of a slow fuse. I printed statements from as good men as lived in the town that the assistant attorney general exploded the harmless bomb himself to attract attention to the sacrifices and dangers encountered in doing good. Not long before, I had proved that a man similarly before the public, who claimed he had been shot at by an assassin, had himself fired a bullet hole through his own hat. Such things were common in that day in reform work in small towns.

I also found that a citizen had stated on the street that, by persecution in the Globe, I had driven out of town a valuable institution. I demonstrated fully that before the institution announced its intention to desert Atchison, I had been its loyal and enthusiastic friend; that after the announcement of desertion, I said no more than that Atchison had existed before the institution came and would exist after its departure. The best citizens urged me to say this as encouragement to the townspeople to recover from the blow as soon as was possible. The record further shows that within a week I was clamoring for an institution to supplant the one we had lost, and we finally got it. I regret to add it did not do well. Town building is attended with many discouragements and disturbances.

One man declared I was insane—and has himself been in an asylum the past fifteen or twenty years. He was angry at me because I denied he had a cure for consumption, although the patient who certified he had been cured died a week later of consumption.

A man once printed a card in an opposition paper saying I had meanly hounded him for years. The record shows I had not mentioned him at all. Probably he was dissatisfied because I daily mentioned a good many others but had concluded he was not worthy of such distinction.

A man accused me of defeating him for mayor while pretending to be his friend. This is a complete summary of the case: The man was a candidate for reelection and I decided that his opponent, a Democrat, would make a better mayor, and defeated the Republican with not exceeding a hundred lines. I noted one day that a great number of negro women were registering and that all declared they intended voting for the Republican. Every day thereafter until the registration closed, I printed the number of colored women who registered and said they went to the trouble that they might vote for the Republican. The result was that the white women registered and voted, and as they greatly outnumbered the colored women, the Democrat was elected.

The advance agent of a circus came to town one day, and my smartest opponent, Tom Stivers, got hold of him first, with the result that the agent came into the Globe office late and threw down a signed contract for five dollars and said I could take it or leave it alone. I chose to leave it alone and began war on the circus. When able first to get hold of the advance agent of a circus, I have received as high as a hundred dollars and fifty tickets for his advertising. Every country editor is proud of his ability successfully to wrangle with a circus agent and get a good contract. The next year the owner of the show himself came in very humbly, for I had ruined his business the year before. I explained my anger and apologized for my conduct, for I fought unfairly. I ran a huge advertisement free that no one might suspect I was mad at the circus, and tried to injure it with items about smallpox in Hiawatha, the town from which the show came to Atchison. There was smallpox in Hiawatha, and I printed a good many items, but not so many as to attract attention to my resentment, about the importance of vaccination, the danger in great assemblies, and the like. It was a mean trick, and I am ashamed of it now, but country editors hate one another cordially; and the circus agent intimated in offering me five dollars that the Globe didn't amount to much, anyway. All those with whom I had rows in Atchison were enemies and attacked me first.

However fair and useful an editor may be in his own town, there is always a faction opposed to him, and frequently his friends are as unreasonable as his most bitter enemies. A prominent citizen of Atchison once shot himself, and his widow believed, as I was a special friend of the family, that I should print nothing about the suicide. Because I could not grant her request, she long thought me a terrible man. One of the best friends I ever had almost quarreled with me because I did not write more beautifully of an infant dead at birth. Two people cordially disliked me for years because I thought it best to mention very briefly and respectfully their shotgun marriage; they wanted a lot of details about bridesmaids and floral decorations when there was no such elaboration. Once a prominent man died, and our regular man wrote at length and with reasonable ability of the deceased. His widow did not like his literary style and has cordially disliked me since because I refused to print an entirely new account of the death next day. My experience has been that a newspaper inflames most of its readers in one way or another. If an editor lives long in a town, and is fairly well liked, it is as marvelous a thing as I know.

There were some credits in the record, including degrees conferred upon me by Rollins and Washburn colleges, although I almost never attended school. I confess to feeling a little foolish when wearing cap and gown. In 1900 I was given, by the citizens of Atchison, a repeating gold watch. I quietly inquired around and found it had cost five hundred dollars. My private inquiry also developed that while our town, like all others, was greatly burdened with committee collections, the watch fund was quickly and easily raised. Indeed, one man not called on was angry and almost had a fight with a committeeman because of the neglect. Still later, in the same way, a silver water set equally expensive was given me. The special occasion for these two gifts was a corn carnival I had invented and managed, which became so noted during a series of years that the Strand magazine, of London, gave pages of pictures to it, as did other prominent publications.

I found that I devoted much enthusiasm to organizing a local coal-mining company and lost ten thousand dollars of my hard-earned money in it. Progress sometimes involves loss in towns not well located as to natural advantages. Kansas City, our rival, fifty miles away, was dedicated by the Almighty to become a big and prosperous town. Ours was not so blessed, but scattered all over this country are strong men we trained in Atchison. Some of them have generously written me I had a part in affording good example and advice.

Another entry shows that the Republicans officially praised me for supporting McKinley in his first campaign for President, after the local Republican paper had deserted him for free silver, and that my county was the only one in the state that gave McKinley the usual Republican majority. There was also a suggestion of a nomination for Congress, which I did not encourage as I have always disliked politics; but the free-silver argument I vigorously opposed in an independent newspaper.

The files showed that the grave of an old enemy of mine, a really worthy and creditable man, was unmarked for several years, and that I organized a movement and raised money for the purchase of the monument which now marks his grave.

I found in looking over the old files of the Atchison Globe that I always had a disposition toward the paragraph form of writing. This was so marked that Dr. Frank Crane once referred to me, in a syndicate article appearing in fifty notable papers, as the Sage of Potato Hill. This was after I had selected a beautiful spot three miles below town, purchased a hundred acres and built a home for permanent occupancy when age forced me to quit daily newspaper work. I named the place Potato Hill because so many similar homes were called Oakhurst, Pinehurst, Chestnut Hill, and the like. This was the first house I ever built that had two bathrooms. One of the early paragraphs in the Atchison Globe was: "A man rarely wants to go to the bathroom that he does not find a woman in it or waiting to get in." At Potato Hill I had the best bedroom in Kansas, with private bath.

As to the view from the site I selected, and where I lived for some time, I quote a Philadelphia man who visited me. He said it afforded one of three of the most notable views on the American continent. One he located near Quebec, the location of the third I have forgotten. Later I deserted Potato Hill, after building a hard-surface road to it and going to other considerable expense. The Hubbards saw the view not long before they were drowned on the Lusitania. It was there I heard a laughing remark that they had been advised not to make the trip, as the war, then being waged, rendered such a journey dangerous. The incident amounted to no more than this, so far as I know. I have tried to recall more, on urgent request, and could not.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

JUST in the nick of time, when the question of a new Fall hat is in order, comes the Knapp-Felt PARKSTON, in the correct Autumn colors.

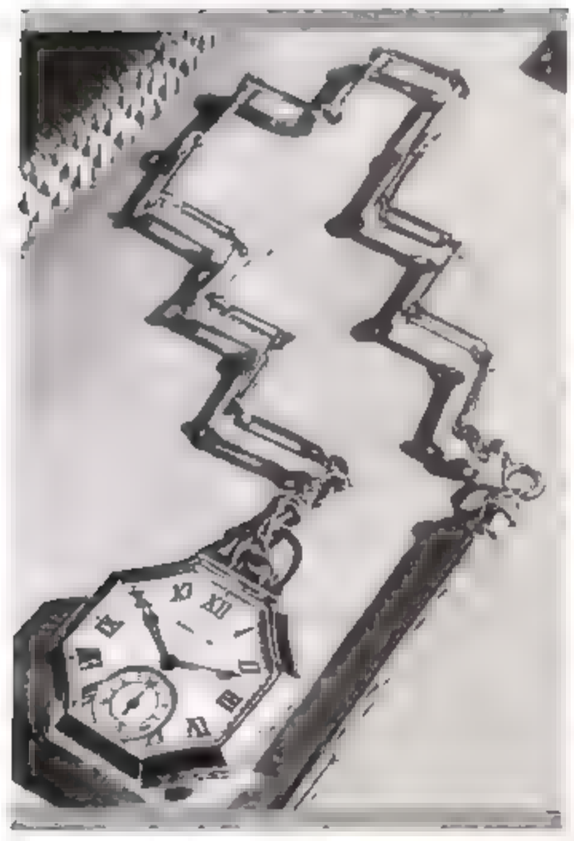
The New Knapp-Felt style for September is the PARKSTON

It will be shown everywhere Friday, September 14th

The well dressed man is still wearing an outfit that is more or less negligee and the Knapp-Felt PARKSTON harmonizes admirably with the costume of the day. It is correctly priced at Ten Dollars.

Knapp-Felt Hats range in quality from $8.00 to $40.00 each. The Superfine Grades are $20.00, $25.00 and $40.00.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — President
620 Fifth Avenue — New York City



This Simmons Chain bespeaks the hidden Hamilton

MANY, many others than railroad men are glad they own Hamilton watches. So, when the watch nestles snugly in the pocket, the chain that holds it must be every whit as fine—else how shall it speak well of the Hamilton? For this Robert Morris model of the Hamilton Watch, Simmons has designed the chain pictured above. It is an 18K white gold-filled Waldemar (30361) priced at $10.50.

Of course, the chain is not only for Hamilton Watches. It is fitted for Hamilton beauty, quality and durability. But it is also a chain splendidly in character with any fine watch. Whatever your taste, whatever the design of your watch, some Simmons Chain will match it admirably. In a multitude of styles, the prices range from $4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

FORTY WEEKS

(Continued from Page 23)

curtain or trying to find out whether it's a man or woman who writes the men's fashions in the programs, when you've paid your money to see a play, and if it is the actor's tardiness which makes you resentful, the curtain goes up on a lack of rapport between you and him that does nobody any good. You are already bored and fidgety, the actor is flustered by being late and the whole thing goes wrong. Now the actor's job depends on things' going right; so, though the manager takes it upon himself to do the scolding about being late, it is really the actor who loses most. Anyway he is there to give a performance. The audience is not interested in whether he has a toothache or has lost his girl or cherishes a secret woe; all they want is a show, and they expect the best there is to be had.

To be late for a cue or an entrance is equally unpardonable, except when unintentional or accidental, for it throws the whole play out of joint. The actor on the stage at the time has got to invent lines and business to fill up the hole, and, as actors are not always playwrights, the results can be far from happy. Old-time comedians or such brilliant *farceurs* as William Collier have been known to build a bridge of comedy scenes while waiting for some actor who is late for his entrance cue, but that is an especial gift. Rosita Duncan of the famous Duncan sisters, who have played Topsy and Eva all over the country, has that gift and, like as not, the scene she makes up on the spur of the moment is liable to be so funny that it is kept in the show. But ordinarily such departures from the regular script of the drama can be done successfully only in revues or musical shows, or in some scene like the supper scene in Trelawny of the Wells. I remember Henrietta Crosman was once late for her entrance during that scene in the all-star revival of the play when it was done last year. She was standing in the wings, waiting, but the cue found her apparently in a trance. We all went on chatting until she came to with a start and made her entrance. When she had spoken her lines and arrived at the table to seat herself, John Kellard said, "Well, my dear, you were gone so long I thought you had retired from the stage." Since all the people on the stage were supposed to be actors, the remark fitted perfectly. But "ad libbing" in Shakspere or Shaw or Barrie, or in fact in any play where the lines are so arranged that they must follow in sequence, is absolutely fatal. And it takes up time which should be spent in getting the play along in its story-telling.

Part of Their Make-Up

To slow down the tempo of a play by loafing through it is just as unprofessional, and has even worse consequences. No stage manager, if he is worth his salt, is going to let himself be dragged up on the carpet to explain to his boss why Act II played four minutes longer last night than ever before. The facts themselves will be down in black and white on the report sheet which goes in to every office every night from every play, and if the audience did not cause those extra four minutes by uproarious and extraordinary laughter and enthusiasm, then the reason is that the actors are slowing up, and if it continues after the stage manager has communicated to them the wrath of the manager, there is a sharp call for rehearsal.

To be late for rehearsal is much less common than is imagined. If a star begins to high-hat the rest of the cast by causing them to hang around waiting for him or her to appear, that star finds a pretty angry group of players who let the indignity be known in no uncertain manner. Winthrop Ames, for instance, is never late for rehearsal, and if he can get there the others can. George Arliss has never been known to keep a company waiting.

Indeed, the whole business of being on time is so thoroughly ingrained in the actor that some of his favorite jokes are about dates with laymen. It amuses him no little to think of himself in the popular conception of the temperamental, head-in-the-air artist who is supposed never to know what time of day or night it is, waiting for prosaic people to keep appointments. One of the perennial laugh getters is the one about being invited to dine where the hostess always says, "Now, we know you must dine no later than 6:30, so we have impressed everybody they simply have to be on time. They understand you are playing and all that"—and the actor finds himself leaving for work just after the soup.

A Stop Watch on Shakspere

Miss Carroll McComas, who is featured in The Ladder, tells how she once fell for that inducement, the 6:30 dinner with friends, only to discover at 7:15 that they were still waiting for some of the guests. Since the dinner was uptown and the theater where she was playing was in the Forties, she knew just about how much time she could allow herself to get there in time to make up and be ready when the boy called "First Act! Beginners, please!" So with a swift glance at her watch she sneaked around to where she could grab her cloak and make a dash for a taxi without attracting attention. Just as she had maneuvered this, her hostess bore down on her, beaming with the news that she was not to worry about getting to the theater, for the hostess had just telephoned the box office Miss McComas would be a little late!

Having one of those and-then-what-did-you-say minds, I asked what happened.

"Oh," laughed Carroll, "I got to the phone as quickly as possible, told the box-office man not to pay any attention to the message he had just received about me; I'd be there at the usual hour; and would he please send one of the boys out to get me a ham sandwich, so's I wouldn't starve to death before the show was over."

Not long ago an advertising man came to me with a scheme he had planned to put up to a large watch concern. He wanted several authors to write their impressions of some of the things in our daily lives which were concerned with split seconds, such as the Twentieth Century leaving every day at 2:45 on the dot, big liners actually sailing at midnight, and all that sort of thing. My stunt was to have been to go up in an air-mail plane and record how thrilled I was that it left as it said it would, passed over Allentown at so many minutes past something, and arrived at ten minutes to something else—all the phenomena of getting to places on time. I didn't do it for two reasons: One, that it is hardly fair to take chances when one is playing. I don't mean fair to oneself altogether; I mean fair to the company and the management, for even in the case of a slight accident, such as being somewhat deafened by the roar of the plane's motors, one's own performance might be disturbed to the extent of upsetting the general running order of the play. The actor is engaged to act and it is his job to see that nothing interferes with it. Once Marjorie Rambeau fell ice skating in Central Park and was forced to stay out of the cast of her play for six weeks while a broken ankle healed. Her manager put another star in her place to keep the thing going until she could return, but he lost thousands of dollars in the transaction. Miss Rambeau was criticized at the time by her fellow actors for taking the chance of even so simple a pastime as skating; and rightly, too, for she was jeopardizing the play, her manager's investment and the salary of the cast working with her. There is a clause in all actors' contracts which states that they may be laid off without pay in the case of the illness of the star or featured player for two weeks, after which, if the star is still sick, the actor must be paid half salary for two more weeks; then, if the illness continues, the manager may disband the company and the actor is free to look for another job.

You can see then that dare-devil stunts are not greeted with wild enthusiasm by one's fellow actors.

The second reason I refused to accept the ride was that I didn't exactly want to find myself soaring over Pittsburgh two hours before theater time and no way to get home. Mr. Tunney may like to arrive at his battles in a plane, but that seems to be something wherein Mr. Tunney and I are not alike.

I carefully explained all this to the young advertising gentleman and tried to persuade him that a safer and better story about split seconds lay in the realms of backstage and had the added advantage of being news to the average reader. I offered to take him and the whole watch firm back of the scenes in The Merchant of Venice to show him Miss Maude Howell—who is, by the way, the only woman stage manager in the show business—timing the changes of scenes in that production and rehearsing them until they could be brought down to thirty-five seconds each, using a stop watch. That stop watch hung around her neck on a ribbon every night and she held it over the stage hands like Mrs. Legree herself.

But the young man smiled indulgently and said he didn't think there was anything dramatic in shifting scenery.

Yet Winthrop Ames had said, "We can't have any change over thirty-five seconds, remember, if we are to ring down the curtain at a reasonable time, and that is my intention. Nobody wants to sit at a Shakspere performance until midnight."

It was done and the papers took columns to tell about how wonderful it was. Do you see anything different in that from a story that Mr. Ford had cut down ten motions in the assembling of his car by such-and-such efficiency method? Or isn't the producing of a fine play, so that it comes out as a fine play, and not burdened with interminable waits, as interesting as a car or a locomotive?

Killed by Killing Time

I once heard a manager say to a scene designer: "How long will this scene change take?"

"Exactly ten minutes," replied the artist.

"Is that so?" said the manager slowly. "Then we've got exactly no play. Not an audience in the world will sit ten minutes in the dark during a scene change in the middle of an act—and you've got two changes—without getting restless. Once that happens we're sunk. You know that as well as I do. Now cut out your gimcracks and give this to me in two minutes."

Well, he didn't. And to help matters, the main character in the play couldn't learn his lines, so he figured out that if he went along slowly, maybe they'd come to him; with the consequence that instead of playing at farce tempo—that is, as fast as possible—he gave a magnificent imitation of Sir Henry Irving in the quieter scenes of King Lear.

That was one play that didn't run forty weeks. And the play wasn't so bad either; it was the time element that really killed it.

Don't think from all this that speed—that is, fastness—is all that makes plays. Certain scenes and certain plays must be slowed to the last notch very often to get the best effect where often a quick tempo would ruin the whole thing. Harvey O'Higgins, the playwright, tells a yarn about the way an actor, in the rehearsals of one of his plays, rattled off his lines so fast that nobody could possibly understand him. None could remonstrate with him,

(Continued on Page 70)

Their First *Own* Home ... the fondest memory of all

HOW much the pleasant thoughts of the past will mean to you in later years . . . thoughts of your courtship . . . marriage . . . and the fondest memory of all—your first *own* home!

Every mother wants a home of her own . . . a home where her children will be happy and comfortable. Every father thrills more at the thought of owning a home than anything else.

Nowadays it is extremely easy to own the home you want so badly. Bankers and home loan associations have devised generous financial plans; employers are glad to give support; architects have designed beautiful homes for every purse; lumber dealers, contractors and realtors are ready with every possible aid.

And to give your home new comfort, undreamed of by other generations, science has perfected a remarkable insulating board . . . Celotex!

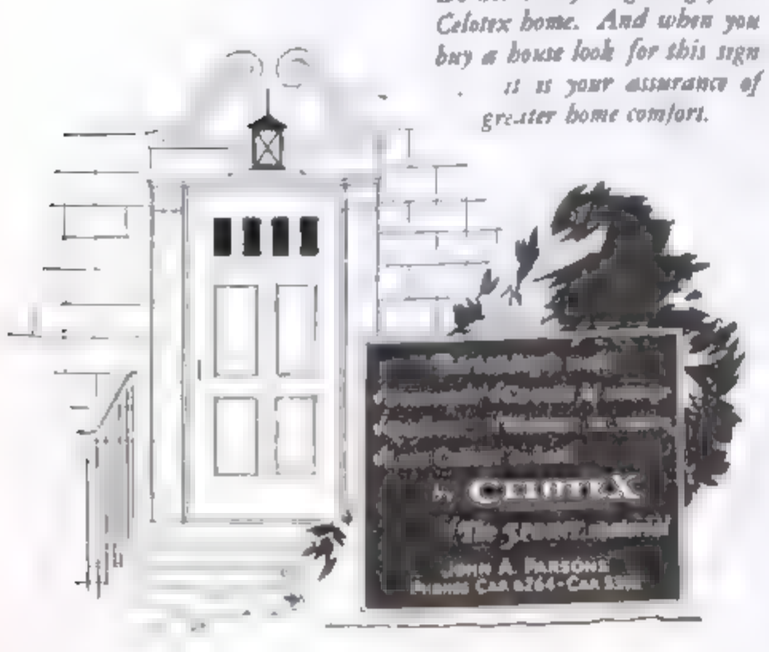
Made from the long tough fibres of cane, Celotex contains millions of tiny *sealed* air cells—just what is needed for efficient insulation. It shuts out scorching summer heat, piercing winter cold and penetrating dampness.

Celotex Standard Building Board is used for sheathing; for lining basements, attics and garages. Celotex Lath, in addition to insulation, is designed to eliminate plaster cracks and lath marks.

Think what these products offer you in building economy, fuel saving, quieter rooms, more healthful homes and greater living comfort throughout the year!

All reliable lumber dealers can supply Celotex Building Board and Celotex Lath. Ask your contractor for further information, or write direct to us. The Celotex Company, Chicago, Ill. In Canada: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Do not delay in getting your Celotex home. And when you buy a house look for this sign . . . it is your assurance of greater home comfort.



Relative heat-stopping values

Cross-sections show why Celotex is needed as insulation back of wood, brick, plaster and concrete . . . As a heat stop, Celotex is 3 times as effective as wood; 8 times, plasterboard, 12 times, brick; 25 times, concrete (Data compiled from tests published by the American Society of Refrigerating Engineers)

These Sections Are of Equal Insulation Value

CELOTEX
BRAND
INSULATING CANE BOARD

CELOTEX IS THE ONLY INSULATION MADE FROM THE LONG TOUGH FIBRES OF CANE

When love can do no more

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THE passing of a loved one leaves but one last opportunity of service—to mark the couch of eternal sleep with a memorial of everlasting beauty.

Guardian Memorials, hewn from selected blocks of Barre Granite, the stone imperishable, shaped and finished by master craftsmen, are the highest expression of memorial art. Some are exquisitely carved. Others are beautifully simple. And, whether the resting place be a sunlit grassy slope or the cool shadows of an ancient tree, they lend the utmost in quiet dignity and perfect taste.

Of all memorial materials, granite is most impervious to the elements. It will not fade or disintegrate as will some softer materials used for memorials. Centuries of sleet or rain will not alter them. Centuries of bitter cold or burning heat will not set up deterioration.

With every Guardian Memorial we furnish a bond guaranteeing its perfection forever. We pledge ourselves to replace any stone that ever develops any imperfection. *Guardian Memorials are distributed exclusively by reliable retail memorial dealers.*

You will find our handsomely illustrated book, "To Mark the Place with Beauty Forever," very helpful in selecting a memorial. A post-card will bring you a copy free. The Jones Brothers Company, Inc., Dept. A-9, 10 High Street, Boston, Mass.

GUARDIAN MEMORIALS
of Everlasting Beauty

Registered trade-mark

(Continued from Page 68)

for he was the star, and pretty upstage too. This went on until they all were in despair. Finally Harvey hit on the scheme of rewriting all the star's scenes and cleverly incorporating in them words that could not be said rapidly without turning into tongue twisters of the meanest kind. He gave these scenes to the star, who began to rehearse in his old manner, only to find that he had suddenly said something he didn't intend to, and that the cast and crew were in convulsions. Fiery red, he began again—this time more carefully, more slowly—and from then on they had no more trouble; he was too terrified he'd slip up and make a break some night before an audience.

The word "timing," used so often by actors among themselves, and understood by them as a feeling rather than as a matter of so many ticks of the clock, is something which does not seem to be capable of being taught. George Cohan has a way of saying at rehearsals, "See how long you can hold that situation; use an actor's judgment." Whether he means the sense of that particular thing is the only judgment an actor has, I don't know. But I do know that often, if you wait too long after a laugh, the scene has, as they say, "hit the floor," and it takes an awful lot of pumping to get it going again. Sometimes directors tell actors to "Count four, or three, or ten" before they speak again after a certain line in the play, but no two people count four, or three, or ten in the same space of time; so that isn't exactly infallible. No, it is a feeling, a sixth sense which all good actors have.

Singing for Their Supper

But all this business of being time conscious, as you might call it, has an awful effect on the actor's social life, for if the card reads "Tea from four till seven," I for one get there at four. John Drew's daughter, Mrs. Devereux, tells me she had suffered so much embarrassment by arriving at eight, when she was informed dinner was to be at that hour, only to find her hosts still in the process of dressing, that she has had to school herself to break her stage training and plan deliberately to appear at 8:30. It used to be a social error to be late for a dinner party; now it's one if you're on time.

Of course the interesting thing is that so many actors now are being invited to dinner at all. Back in the days of the longer season, when actors were considered a race apart—queer fish who went about dressed in fur-collared coats and long hair—they weren't exactly accepted socially. Indeed, one of the landmarks of New York has gained its name and reputation from the usual attitude toward players and their profession—the Little Church Around the Corner. For when Joseph Jefferson tried to arrange for E. M. Holland's funeral at a church in Fifth Avenue, they firmly informed him they didn't bury actors, but that there was a little church around the corner which might oblige him if he asked them. The little church did, which is one of the reasons the Church of the Transfiguration is so dear to the actor's heart, why most of them marry there and are buried from there.

Puritan America has frowned so steadily and so long upon the stage that it is still a surprise to people when they find those who engage in these activities are "really quite nice after all."

Indeed, wise hostesses, even in the cities where actors have some place in the life of the community, are even now careful not to mix their parties, not to ask solid conservative guests when they also ask Thespians; unless, of course, the conservative ones get the feeling they are going slumming. Now an actor, whose business it is to sense the attitude of an audience in a moment, gets the emanation of such a gathering upon entering the room and immediately freezes.

These people usually expect him to sing and dance for them, and the actor feels it coming. Eddie Foy once tagged that kind of party to me, saying, "I know; it's to be one of those come-and-bring-your-clogs parties." Actors will turn themselves inside out for you if they feel they are not being treated as strange animals from the zoo, but they deeply resent being made to sing for their supper.

There is a tale of a *nouveau-riche* society woman who was giving a very grand soirée and thought she might be able to get as the lion of the evening a great violinist—I think it was Ysaye—and perhaps he'd play for nothing if she asked him as a guest. She wrote a charming note inviting him; to which he replied he would be enchanted to accept. Then she wrote again, wondering if he wouldn't bring his violin; to which he answered that in that case the fee would be a hundred guineas. Rather piqued at this, she wrote once more that she would pay the fee, of course, but would he mind coming in through the servants' entrance?

"Not at all," he said.

The night of the soirée came around; the great violinist played; everyone said "How did she ever get him to do it?" and crowded into supper where she promised to introduce him to them all. But when they arrived there no violinist was to be found. Frantically she searched the house for him, and found him dining in the servants' hall.

"Ah, madame," he said sweetly, "you wished to put me in my place, and I am in it."

Nothing could persuade him to leave the servants' dining room; he finished his meal with apparent enjoyment and left by the servants' entrance.

But America is fast losing this uncertainty as to just how to treat these artists; perhaps because they don't wear long hair any more; perhaps because it has been generally spread by publicity that they are only human after all; perhaps because the churches have lifted their ban on the theater; and perhaps, because of the influence of the Anglophiles in imitating the treatment of actors in London, for England is the actors' heaven. There, with their tradition of the theater from before Shakspere's time, with their actor-managers who have been knighted, with their Shaws and Galsworthys and Barries who have contributed, through the theater, to the great literature of the world, they have made idols of their stage favorites. As the legend goes in theaterdom: Once a success in London, always a success. There is none of the American custom of out of sight out of mind there. Here it takes three hits in a row to make a star and three flops in a row to kill one; there one hit makes a star, and that star is always remembered, no matter how many flops he or she may have afterward. Here while actors were being denied social rights, there they were invited to the royal garden parties. Salaries were and are smaller over there, but the living was cheaper and the attitude of the people so charming toward actors that they would almost work for nothing. Small wonder then that London is the actors' Mecca.

From Drawing-Room Drama

Yet, strangely enough, there are at this moment about three thousand English actors in this country. Indeed, up until the past two years the trend has been, like all migrations of people, to the west—that is, to our side of the Atlantic. It was to England that we looked for our plays, for in London were produced the best plays being written; and in order to do these plays well, English actors were imported to play them. And it was smart in the sense of cunning as well as smart in the sense of fashionable, for when one Charles Frohman found he could get British actors for about one-third the salary he had to pay American actors, he naturally was not afflicted with a serious case of patriotism. Besides, the technic of the teacup had not been included in the regular course of play acting for Americans, and these Englishmen who could manage cup and plate without seeming effeminate, wear tweeds without showing they itched, hold a monocle firmly in one eye while dropping syllables all at once made most of our native players look like dressed-up paper hangers, and soon it became the rage to have English leading men. Not only did it send American tailors to advertising English clothes for men and practically ruin the knob-toed shoe industry, but it caused actors to shed their Western r's by the bushel. American actors resented the statement that if you needed a gentleman—that is, someone who could both act and look like a gentleman—better get an Englishman to play the part; and they are still resenting it, for it is still made. But it was the fault of the drawing-room drama and the fact that we looked to England for our plays.

For a Change and Rest

Nevertheless, this competition of the English actor, now so firmly established, has been a thorn in the side of our own people which has not exactly worked itself out painlessly.

On the contrary, one might really say it has festered there for a decade, until this past spring, when it had to be lanced by the actors' organization, Equity.

You see, very often whole English companies have been brought here, only to have the manager leave the members to fend for themselves after the play closed; or perhaps if their fares were guaranteed home they preferred to try their luck over here where salaries were higher and chances greater. Season in and season out this has happened until, as I said, there are three thousand English actors in this country today.

And yet, though London is the goal of American actors, there has been no such flood of our people into England. Now, since American plays have become the rage in London, and since no Englishman seems to be able to play such parts as the ex-prize fighter in Is Zat So?, or to give the gunman or the bootlegger just the right touch and accent, a great many American actors are realizing their ambitions and are playing in London. Several of our young actresses have made such hits over there it looks as if they wouldn't ever come home.

The status, then, is at this time, three hundred American actors in England as against ten times that many English actors here. Now there aren't exactly ten times the opportunities here and the result is—well, unpleasant.

And to make matters worse, the British Labor Party, when in power a few years ago, had a law passed that no actor could come into England looking for work, but must be under contract before he could enter in his professional capacity. This law was put through after the war, when unemployment was in its most tragic stage, and was passed really to protect other activities than acting.

However it was passed, it was enforced and, although English actors continued to come into America by the score and American actors found even thoroughly American parts were given to the Britishers—one actor told me of losing the rôle of a New England hick to an Englishman—there was no relenting on the part of the Labor Department in England.

This went on until one morning last spring, when the newspapers suddenly broke with a story of the deportation of a young lady called Alden Gay, who, it seems, was rehearsing in the chorus of an English musical play. She had been found to come into the country without a contract, "for rest and recreation," and after a while had decided to get a job in one of the shows. She got the job all right, but as soon as the Labor Department found out she wasn't "unique and extraordinary" or needed for American atmosphere but was taking an ordinary job out of some English girl's hands, she was fired and deported.

Of course a terrible hullabaloo set up, egged on vigorously by those actors who had been done out of jobs here by Britishers, and the papers were full of it. The

(Continued on Page 72)

To the 200,000 PEOPLE who will trade old cars for new ones this month

—and who want *better* and *finer* cars

To the 200,000 people who will trade old cars for new ones this month—and who want better and finer cars.

You want the best possible car for the money—a better and finer car than the one you now drive.

You can save yourself a lot of trouble by coming to Reo. For Reo builds for men who are not content with an average car. Reo's appeal is to the man who wants a better than average car and who knows it when he sees it.

Reo's superiority lies in the manufacture of a car—the 1929 Flying Cloud—that does all of its job pre-eminently well, that is by actual test a better and a finer all-round car.

For the Flying Cloud combines high speed with lusty climbing power. It combines fast get-away with marvelously smooth braking, advanced style with freedom from trouble, roomy comfort with low operating cost, moderate price with true distinction.

In short, Reo is assurance of the superiority that you are looking for. And Reo is also assurance of an honest appraisal of your present car. Drive down and see the new Flying Clouds. Take one out. Prove our statements for yourself . . . and we'll figure out the best possible allowance on your old car.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

FLYING CLOUD

Coupe . . $ 1625
Victoria . . $ 1795
Brougham . $ 1645
Sedan . . $ 1845
Roadster . . $ 1685
f. o. b. factory Lansing
Five wire wheels, $75.00 extra

REO

WOLVERINE

Cabriolet . $ 1195
Sedan . . $ 1295
Brougham . $ 1195
f. o. b. factory Lansing

let your heating contractor perform this inexpensive miracle

DON'T put it off another day. Phone your heating and plumbing contractor. Say this: "Put my heating system in order, clean out the boiler—and show me how to vacuum-ize my system with Hoffman No. 2 Valves."

He will tell you: "To vacuum-ize your system requires the locking out of air, the element that robs the boiler of its ability to deliver all its heat. Mortal enemies—air and steam. Air destroys steam, takes away its heat. Get that air out and lock it out with Hoffman No. 2 Valves—and the steam won't have to fight every inch of its way into radiators, pushing out air every time drafts are opened."

With air shut out and no resistance to overcome, radiators fill with steam *15 minutes* (instead of an hour) after drafts are opened. When the fire is banked radiators give off heat for *3 hours* (instead of 30 minutes), because air cannot get in to dissipate it.

What comfort this one simple change can bring! How easy it is to figure out the dollars saved in fuel!

Look up your heating contractor's telephone number now. Just the above 23 words to him will take the bite out of icy weather promised soon.

FREE BOOK, "How to Lock Out Air—the Heat Thief," tells clearly in word and picture the amazing story of Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves. Send for this book and if you wish, the name of a reliable heating and plumbing contractor near you. Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. O-18, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE WATCHMAN OF THE COAL PILE

HOFFMAN NO. 2
VACUUM VALVES
(and Hoffman Controlled Heat)

(Continued from Page 70)

Actors' Equity took it up, asked the Labor Department for full particulars, and the hour had come to face what had been rankling for so long a time.

Art should be interchangeable. There should be no frontiers to hinder its enjoyment, but, alas, the theater of today is commercial in the sense that those in it earn their bread and butter by it and are usually dependent completely on it whether they are lucky enough to get their forty weeks or must scrape along on eight. So, unfortunately, the economic side must be considered and the lean years provided for; and one of the ways to provide seems to be to reduce overcrowding and excessive competition.

So the actors got together to see what could be done. They appointed a committee, with George Arliss at the head of it, and set to work. When the rank and file heard that an Englishman was chairman of the committee, especially an Englishman who had made heaps of money here in the United States, there was another hullabaloo, but they soon realized that Mr. Arliss was more likely to lean backward in his wish to compensate for his success here than to ask for favors; and, moreover, it was only fair for the English actors to be represented, since they were members of the Equity Association and paid their dues like everybody else. Equity had no intention of allowing the cry of "Taxation without representation" to be raised, with Americans as the culprits.

The upshot of this was that this committee evolved a plan which stated that all alien actors—that is, French, Russian and all nationalities—if they came into the States as a unit—that is, if they came in a company contracted to appear here, as the Irish Players came last winter should be allowed to enter and play, but that they must go home as a unit when they had finished playing. Or, if they desired to stay, they must wait six months before entering a production under American management. The plan also stated that those alien actors who had been playing here for five years, or who had played a hundred weeks here since 1923, which the committee felt to be the equivalent of five years—you see how the official season has shrunk—were to be considered as resident aliens and had the same status as American actors. Individual aliens must be contracted for and not enter the country as job hunters. This scheme was put before a general meeting at the Hotel Astor in New York and passed by the membership as satisfying their problems.

Smartness Across the Water

Now the president of the actors' association, John Emerson, has been abroad for some time undergoing severe treatment for a tenacious throat trouble and has been in touch with the English authorities during all this. It is his desire to try to persuade the British Labor Department to relax its rigid rules and then have us reciprocate on our side. The economic conditions are hardly the same, and yet in a way perhaps they are. A few years ago, perhaps even now, anything English was smart on this side of the water; for the past two or three years in England anything American has been smart, and the general public is wild about our quaint ways. This has now so extended over the Continent that American cigarettes are sold in the French Government tobacco stores and the last word in chic in the *haut monde* is to give a cocktail party before dinner.

I am sure we all of us hope that our president's wish may become a fact, for restrictions of any kind simply breed animosities. Noel Coward, the English playwright, song writer, actor, singer and novelist, who is fairly sane on almost everything, was most censorious in print not long ago, when he stated, on his arrival in this country, that the actors here had been arbitrary about this English actor business; that it was all so silly to make such a fuss over Alden Gay—she was getting only twenty-five dollars a week anyway—and that actors ought to be allowed to work when and where they wanted. I think that otherwise brilliant young gentleman missed the point of the whole controversy—that Miss Gay's case was only the element which precipitated what had been muddying the clear water of contentment here in this country for many years, and brought to light the actual workings of the laws in England. And as for the great right of actors to work when and where they would, perhaps Mr. Coward could have some influence using that argument on the Lord Chamberlain or whoever it is sits on that very question in the Labor Department of the British Isles.

The first result of the new laws has been to raise the salaries of English actors who are resident aliens, which is what you might call a blow to those actors who have been howling about them anyway. But this is undoubtedly temporary, for managers are not so foolish as they may seem and will not pay exorbitantly for what they can get elsewhere at a reasonable rate. But it does look as if idle Englishmen might pick up a little extra change teaching ambitious American actors how to drop syllables.

Nor Snow Nor Rain

And the real solution of it all is that the American stage is becoming the foremost in the world now; Europe looks to us for plays, not we to Europe, as formerly. American plays are becoming the best written, the best acted and the best directed anywhere in the world, and I say this with all due regard to Reinhardt and the Moscow Art Theater. American plays require American actors—and there you are. The tide has turned, and in our direction. America has gone into the exporting business now in at least one of the arts.

Of course it would be great to be able to consider the show business as an art, and eventually that is what it will become, as it has in the development of all civilizations in the past. It is suffering now from the bad fit of the business clothes into which it has been forced. In the future we may find that dramatic plays will become like symphonies, to be performed with only the finest of artists and in only the big cities. The "talkies" will supply the popular taste and the theater will not be dependent on business conditions or actors on the chance of a forty-week season.

These forty-weekers do happen nowadays; don't think they are altogether impossible. They occur every year, in fact, but with only two or three shows. Musical comedies don't come in this category, for they are almost always sure of longer runs than the average dramatic offering. What makes for the theme of the actors' recurrent dream is its rarity, but the very hope of its coming true in the face of all the things which exist to make the way of the theater difficult—the movies, the radio and all the rest of it—is that now managers, playwrights and actors are learning more and more that if you want a success you have got to give the public the very best there is.

Actors will work for nothing, goodness knows, if they have the means to feed the family and buy shoes for the baby, and if the play is a fine one; they will even gamble with the manager—whose business it is, after all, to do the gambling—in order to give a play every break possible. Sometimes this works out disastrously and sometimes to the advantage of all. Sometimes actors will believe in a play so much they will take it over after the backers have been scared off, and again they will accept a small salary with a percentage to help a management working on a shoe string to give a show a chance to get on its feet. Henry Hull did that in The Cat and the Canary, for which the backers were more than grateful until the play turned out to be such a hit that Mr. Hull fairly waded through greenbacks, when their gratitude melted away in the salt tears they shed every week they had to pay him.

One such opportunity is all the actor asks for in his life; that will buy him a home, investments, life insurance, and leave him free to do the plays he wants to do, instead of merely stock jobs or hack work.

It is actors who have had some such success whom you will find in the annual Players Club revivals, given the first week in June in New York. They will play for nothing for the chance to do a great play. I remember J. M. Kerrigan saying, during the week of Henry IV, Part I, that this was what the theater ought to be—no thought of money, no thought of position, no thought of first dressing rooms, just acting per se. And, as Philip Merivale said in his speech at the party given by the Players at their club at the end of the glorious week:

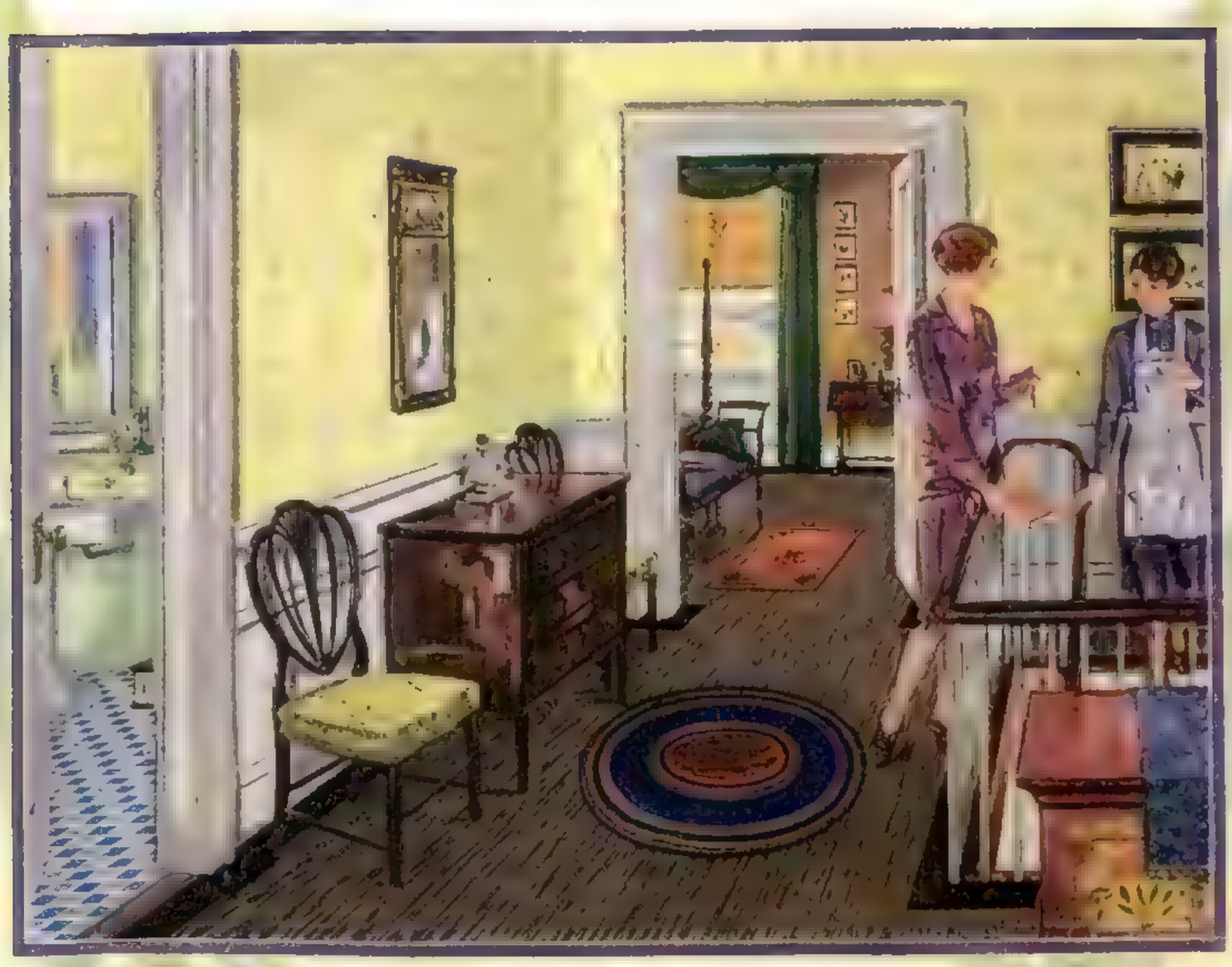
"When I was thirteen our school selected me to do the Player Queen in their production of Hamlet; it was so thrilling and such fun that I said to myself, 'If this is what being in the theater is like I'm going to be an actor.' But, alas, the theater has never quite been like that in all these years until this past week. I thought I had grown old and hard-boiled, reckoning acting by the Saturday pay envelope, but I find, to my joy, that the thrill is still there and that I'm young all over, like goose flesh."

And perhaps it is just such experiences which eternally revive in the actor the passion which he has for his profession and makes true the saying that once you are bitten by the theater bug you are never cured. Have you ever seen the inscription cut in stone over the main Post Office building in New York at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-third Street? Nor Snow Nor Rain Shall Keep These Messengers From Their Appointed Tasks. Well, that gives you something of the idea of how actors feel about their work. Doctors get up at all hours of the night to care for sick folks—it's their job—actors catch trains at four in the morning after a night's performance, dress in damp and dirty dressing rooms all over the country, leave their families, their homes, and all their ties, and often go on playing when they ought to be in a hospital—that's their life. They will work for less money if the play should be a production by some fine manager who will enrich the theater with his efforts, and when the chance to do that something fine comes they will achieve an exaltation, a spiritual blessing in the very identification of themselves with the play, which is the essence of the theater itself.

Part of a Great Game

Oh, it has its bitter, heartbreaking side, this business of being an actor; there are so many disappointments, so many times when what we have to give is not appreciated or understood. The critics, steeped though they may profess to be in the devices and technic of the theater, seldom disassociate the part from the player and often roast an actor to a turn when the whole trouble is he has a poor part. And if it is a fine part, they often exclaim "Where has this person been hiding?" when they may have dismissed that very actor the season before by the word "adequate," or by failing to note him at all.

But it's all part of the game, all part of what you take on when you decide to be an actor. It all goes to make up the gamble of life; and its rewards, when they come, either in the shape of forty weeks' work or the thrill of doing a fine play, or both, are worth treble the rewards of any humdrum, nine-to-five existence. And if we go along in a streak of bad luck, or plod slowly through small parts and stock jobs, seeing others flash by us by some lucky break, there is, after all, the satisfaction of being part of the theater to sustain us in doing the thing we want most in the world to do, which gives us the courage to defy the adage that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and to say bravely, with the Jews, that phrase which has carried them through centuries of exile: "Next year in Jerusalem."



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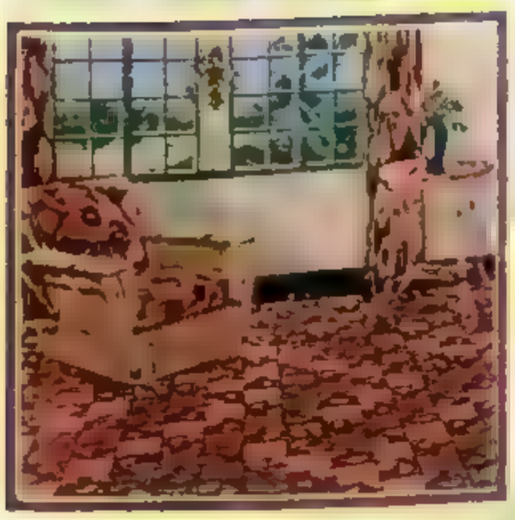

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THIS ABOVE ALL

(Continued from Page 11)

a senior he knew and liked, was sliding onto the next stool.

"Hello, Whit," said La Farge, tapping a coin on the marble counter. "Where've you been?"

"Tutoring," Crane answered, indicating the blue-covered notebooks.

"Sort of spoils senior vacation for you, doesn't it?"

"I'll say it does."

"Darn shame," La Farge said sympathetically. "You'll pass it, though, won't you?"

"I've got a fifty-fifty chance of flunking."

"Do you mean it, Whit?" exclaimed La Farge, turning and regarding him anxiously.

Because his grievance had been long pent up, Crane found relief in telling La Farge about his fear of the examination, about the treatment he had received at the hands of Mr. Huddonfield.

"I should've sucked in with him right from the start," he was presently saying, "but I didn't and I've been paying for it ever since. It's been absolutely impossible for me to get good marks from him. What's more, Syd, he never missed a chance to make some dirty crack at me. Of course, I'm the only senior in that preceptorial, and Huddonfield got a big kick out of showing me up in front of the sophomores."

"A lousy shame," said La Farge feelingly.

"I tried to get into somebody else's preceptorial," Crane continued, "but Huddonfield went to the head of the department and blocked the move. You know, Syd, you'll hear fellows growling about a prof when the whole trouble is that they won't do the work for him. I'm not kidding myself that way. I've worked harder on this Shakspere than any other course I've ever taken, but Huddonfield could always trip me—he'd go out of his way to do it. He'd never call on me without referring to the fact that I'm a senior, and half the time he'd address me as 'Doctor Furness.'"

"Furness?"

"He was a great authority on Shakspere," Crane explained, "and that was one of Huddonfield's ways of being funny. You know, Syd, it got so that I just dreaded that preceptorial. I'd be half sick at the stomach on my way to it every week."

"I'll certainly warn my kid brother to stay away from that guy next year."

"You won't have to," said Crane. "Huddonfield's leaving this term."

"So? Guess the English department got on to him, eh?"

"I hope he starves to death," remarked Crane fervently.

There was comfort in La Farge's sympathetic presence, but Crane's conscience, like a tugging hand at his elbow, constantly reminded him that he should go. Reluctantly he picked up his notebooks.

"Say, Syd," he remarked as he rose, "how did Ted Cameron's case come out?"

A look of depression shadowed La Farge's face.

"Ted hasn't a prayer," he said. "He's been chasing around all day seeing different members of the committee, but it's no soap. He's flunked, all right."

"Gosh!" said Crane regretfully. "You tell him I'm sorry as hell, Syd."

"Of course, I'm sorry, too," La Farge replied, frowning unhappily, "but there's no question that Ted had it coming to him; he even admitted as much to me this afternoon. That's the difference between his case and yours. Ted hasn't made a good mark in a single course this year, he hasn't done any work and he's always overcut. And of course the committee knows it very well."

"What's he doing now?"

"Sitting down in the room, smoking one cigarette after another."

"His family know about it yet?"

"Ted's afraid to call them up," said La Farge. "Sweet job, to have to call up your father and tell him you're not going to graduate!"

The picture of himself in this same situation haunted Crane as he left the restaurant. After four years of good marks, after having received honors in his own department, he realized that he might yet have to notify his father that he had failed.

"If I flunk this exam," he said grimly, "I'm not going home."

He crossed the campus under a sky of low, bright stars. All around him stood the dim bulky forms of dormitories and in each vague mass gleamed many windows beyond which many toilers, studying furiously against time, were burning the midnight electricity.

Without pausing, Crane glanced into one such window to his right. At first he saw nothing but the array of banners tacked on the wall inside, but then the occupant of the room, visible from the waist up, passed in profile. His two hands, raised to the back of his head, adjusted the knot of a wet towel which was bound around his brow, like a tennis player's handkerchief, after the dying custom of those who lash their brains on the eve of final examinations.

Scowling, Crane took a short cut across the last quadrangle. Through the soles of his buckskin shoes he felt the dew, cool and damp; and as he hastened along a new, uninvited thought rose to worry him. Three days earlier he had sent home his allotment of the invitations to the commencement exercises.

Like each senior, he had received a dozen of these free—additional ones must be bought—and that dozen, Crane knew, were now distributed among the friends and relatives of his parents. This thought—the taking of his graduation as an assured fact—started the familiar mild uneasiness in the pit of his stomach.

In his room he pulled off his necktie and spread the notebooks on his desk. Seven hours were left to him, hours to divide between sleep and the last efforts at memorizing notes. At 8:30 in the morning he would walk into the examination room and take the last examination of his life. If he got even a fair mark he would receive his diploma and degree. If he got below a fourth group——

"I've got to pass this thing," he said desperately. And then, with sudden passion, he added: "I've got to pass, that's all—I've just got to!"

At his desk, under the green spray of the student lamp, he began studying his notes. No sound, as the hours passed, came in from the dark campus. Sometimes he rose and read aloud while he paced the room; at other times he shut his eyes and intoned a sentence he had just committed to memory.

At last he set his alarm for eight o'clock. Clad in pajamas, he selected from his notes one more sentence to memorize while falling asleep. He snapped out the light and through the window saw that already an unpleasant gray was diluting the blackness above the invisible stadium. Exhausted, he stretched himself on the bed. Lying on his back, his burning eyes closed, he repeated over and over in a dogged indistinct murmur:

"Macbeth is a study in the disintegration of a once noble character. Macbeth is a study in the disintegration of a once noble character. Macbeth is——"

II

STANDING to one side of the door, Whitney Crane could hear the echoing clamor in the large room beyond; and the penknife, trembling in his hand, beat a tiny, metallic tattoo against the half-made pencil point. With a hasty glance at the passing sophomores, he put the knife away and turned toward the door he dreaded to enter.

His heart pounded as he went down the inclined aisle. After a few strides his pace slackened to a slow irregular advance, for here the aisle was crowded with students who pressed toward the lecture platform to get their copies of the examination.

On his left he saw that a few sophomores had already settled in the wide area of brown seats. Some leaned back, indulging in a last moment of leisure; others, hunched over, wrote rapidly. When the line in front again moved forward Crane quickly made up the gap, and from his new position had an unobstructed view of the raised platform.

Holding a sheaf of examination papers, Mr. Huddonfield, standing erect, handed one down to each man that reached out. Above the waxy whiteness of his face Huddonfield's dark hair went back from his forehead in a curly wave; a sprightliness marked his gestures, and when he was amused his mouth—the feature Crane hated most—had a way of opening upward in a small grimace.

A trace of this smile presently appeared, for Huddonfield, glancing along the line, became aware of Crane's approach. A look of pleased expectancy came into the instructor's thin face, and when Crane stood opposite him, hand outstretched, a secret personal dislike gleamed in Huddonfield's black eyes.

"Ah, Doctor Furness," he remarked with sarcastic deference. "We are all honored, doctor, by your presence here."

Several of the near-by sophomores, recognizing the allusion, looked at Crane, but the senior, silently accepting his paper, ignored their glances. He ignored Huddonfield, too; for, as he walked toward a seat, he discovered that he had just arrived at a decision that startled him. Without any preliminary debate—as though controlled by a force outside himself—he was suddenly resolved upon a measure of retaliation that was unprecedented and shocking.

"All right, Huddonfield," he thought revengefully. "You've been gunning for me all term. You'll keep me from getting my diploma if you can possibly do it. All right, I'll get back at you the only way I can."

He settled into a seat near one of the doors and looked toward the platform. Each sophomore, as he took his copy of the examination, stared eagerly at it, read it with an air of breathless suspense while his feet carried him away from the line. The faces of some, at this first hasty reading, frowned in worry and doubt; others, whose knowledge was obviously more apropos, grinned in vast relief as they hurried determinedly toward their seats.

"It is now exactly 8:35," announced Huddonfield, his eyes slanting to the watch in his palm. "In just three hours—at 11:35 sharp—all papers must be in this box at my feet. Any paper not handed in by then will not be read."

The instructor's manner and tone—Crane had heard a hundred professors make similar announcements without offense—started a murmur of resentful derision in the room. Having placed the remaining papers on the lecturer's stand, Huddonfield was again facing the assembly.

"I want no smoking in the examination room," he announced, and after an interval of cool survey, added: "Any student who feels he cannot get along without the stimulus of tobacco must indulge in it outside and don't light your cigarettes until you are through the doorway."

Again his voice, his assumption that the decision in these old regulations lay with him personally, brought forth a low growl. He appeared faintly pleased by the mild demonstration as he picked up a red book, settled himself in his chair and became absorbed in reading.

For five minutes longer Crane waited; then, carrying the list of questions carelessly in his hand, he rose and went out through the door. Instead of lingering on the landing, however, for the customary cigarette, he went down the stairs. Emerging upon the gravel path he saw that the

(Continued on Page 78)

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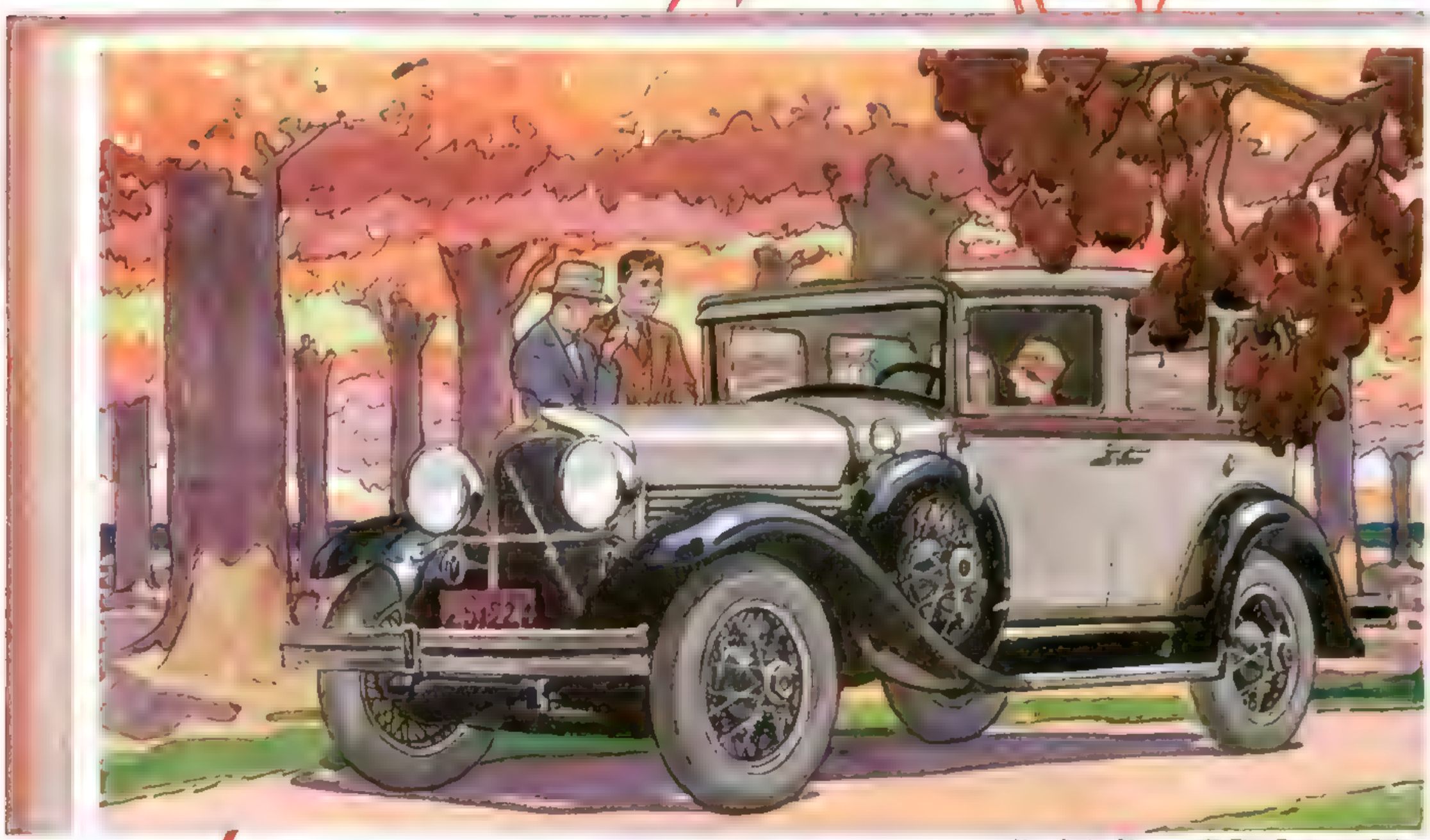

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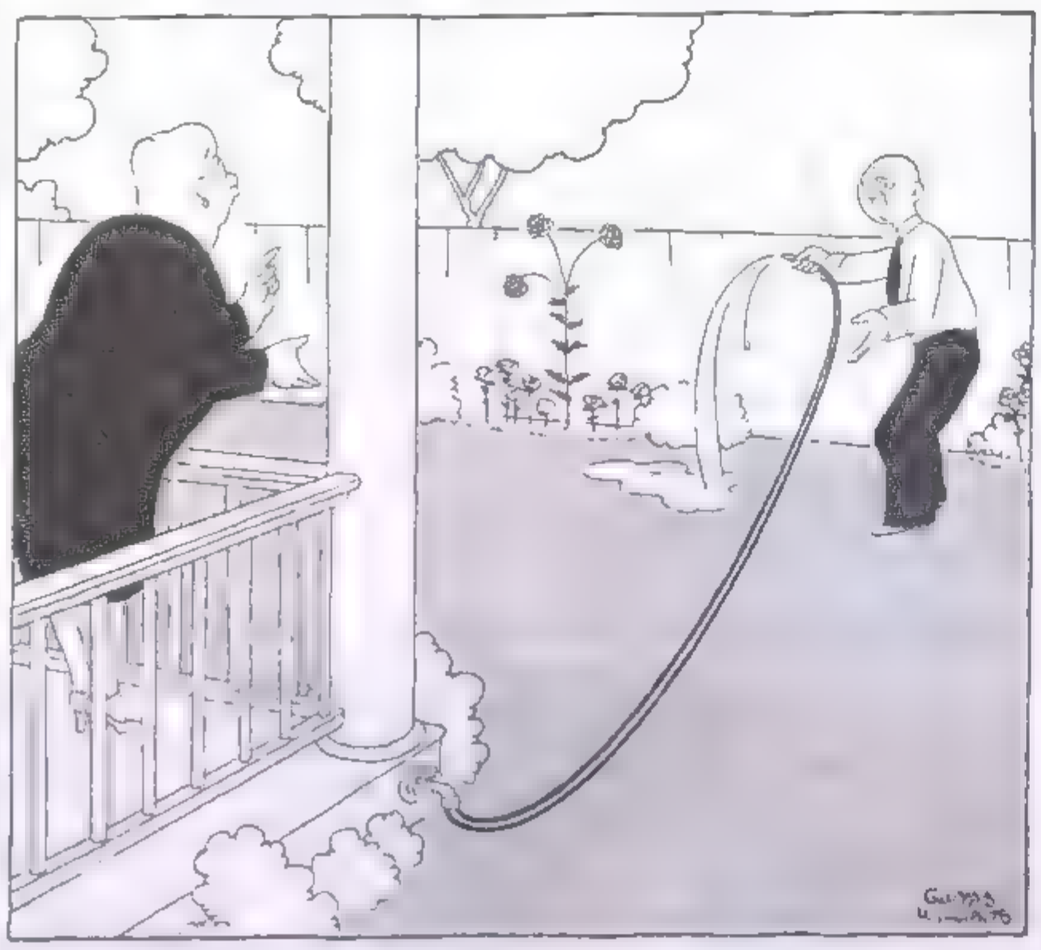

That "prize" dahlia—dying!

"It won't reach," shouted George Wallop.

"Turn the water on full," advised Mrs. Wallop.

"I've got it on full but there doesn't seem to be any pressure."

Of course not, for down in the cellar the pipes are filled up with rust that won't let the water through.

That's the trouble with cheap pipes. They work all right for awhile and then red rusty water starts.

There's a common saying; "Let the water run till it comes clear", and it means that your pipes are starting to rust. Soon they will fill up with sediment and cut down the water pressure. You'll find it takes longer and longer to draw water on the second floor.

Use Alpha Brass Pipe which can't rust and which will always give you water at full pressure.

And if your house is already built, replace with Alpha little by little, or all at once.

Not so expensive either. For a typical $20,000 home Alpha Brass Pipe costs only about $76 more than the cheapest iron or steel pipe.

But all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better because it contains more copper. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts better threads, making leak-proof connections. It positively cannot rust, and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness.

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made from a special kind of

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(Continued from Page 74)

earlier drizzle had stopped and that the sky was clearing. With a casual air he started across the campus in the direction of his dormitory.

His absence, he knew, would attract no attention. The ancient honor system, under which the university conducted all examinations, provided no policing, paid no attention to the comings and goings of the students. The man in charge of the examination remained for a time to answer questions, then read or disappeared until he returned to collect the papers. What the student did in the meanwhile, Crane knew, was left entirely to the student himself.

"I believe that you are a gentleman," the university said in effect, "and I therefore accept your word of honor in preference to any supervision of your conduct during this examination."

This attitude occupied Crane with an impersonal interest as he walked toward his dormitory. For four years he had lived and worked under the honor system; never before had it occurred to him to speculate upon its workings. Like his predecessors for many years he had been put upon his honor in his freshman fall; like them, he had frequently stood in a situation where five minutes of dishonesty would have replaced weeks of hard work; and, like them, it had not occurred to him to debate the question any more than he would have debated a theft of money. And it was just this common veneration for the honor system, he realized, that enabled him to withdraw now, unsuspected.

When he entered his room all reflection left him. He turned the latch in the door, stripped off the white jacket of his beer suit and from its pockets drew several of the blank booklets provided for the examination.

Briskly he cleared the top of his desk. On one corner, for quick reference, he piled the dozen small volumes, a play in each, that had been used in the course. Beside them he placed his neatly bound lecture notes and the blue-covered pads containing the condensed information from the tutoring school. Humming tunelessly, he sat down at the desk and carefully considered the list of questions.

There were, he discovered, five main questions, most of which were divided into parts. He read them over, dwelling thoughtfully upon each. Where a choice was given he crossed out the alternatives he intended not to answer. Then he returned to the first question.

"For what various purposes," he read, "does Shakspere introduce into his plays the singing of songs?"

He reached for his lecture notes, found there just the information needed, and in the tutoring-school notes came upon additional data. With this material spread before him, he began a carefully worded answer. Silently for an hour he worked by this method, and while he worked he was conscious only of the solid satisfaction of accomplishment.

When he had completed half of the questions he saw by his watch that less than half of the allotted time had passed. Laying down his pencil, he pushed back his chair for a brief recess and walked around the room. Stopping near the curtained window he looked out over the campus.

The mist and drizzle had gone and now the strong morning sun, clear and sparkling, shone upon the trees and lawns and many intersecting paths of gravel. To one side the gymnasium, long and low, stood by a curving driveway, straight ahead, partly visible through the trees, he saw the gleaming white marble of one of the debating halls, and farther away, above the highest leafy branches, rose the spire of the old north tower, its burnished copper shining in the sun.

While he stood there, abstracted, he suddenly realized that his thoughts had not been on the scene that lay before him; instead, they had strayed to what he was doing in this room. And now, as he reflected unhappily upon it, there came to him, slowly and disturbingly, full understanding of what the results of this would be.

Some day, he knew, he would regret this, would look back upon this morning with shame and sorrow. Whatever triumphs he might win in those years to come, he could never think of these four years with entire complacence. Always, it came to him, his memory would settle upon this morning, upon what he was doing here.

No one, in the years that lay ahead, would remember or care whether or not he had received his diploma, but he himself could never entirely forget this examination. Every time he came back to reunion, every time he met a classmate, every time he saw the university's name on the sporting page, he would remember the morning he had sat in this room and broken the honor pledge.

He turned angrily from the window, and while he paced back and forth in front of the desk, frequently driving his right fist into his left palm, he addressed himself as though he were a jury to be convinced.

"It all boils down to this," he began desperately: "Huddonfield's cheated me from the start. Under any other prof I'd pass easily, but Huddonfield's out to flunk me—and he will flunk me too.

"And what happens?" he continued. "Well, in the first place, it's going to be a blow to father and mother. They've already sent out those invitations. If I fail they'll both feel ashamed and disgraced, and of course they'll hold it against me. For myself, I don't care—I really don't. I'd much rather give up the diploma than cheat this way, because I can tell right now that I'm going to be sorry for it.

"But that's just the point," he added quickly, striking his palm again: "I'll be sorry, but nobody else will, for the simple reason that nobody else'll know about it. I can stay on the level, flunk the exam and make a lot of trouble and disappointment at home. Or I can cheat, pass and get my diploma just as they expect me to. What then?

"Well," he went on earnestly, "I may be ashamed of myself for cheating, but nobody else will know. The family can drive down and see me graduate and everything will be grand. And anybody who knew all the inside dope wouldn't blame me a bit. I've got to cheat in order to get what's coming to me. That's it," he added quietly, his hands falling to his sides. "Huddonfield's cheated me all term. Therefore, I'll cheat to keep him from gypping me out of my diploma. One cheating cancels the other. That's settled."

Again at his desk, he resolutely picked up the paper and examined the next question:

Thus above all: To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

(a) Name the character who makes this remark, and describe briefly the circumstances under which it is made.

(b) Contrast the above quotation with Falstaff's soliloquy on honor.

Because the quoted speech was vaguely associated in his mind with Hamlet, Crane quickly turned the pages of that tragedy. With a murmur of triumph he came at last to the scene in which the old lord chamberlain gives sage counsel to his departing son. Similarly he skimmed through Henry IV and located Sir John Falstaff's famous analysis of the quality of honor. Twice he read the soliloquy in which the fat knight, scornfully snapping his fingers, exposes romantic honor as an airy delusion. Thoughtfully Crane contrasted the two sentiments; then, his ideas arranged, he began to write rapidly.

Fifteen minutes of steady composition had brought him close to the end when the quiet of the room was broken by a loud knocking. On his feet, he nervously faced the locked door.

"I'll just sit tight," he thought, "and maybe they'll go away."

(Continued on Page 79)

That Stubborn Beard No Problem *Now!*

Whiskers come off quick and smooth when *small bubbles* soak them soft. No drag, no sting or smart. It's a new method of shaving that's very easy to prove by test . . . see our "no-cost" offer in coupon below

"My, that's smooth!" she'll surely say

IF we can show you a way to banish razor-pull, sting and smart . . . *will you try it?*

If we can show you a shaving method that's smoother, easier, faster than any you've ever known before . . . *will you adopt it?*

Then it will pay you to read this advertisement from start to finish. It's the story of a new principle of beard-softening . . . a new and strictly scientific way to get whiskers off in a hurry.

You'll see the difference the minute you try it. A closer shave. An easier, quicker shave. You've never known such comfort in all your shaving days.

Razor-pull. Here's how it feels. Just once over and whiskers come off clean and smooth

Just squeeze a little on your brush. Lather it well. And presto! Your beard is limp and lifeless

Your face feels so fresh and invigorated . . . so delightfully smooth and clean.

There's no pull . . . no drag . . . no sting or smart. Men, you'll agree it's a shave with a smile!

Millions have adopted this new small-bubble lather. Thousands buy it daily. We know you will prefer it, too, once you make a test.

That's why we're offering a seven-day trial tube *free* to you and every other reader of this publication. You'll find the details in coupon below.

Small Bubbles did it!

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, you'll agree, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

A glance at the photographs in the circles proves this better than words.

Note the closely knit, moisture-laden Colgate bubbles. Now contrast those with the large, air-filled bubbles of ordinary lather. That's the reason for the results described below . . . results millions of men everywhere are getting today.

You'll say, "Good-by, Razor-Pull!"

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair.

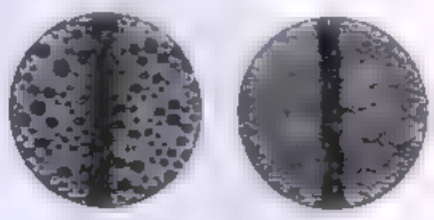
"We always carry it on the boat, sir. Seems as though men all over the world use small-bubble lather."

. . .

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated.



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

. . .

You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort!

Test it Free, for 7 days

Please don't wait for us to publish another advertisement about this small-bubble lather. Make up your mind right now to accept our seven-day offer.

Clip that coupon before you forget it. It will bring comfort that you've never known in all your shaving days.

As an extra dividend we'll send a generous bottle of "After Shave," too. It's a brand-new shaving lotion that's winning men by thousands!

Just jot your name and address on the coupon . . . and leave the rest to us.

Colgate & Co., 595 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Colgate & Co., *Dept.* 502 L, 595 Fifth Ave., New York — **FREE OFFER, MEN!**

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's "After Shave."

Name _____

Address _____

"Chief of the Sixes"

The 2-Door Sedan, $745 • Body by Fisher

Faster, more powerful in performance, *more vividly styled than before*

When you actually see today's Pontiac Six, when you actually experience its flashing performance, you will know why it is enjoying such impressive preference among buyers of low-priced sixes. Here is more than the graceful lines and smart silhouette of a body by Fisher . . . more than the smoothness and abundant power of a big six-cylinder engine equipped with the famous G-M-R cylinder head. Here is the swagger touch of smaller wheels and larger tires—the modish beauty of deep-toned colors in Duco—the new thrill of greater speed and added power! Never did a car tower so clearly above its field! Never has a policy of progressiveness been more clearly exemplified! For by building to uncompromising standards of quality and precision and by constantly offering new developments that add to owner satisfaction, Pontiac Six has clearly established itself as a pacemaker in the field of low-priced sixes—has won a success which continues to grow with every passing week!

Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC SIX

-a Successful Six now winning Even Greater Success

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Continued from Page 76

Again the knocking, bold and insistent, clamored for admittance. Now it flashed over Crane that perhaps this was not a casual visit from a classmate, not a coincidence at all. Swiftly he swept the books and papers from the top of the desk, thrust them into the space beneath the window-seat, silently lowered the cushioned lid

"I'll say I felt sick," he decided, walking toward the door. "That's it—I suddenly took sick, so I had to give up the exam and come here to my room."

Shaking with panic, he slowly opened the door. For a moment, uncomprehending, he stared stupidly at the messenger boy. As he accepted the telegram, producing a tip, he noticed that the boy looked curiously at his face several times.

Once more alone, he tore open the flimsy envelope. With frowning deliberation he read the day letter from his father:

HAVE JUST MAILED OUT THE INVITATIONS RECEIVED THIS MORNING STOP WE NEED AT LEAST A DOZEN MORE SO PLEASE BY TWENTY TO FINISH LIST OF RELATIVES AND FRIENDS STOP DO YOUR BEST TO SEND THEM AT ONCE STOP MOTHER AND NANCY AND I MOTOR DOWN ARRIVING MONDAY MORNING R. W. CRANE

The message drove from him the last trace of hesitancy; with a hard, bitter sense of justification he restored the books to his desk and again fell to work.

At last he rose, carefully pushed the two filled answer books deep into his pockets and hurried from the dormitory. Returning by a roundabout route he approached the recitation hall from the opposite direction. He reached the entrance and went up the wide slate steps. On the upper landing he encountered the usual scattering of students who snatched a few minutes before returning to toil once more. And as he had foreseen, he attracted no attention when he entered the room and took his former inconspicuous seat.

He felt as if he had been away for a long time, but nothing in the room had changed. Huddonfield was still reading, and the same faces bent over pencil and paper in the same anxious concentration.

Not every student was pressed for time, however; for soon, down the sloping center aisle, a familiar figure strode toward the lecture platform. Though a different student filled this rôle at each examination, there were seldom any changes in the manner in which the part was played—the part of the first man to turn his paper in. There was, as always, something about the present man's resounding footsteps which plainly told that he was not merely on his way to ask a question or to get more paper.

"I'm all through," his footsteps shouted, "and I'm on my way to Renwick's! It's really too bad that you less gifted men must remain here and perspire."

At the platform he blithely tossed his paper into the brown wooden box. This move identified him past all doubt, and now his swaggering progress toward the door was accompanied by the traditional salute. From the assembled sophomores there rose a chorus of clear, shrill whistles until the big room sounded like a twilight grove in which a hundred invisible bob-whites serenaded the evening moon. Even a strange ear could detect that the chorus was not one of sincere applause. Envy, but mostly mock admiration, vibrated in the whistling that followed the actor until, near the door, he looked back with an embarrassed leer and vanished.

By now Crane's paper, too, was ready, except for one detail. He sat, marking time, and calmly regarded the familiar wording of the honor pledge, the sentence he had seen at the end of every examination during his four years:

I pledge my honor as a gentleman that, during this examination, I have neither given nor received assistance.

He recalled the whispered legends of the men who had broken this pledge in the past. One of those shadowy apostates, he remembered, having cheated flagrantly in a trigonometry examination, postponed till the last minute the signing of the pledge. He had faltered, the legend ran, broken down on the word "gentleman." And in the presence of a roomful of staring classmates he had blurted out a confession to the stricken professor; then fled from the room and from the lives of his classmates.

A tragic finality marked the penalty of those few men who had fallen. Trial before the student honor committee, Crane knew, determined a man's guilt, and prompt expulsion followed conviction. It reminded him of stories he had read of the code governing army officers; there was the same inexorable penalty, the same pathetic vanishing from old haunts.

No fear of detection, however, troubled Crane as he waited these last few minutes. Even the knowledge that he had gone to his room, the discovery that he had spent considerable time there, was not evidence against him. Every student's honor was taken for granted, and in this attitude, Crane realized, his safety lay.

Similarly he was untroubled by remorse. He had done a thorough piece of work and his mark for this examination would be eighty or eighty-five. This, he knew, would pull his final mark for the course well above the required minimum fifth group, and even Huddonfield's enmity could not prevent him from receiving his degree. Thus, he reflected with satisfaction, he had, at the cost of some possible future shame, assured for himself and his parents the diploma he had already fairly earned. And in addition he had achieved over Huddonfield a victory which already afforded him a revengeful pleasure.

"Eleven-thirty-five! Hand in all papers!"

At this announcement many students, after one startled upward glance, fell to work again in a last-minute desperation. Others rose wearily, sidled out to an aisle and read over their answers once more as they shuffled toward the platform.

Crane's answers filled two of the examination books, and now, on the front cover of the first, he wrote the honor pledge. Beneath it, with a steady hand, he signed his name. Then he rose and joined the crowd in the aisle.

When he was within a few yards of the platform he dropped his hand to the back of a seat and paused; for here, in a strange new fear of himself, he found he was repeatedly, bewilderedly asking one question:

"Are you going to do this thing?"

The man in front stooped and passed on, leaving Crane to face Huddonfield and the brown box half filled with examination papers. Other students wedged in from the sides, some waited just behind. And in that moment, in a period measured by three breaths, Whitney Crane stood undecided at the oldest of all the forkings in the road.

"Hand in your paper, Crane, and move on," said Huddonfield. "You're blocking the line."

Crane, accepting the challenge, regarded the instructor in cool, measuring silence and he prepared to move away.

"Where's your paper? Did you put it in the box?"

Still Crane held his silence while the ring of sophomores stared; he found now a fierce joy in baiting this man who had been miraculously shorn of all importance, all power to hurt. Smiling leisurely up at the angry black eyes, he shook his head negatively, shook it with studied, maddening deliberation.

"Then hand it in!" snapped Huddonfield. "Any paper not in this box immediately will not be read."

Deep in his pocket Crane's fist, unseen, gripped the two examination books and pushed them deeper still.

"That will be O. K. with me," he said cheerfully. "You see, I'm not taking the exam."

"Oh," said Huddonfield, the smile appearing. "Running up the white flag, eh?"

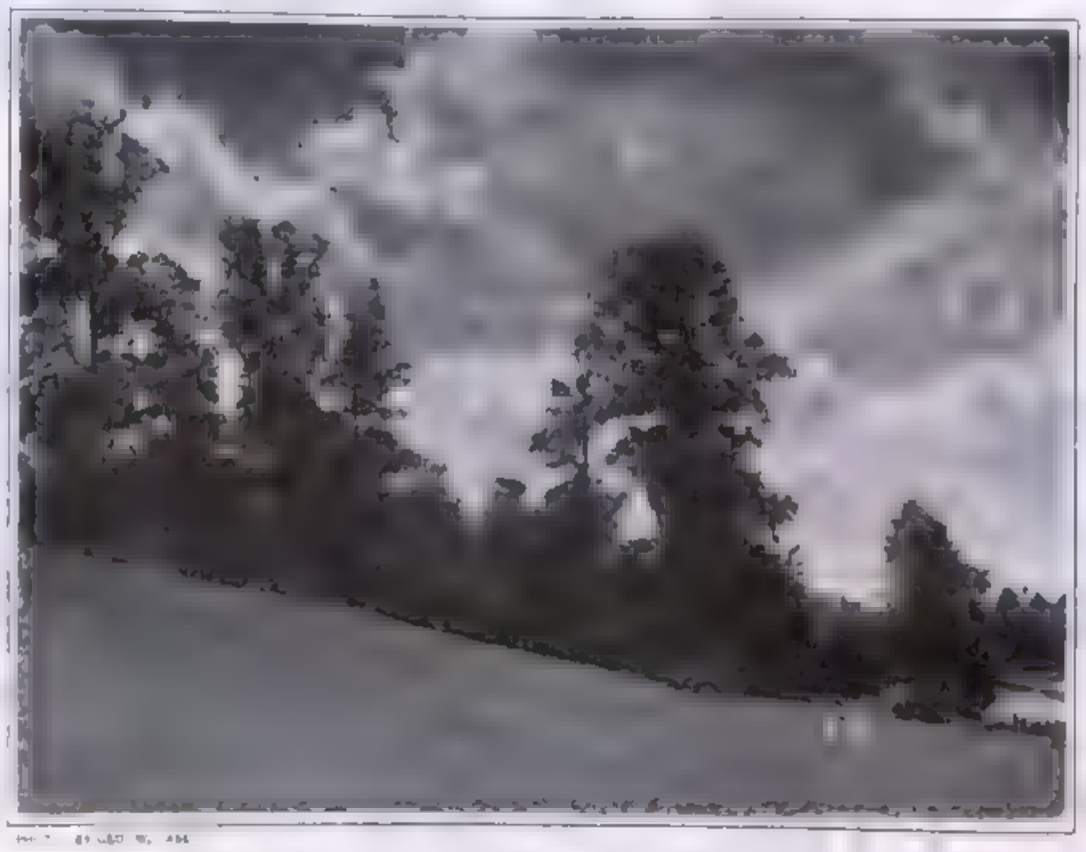
"Well, I was in your preceptorial, wasn't I?" asked Crane quietly. "How can you expect me to know anything about Shakspere?"

Twenty sophomores, in a silent semicircle, drank in the incredible dialogue. Crane, seeing their glances without looking, felt their sympathy and admiration for his boldness. Buoyed up by a feeling of victory, he turned away from Huddonfield's scarlet face and strolled from the room.

His moment of triumph, however, faded quickly; and twenty-four hours later, as he left the bank after drawing all his money, he suffered from a weary, hopeless despair that no previous disappointment had ever brought him, a bitterly sad regret for something now forever lost.

He set out hurriedly across the sunny campus in the direction of the railroad station, going along the same path that he had traveled two nights earlier on his way to the tutoring school. Overhead the high elms swayed in the wind, their branches making vague, moving patches of lemon light on the grass. A peculiar hush pervaded the air as if, at some command, all activity had suddenly ceased; as if, with finger on lip, the campus stood back, waiting for him to pass by.

Abruptly the spell was broken by the sharp, erratic clatter of hammers. Crane glanced toward the sound, saw a group of carpenters over by the old stone steps. They were, he realized, erecting the temporary stage which, on a June morning next week, five hundred seniors would face; the flag-draped stage upon which—while assembled parents clapped approval—each senior would in turn receive his diploma from the president's hand.



Clifton Springs, in the Finger Lakes Region, New York

III

CRANE'S voice, as he drew near the end of his dogged explanation, quavered several times in a way that humiliated him, but he swallowed bitterly and went on with each hateful detail.

In the large red swivel chair his father sat motionless, watching him, listening without comment. There was a disturbing expression on his father's face, a look of stern grief that deepened as the son continued. But when at last he paused young Crane saw that this expression had gone; and the momentary bewilderment passed, too.

"Then you mean you didn't hand it in, after all?" the father cried, and swung one large fist triumphantly down on the top of the glistening redwood desk. He jumped impulsively out of the chair; his big bulky form swung from side to side, the white summer suit billowing like a blown sheet as he strode back and forth, throwing out his arms in gestures that seemed necessary to release his sudden joy.

Crane, listening, felt all his earlier shame and dread leave him; he continued, however, to glance uneasily at the door on his right. He had known Mrs. Paxton for years, but he felt that it would prove embarrassing if she should happen to appear at that moment with her dictation pad; for he preferred the secretary not to overhear his father's vigorous announcement that diplomas were very estimable things, but some things were even better; that a man's word of honor was worth more to him—and to his father—than all the degrees a university could bestow or a weasel-hearted instructor withhold; that the elderly Mr. Crane was happier and prouder of the younger Mr. Crane right at this minute than he had been in a profane interval of time.

"Just the same, dad," said the younger Crane, "I was awful sunk about that dip. To miss out on it at the very end makes it seem as if I had just wasted four years."

"Wasted?" repeated his father slowly, facing him. "Why, Whit, there wasn't a minute of that four years wasted. You've got your education, anyway, and if you choose you can go back next year and get the diploma. But I want you to know, my boy, that you've learned something that means more to me, and will mean more to you, than any other one thing in the world."

Crane, surprised and embarrassed by the discovery that his father's eyes were shining curiously, quickly changed the subject to something less sentimental.

"You know, dad," he said, "there were times when I actually could've murdered that guy Huddonfield. I haven't told you half the dirty tricks he played on me."

"You fooled him at the end, though," said Mr. Crane gravely. "You didn't let him play the dirtiest trick of all on you."

Suddenly he moved toward the coat rack.

"Come on, Whit!" he cried. "This is no day for two men of our caliber to sit in an office! . . . Mrs. Paxton!"

The ground-glass door opened, the secretary's lean, impassive form stood waiting.

"Call up Mrs. Crane," ordered the booming voice, "and tell her to get ready to go out for supper. I'm on my way home now. Tell her it's a special celebration."

His big arm shot out, and as the hand clutched a large panama hat he turned again.

"Oh, Mrs. Paxton!"

"Yes, Mr. Crane."

"Don't tell her Whit is here," said the elder Crane. "Just say I'm bringing an old friend of mine along."

"Yes, Mr. Crane," said the secretary. "Is that all?"

Mr. Crane, his hand on the door knob, looked back once more, poised for flight.

"Well, you can say that he's a friend of hers, too," the big voice boomed. "And you might add"—turning, the father beamed in gigantic pride upon his son "that he's a damn fine fellow!"

Jubilantly he linked elbows, and the two men stamped out, marching to the crash of drums and cymbals.

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THE STRONG WOMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

strings. On each of the four corners of the plot is a granite elephant, sculped artistic right out of the livin' stone like one of these Egyptian spinxes. And in the plumb center of it is a fifth elephant—the biggest bull of all; classy, I tell you, classy and big and A1 art; a magnificent and mastodonic marvel such as the Pharaohs of the Nile or the umpires of Babylon would be proud to have upon their pyramids!

"And I always had the notion that when the dead arise from that plot and grab their harps and trumpets and go marching into paradise, with the jugglers and the clowns and the tumblers doing their stuff, them five big stone bulls might come to life and fling their trunks curling up into the air and flash their tusks and lead the procession. And they're all the kind of people the saints will be glad to see come troopin' joyful through the gates, to join the big show where things is even classier inside than represented upon the canvas; for they're artists, all of them—artists with big hearts. That's where I'm gonna put Willie Swartz's monument. She was a big woman. And she never deceived her public. I want something that will give you a kick in the eye, as the French say, from a long ways off, all arted up and classy and big.

"I know a place about three blocks from here where they got genuine ale some kind-hearted hound of iniquity has sneaked in from Canada; it ain't any of this needled stuff, and if you boys will come along to lunch with me I'll pipe you what I know about Willie."

No sooner said than done. And in a few minutes Doc Karson, his ample waistcoat unbuttoned over his noble embonpoint and food and drink in front of him, was chanting his sentimental lyric.

You know me—said the old pitchman—and you know that in all my wandering peregrinations not once has Dr. Cartwright Karson ever deceived his public. Therefur when I tell you this girl was the strongest woman that ever lived, you have confidence that the goods are exactly as advertised, without doubt, question or quibble. It was about three years ago I first met Wilhelmina, the last year I was on the road, before I made my pile out of prohibition. I was introducing the Chinook Injun Herb Remedies to a public that's always got more diseases than it knows about until the true condition of its heart, lungs and liver is brought home to it by some evangelist like me. I carried eight people, including three genuine Injuns born in Indiana, and we gave a classy show, following fairs and carnivals. Wilhelmina wasn't doing so well when I first lamped her act, owing to the fact that she was under the management of a little narrow-faced squirt that she had the bad luck to be married to. He did the ballyhoo outside their canvas, but he didn't bring neither art nor experience to the game.

They were pitched on the midway right next to my outfit, and I saw at once this girl had class—flash. Say what you like, in the show business it's flash that keeps the runs from getting rusty. What's the main difference between duds and such born troupers and artists as Edwin Booth and the Ringling Brothers? Flash, kid, flash!

In spite of being twenty-six or twenty-eight years old, she was a child at heart, and that was another thing in her favor. The great American public likes its female performers to be innocent and child-like, and show it in their looks and actions, like Mary Anderson and Maude Adams. After I'd watched her work five or six days I called on her and her husband.

"Miss Swartz," I says, "I'm Old Doc Karson—forty years beside the family bedside—and I want you in my med show."

"She's under my management," says her husband, giving me a suspicious look out of his narrow face, "and we always work alone."

"I don't want to tread on any corns," I says, diplomatic as always, "but you got a great woman here, kid, and a great natural artist—and yet you ain't doing business. Why? It's because you don't know how to get them inside. This woman's wasted on you. She oughta be world-famous, with her gifts."

He was going to say something more, but she cut in: "Where would I fit into your show, doctor?"

"This way," I says: "Listen! You're the strongest woman in the world—now! You got the muscles of six Biblical Goliaths and the constitution of a prehistoric behemoth, but up to eighteen months ago you was a weakling and a total loss, given up to die by the medical practitioners of two hemispheres, and you spent your life screaming in pain between a rubber mattress and a wheeled chair. But one bright spring day a neighbor brought you in a dollar-sized bottle of Dr. Cartwright Karson's Chinook Injun Herb Remedy—and now look at you!"

She shook her head slow and troubled. "It wouldn't be honest, doctor," she said.

"It would be beneficial to the human race," I said, "and therefur noble. It would help spread the glad tidings of good health to the sick and the suffering, the lame, the halt and the blind, the world around."

"But I always been this strong," she said. "It wouldn't be true."

"Listen, girlie," I told her, "you're talkin' to a man that in all his forty years of public service never once gypped or jammed his customers. Shoot straight and render unto Cæsar has always been my motto, and I leave a town clean for the next worker. I wouldn't any more ask you to do anything against your conscience than if you was my own daughter. And I wish you was—you look like her. But she passed on. She passed on a year ago. And when she passed on she was as strong and husky as you are now. But she hadn't always been that way. For years she was a sickling. What I said to you about spending your life in pain was true about her for years. But five summers ago I found out about this wonderful medicine and it cured her. It made her as much like you are as two peas. And I organized this show just on purpose to travel around and show her off and introduce this remedy to the rest of the world for the sake of philanthropy. I ain't asking you to do anything dishonest. I'm only asking you to take up the work where she laid it down—the work of truth and healing, girlie. Except for the accident of birth, you might 'a' been her yourself. There's no deception in it anywheres. And to make your mind easy, I'll adopt you legal as my daughter, and bill you and bally you as such. It wouldn't be honest—honest to the great public—not to do it, girlie."

"What did she die of, if she got so strong and healthy?" says Wilhelmina. And I seen that husband of hers, who I never liked from the first, smirk all over his face.

"Railroad wreck," I said.

"Is it really made by Injuns?" she asks, simple and confiding.

"It was known for hundreds of years before the paleface came," I said, "to the aborigines of Oregon, and contains absolutely no deleterious chemical ingredients. It is Nature's own specific, compounded from juniper berries, buchu leaves and the bark of the wild cohosh."

"And how about the salary?" says the husband.

"You think it would be honest, Herby?" she says to her husband, doubtful-like. I named a figure quick that made Herby sure it was honest, and she went to work right away.

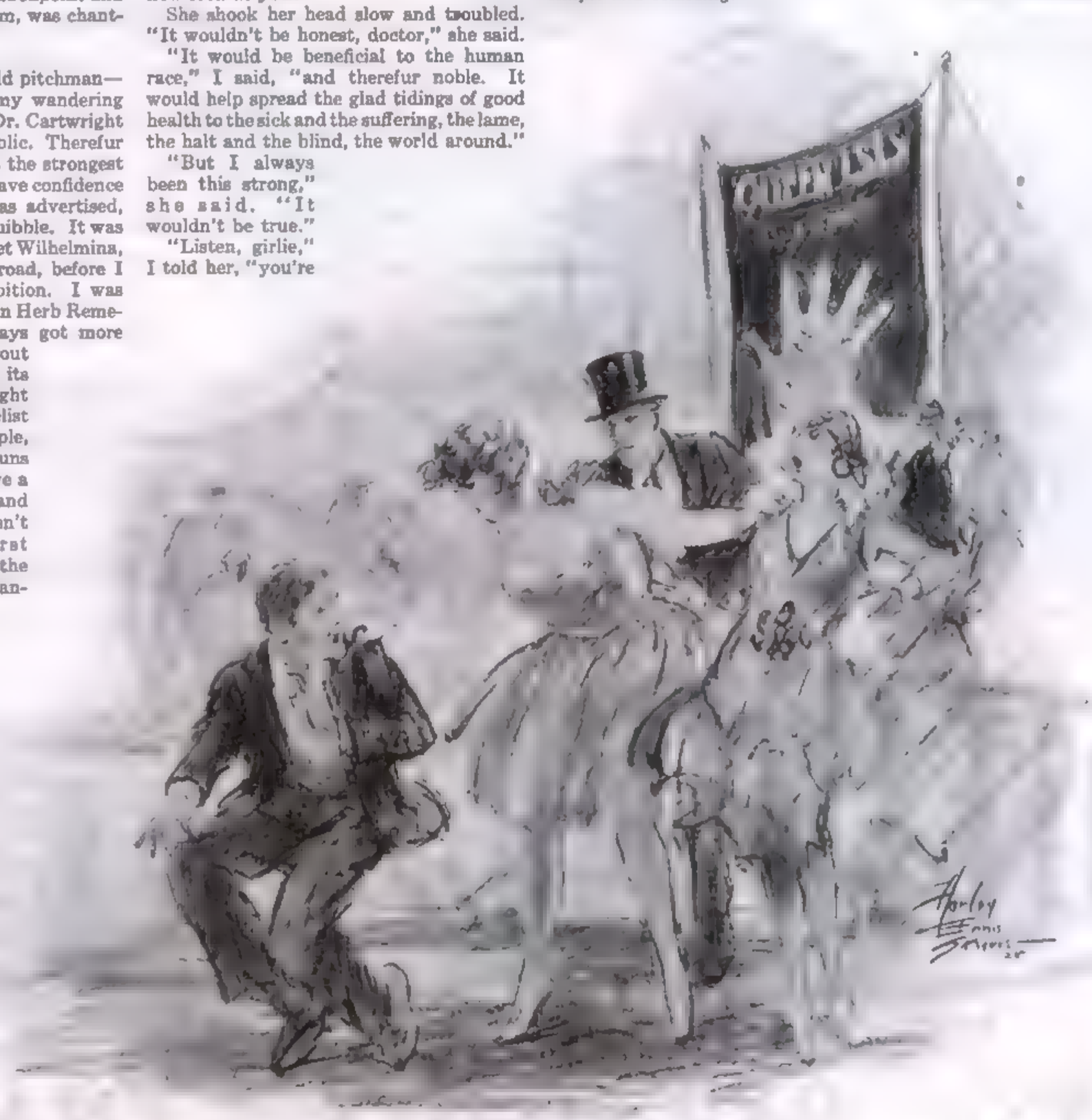
Kid, there's two ways of straightening out a horseshoe or bendin' an iron bar into a hairpin.

The average strong man or woman just bends that iron—and who cares? A machine might just as well have done it. But look at these pictures of Willie Swartz. There was heart throb and suspense and human sympathy in it when she bent iron; she got the customers heated up in their imagination, and cheering and rooting for her, and when she triumphed they felt like they'd bent that iron themselves! Whether you're ballyhooing a dog-faced boy or acting Hamlet you gotta have that showmanship.

Kid, I've sold fountain pens to people that couldn't write the English language, just because it would 'a' broke their hearts to see me fail! Willie had more than muscle—she had a joy in all that muscle. It was a kind of innocent childlike joy. Lookit this photo where they're drivin' a heavy auto truck over her stomach—and this one where she's holding back an army airplane with the strength of her hair—and this one where they're doing the stone-breaking act on her torso—and you'll see what I mean. Ever notice a fourteen-month-old kid learning to navigate on his dogs? He tries to walk, and he tries, and he tumbles and he tumbles; but after a while he makes them four steps from the sofa to the chair, and you get so interested in that little drama about whether he will fall or not that your heart stops beating like it does when Lady Macbeth operates on King Duncan or Eliza crosses the ice ahead of the bloodhounds. And when the kid finally makes the grade he wags all over with joy like a dog's tail. And you feel just as joyous yourself as you felt the morning you read in the paper that Lindbergh had really done it. Well, Willie made you work with her and win with her the same way.

I seen at once the kind of innocent woman she was—and the kind of skunk that Herby was. She loved that louse. And he wouldn't have been bothered with her fifteen minutes if she hadn't been his meal ticket. But she worshiped him. In spite of her size and

(Continued on Page 87)



This Herby Person Was Whining Like a Whipped Puppy. Isis Was a Little Bit More Game

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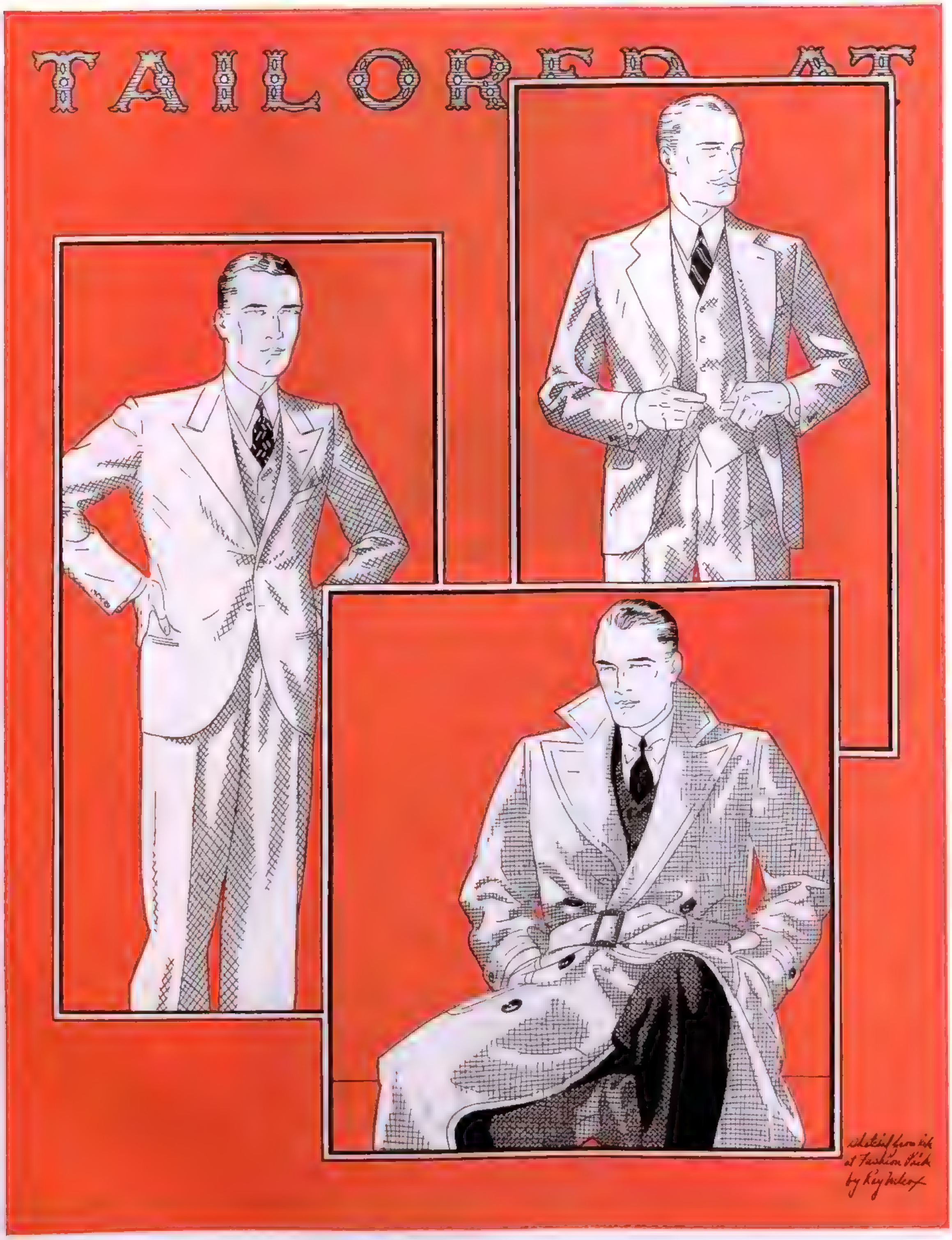
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PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

(Continued from Page 82)

strength, she was the most feminine and female woman, in the best sense of the words, that ever fell for a crooked, conceited little four-flusher.

But there must have been a time, at that, when he had treated her well. She was Pennsylvania German, and he had married her in a little village when she was sixteen; she was big then, and looked older, but not so terrible stout. But she grew and grew and grew; and then he got out of a job and took her on the road. And now he let her see that he thought of her as a freak, as if she were a two-headed calf or some monstrosity, which made her think of herself that way more than she need have. And he'd still have spells when he'd treat her a little nice and then git it acrost to her that still he was the only one that did. And she was a fool female woman with no more sense than to be grateful for that. She loved that louse, in spite of knowing he was a louse. His life was one continual chasing after frails, but for the most part Willie pretended she didn't know it.

And he never had any respect for her finer feelings about anything. One day he came in with a grand idea that we should have a big wrestling match between Willie and some Turkish bull that was showing on the same midway and meeting all comers. Willie and I went over to see him work. She'd never seen any wrestling before. Well, you kids know what it's like—how they coil round each other like big snakes and struggle on the mat for hours.

"That," said Willie, when she saw what it was, "is nothing for a lady to show herself at!" And she gave her husband a hurt look which he never even understood.

And then he wanted to match her with a paluka boxer. But she vetoed that.

"If he was to keep on hitting me until I got mad," she said, "then it would be terrible what I would do. I have never let myself get mad—quite mad—for I know how terrible it would be."

Herby should have taken warning from that, but he was one of those saps to which a verbum ain't sufficient. He went and plunged himself into an affair of the kerr, as the French call it, which ended up by getting her mad—and what happened was terrible. The frail which Herby went and got his worthless affections associated with was a mentalist—Queen Isis, the Egyptian Sorceress, her paper and canvas read. She read mitts, done crystal gazing and mind reading, pulled a line of horoscope stuff and told you how to harness the constellations of the heavens onto the job of developing your psychologic and magnetic personality. She give out she was a real gypsy, but she wasn't—she was a grifter and a gyp, all right, but not a gypsy.

Queen Isis had a pretty good racket, for a mentalist show. She was hard-boiled and she was handsome, and she was on the lookout for a boob with money, to develop his magnetic personality for him and confiscate his cush. Lookin' for a believer with the jack is the mainspring motive behind all these mentalist games, whether it's spirit medium or some new brand of faith cure. This Isis pitched one week near our stand and I noticed Herby was interested in her.

The next week I seen Willie was really troubled about something. She'd had a hard time one day pullin' her truck with fifteen men in it and I asked her if that was it. But she said no—the only trouble about that had been some village smart had jammed the brakes on. I seen then her discomfort was more mental, and I noticed that day that Isis was once more on the same midway with us. The next week Isis shows up yet again in the same town, and Herby is with her all the time. Then I tumbled: Herby has slipped Queen Isis our itinerary and she is making her dates match up with ours. And it's getting serious with Willie. She loved that louse.

She carried her own tent, where she lived, and one day I went in to see her, and I says to her in my diplomatic way:

"Willie, if I was you I wouldn't stand for Herby's goings-on like you do. You're losing your appetite. You only eat a couple o' pounds of steak for breakfast today, and you will be losing your strength."

"I wish it was lost," she says, "and my size along with it." She laid down the piece of embroidery she was working on and stared straight ahead of her, while tears slopped over and rolled down her cheeks. "Then," she said, "I wouldn't be a freak. I'd be a woman."

"You ain't a freak, Willie," I said, indignant. "You're an artist."

"I know what I am," she says, looking down at her needlework. She was always doing needlework, embroidering cushion covers and making the daintiest, frilliest, fussiest, woman-sewed stuff you ever seen, and smoothing it and patting it, and buying herself dainty dishes and teapots.

"You settle Herby," I says, "or get rid of him. Dominate him and make him behave himself."

"What could I do?" she says.

"Do?" I says. "Raise a little hell for once."

"I should not let myself get mad," she says, "for that would be terrible."

"Don't get mad then," I said. "But express your personality onto him. Kneel down onto that rat some night and threaten to squash the life out of him."

"I don't see him much nights," she said. "He is with that Isis in the evenings."

"You know what I mean," I said.

"Doctor," she replied, very serious, "I should not hurt Herby. By the side of me, he is so weak."

"I'll say he is," I answered. "He specializes in it; it's his racket."

"He is weaker in his muscles," says Willie, "but that is not what I meant—he is weak, even if he should be strong in his muscles. He means well, but he is often tempted, because he is so good-looking and pleasant. And I do not hold him. Should I blame him if he cannot love a freak?"

Good-looking and pleasant—that prune! But you can't argue with a feminine woman who has those visions and optical delusions. I told her to sock him just once on the ear to please me and her other friends.

"No," she said with a sigh. "I am strong and I must be strong every way. I must help him and care for him. If the dear Lord means anything at all, he means that the strong ones have got to help the weak ones. He is my weak one to help."

She was just as straight-out and simple as that about everything. And what you gonna say to a line of talk like that, when the person that hands it to you really believes it and puts it into practice? I didn't say anything for a minute—and then I noticed something all of a sudden.

"Willie," I said, "what's that you are embroidering there?"

She blushed and put it behind her back to hide it. But I had seen it.

"That's baby clothes," I said. "Willie, are you gonna have a baby?"

She stood up and looked at me, with the baby clothes behind her, and went red and white and white and red again. And she slowly shook her head from side to side.

"No," she said—"no, a baby is not for me."

And standing looking at me that way, her face suddenly broke all to pieces and she began to sob, with big heaves of her big chest. She shook and gasped, and it was like an earthquake working in a mountain. She tried to get the better of it, like she was afraid a woman as big as her couldn't even cry without there being something funny in it.

"A good husband and a home and a baby," she said finally, "would be for a woman that was not ridiculous. A freak could not have them."

"If you call yourself a freak once more, Willie," I told her, trying not to blubber like a fool myself, "I'll take a tent peg and wallop you on the nut the next time you go to sleep. I won't have it. Why, darn your sweet heart, I'm gonna croak that husband of yours and marry you myself!"

She looked at me with a smile. "No," she said, "you say that because you are a kind man and wish me to feel good again. But you would not. You could want me for a sister or for a daughter or for a mother, but you could not want me for a sweetheart or a wife. I am too big; men do not think of me that way. I should rather have you honest, and not say nice things to cheer me up that are not so, for we like each other, you and me."

Kid, there was a modicum of subliminal truth in it, as the dope books would say. You can see by those pictures that her face was open and handsome in a big way—but a darned big way. It would have been like falling into love with the Washington Monument. But if I had married her at sixteen, when she was eighteen inches shorter and weighed a hundred pounds less, I would have treated her well always. I would have devoted my life to keepin' her fooled, that woman. I been more or less married five or six times, and I always kept 'em all fooled; it's no more than a good woman's rights not to have to notice what a louse her husband is. She's gotta keep her self-respect up. And I'm slipping that morality to you on the authority of Dr. Cartwright Karson, a man who never deceived his public.

"Whose baby are those things for?" I asked her.

She looked me over steady for a minute before she answered, and then she said: "Yes, I will tell you. You are my friend. You would not laugh. No one knows—but Herby. It is silly. It is ridiculous. But if you should laugh I would not like you any more." She went to her trunk and dragged out a big doll.

Laugh? My Adam's apple looped the loop nine times before I could cry! I'd 'a' killed the man who would 'a' laughed. For then my psychology deducted its way clean into the hiddenmost chambers and occult recesses of that girl's immortal soul. She wanted babies; she wanted babies more than anything in the world—babies, and a dad for them that wasn't a cross guy. She wanted to be like other women. But she wouldn't have babies. They might be as big as she was, and be thought of as freaks too. Or, if not, as they got older, they'd see how she was set aside from all other women by her size; they'd begin to think of her as a freak. And she wanted them so bad, and hated thinking of herself as a freak so terribly, that she couldn't stand that.

"You will not laugh?" said she, anxious.

"No," I said, and went away from there.

It was a few days after that that Willie got mad for the only time I ever knew of. And her prediction and prophecy that it was gonna be terrible was fulfilled, as the crystal gazers say—fulfilled with bells on. It was about one o'clock of a Sunday afternoon and we were setting up our outfit on a midway at a little city in Illinois. The fair wouldn't open till the next day, and we'd all looked forward to a good rest that afternoon, and a gabfest that evening with such old acquaintances among the concessions as might turn up. I'd seen that Queen Isis was on hand and had her canvas up early. I was getting things shipshape around our stand when I noticed a commotion and quite a crowd down at the far end of the midway, which was about three hundred yards off, and heard a terrific rumpus and people shouting excited and women screaming.

A bird came dashing up on a motorcycle and he says, "Have you got a strong woman in your outfit?"

"Yes," I says.

"Come and get her," he says. "She's gone crazy. She's smashing up the whole fairgrounds."

I started on a trot down that way, calling to him as I footed it "What's she doing?"

"She swears she's going to have the life of some other woman," this bozo says. "I don't know what it is all about, but the first thing she did was to pick up a flivver with the president of the fair association in it and sling it right into one of those small tents. It struck the center pole and the whole thing came down in a mess. It seems there was a man and a woman in there."

When I got to the scene of the disaster Willie was still mad. After wrecking Isis' outfit, she had waded through the ruins and picked up Isis' two heavy wardrobe trunks, one at a time. The first one she flung to the left of her and it devastated and decimated a soft-drink emporium. The second one she flung to the right of her and it knocked the back end out of a shooting gallery. That seemed to make her mad at the shooting gallery, for she took it to pieces with her hands, like a hobo separating a doughnut. Just before I got there a volunteer fire company had turned its hose upon her and two minutes later there wasn't any fire engine, and there wouldn't have been any firemen either, except those bozos had had considerable practice in foot racing. When I arrived she had turned back to Isis' tent and picked Herby and Isis out of the general débris.

She held each of them by the shoulder, one of them in each hand, and this Herby person was whining like a whipped puppy. Isis was a little bit more game. She said nothing, but she was scared and pale. For no doubt she thought that the next second her skull and Herby's would be bumped together and probably she had an idea what happens to eggshells under such circumstances. There was a crowd getting bigger every minute in a circle around them, but pretty well keeping its distance.

Willie was shaking and trembling all over and her fingers were working on the shoulders of them both.

As I pushed through the circle and went up to them I heard Willie saying: "This man, my husband, is a fool. He is a weak man and a fool. He has not been kind to me. And you are not a lady. You do not know what being a lady is like."

"A lady!" sneered Isis, looking at her. I must say that Isis had her nerve with her, for with just one little squeeze of her hand Willie could have stopped the utterings of her larynx forever and forever, and that hand quivered near her neck as if it wanted to do the job. I saw then that Willie had got control of herself to a certain extent and was holding back that quivering hand with all the strength she had.

"No," she said to Isis, "you are not a lady. The thing you said to me no woman should have said to another. And my husband here, he is a weak man. He should not have told you the thing that you said to me. It was not kind. It was not kind of either of you. It is so unkind that I am having a hard time right now not to kill you for what you two have said and done; it has been worse for me than if you had killed me."

I went up to her. "Willie," I said. She turned and looked at me and shook and trembled. She let go of Herby and the Isis woman and came and put her arm around me like I was her little brother.

"Once more I have been ridiculous," she said. "Doctor, take me away from here."

I took her back to our outfit and she said she wanted me to be near her for a while. I didn't ask her any questions and for a long time she said nothing. Then finally she pulled herself together enough so she could talk.

"I should not have got mad," she said. "I knew that it would be terrible if I got mad. Thank the dear Lord, I did not kill somebody. It came about in this way: She spoke about the doll!"

She was silent a moment and I saw that she was fighting down the rage that was rising up in her again.

"I had not meant," she said, "to be anything but a lady myself. Never would I have spoken to that Isis, but as I was walking by her place I saw the two of them together. What should I do but speak to them? Of course I spoke. I should not let her see how much grief I have over her and Herby. I am too proud for that.

"But she said to me, 'How is the baby today?' And she smiled in a mean way when she said it. I pretended not to know what she was talking about. 'My husband and I do not have any babies,' I said, very quiet.

"'I meant the doll baby,' she said and laughed again. Doctor, it was not anger that came over me at first when she said

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that. It was a great sadness. I was sorry for Herby before I got angry. I was sorry that he did not know better than to tell this woman about that doll I have. He should have known when he told her that he was showing her everything that is inside my heart. It was not a kind thing to do. I saw that he had told her that so that they could laugh together about it.

"But after I had been sorry for Herby for a minute, because he is that kind of man, I became angry. Doctor, I guess I must have been crazy for a few minutes. I do not know what I did. All I know is that once more I have become ridiculous. It is always so with me."

She didn't say anything more for a minute or two and then the rage came over her again and she got to her feet, with the muscles in her face working and her hands reaching out and clenching and unclenching themselves. And her voice was hoarse.

"I think I shall kill them yet," she said. "Yes, I think when people are so unkind as that to a woman who is ridiculous they should not live any longer. It is not good to have people in the world who are as unkind as that."

And she turned as if to start out to the midway again.

"Steady, old girl," I said to her. "You don't want to do anything more that is going to make you laughed at, do you, Willie?" For I saw that was the way to get her. "Later we'll see if we can figure out what's got to be done next. But first, you better lie down on the bunk, Willie, and bawl. After the cloud-burst you will feel better. I will stick around here if you want me to, and watch you cry."

She laid down, but she couldn't cry much, and after about an hour she said she guessed she would go for a walk and I could come along if I wanted to, which I did. We passed down the length of the midway and out of the fairgrounds. She didn't look when she passed the remains of Queen Isis' tent. But I did and neither Isis nor Herby was about. We walked out into the main pike that ran from the town proper past the fairgrounds, and we took a turn toward the farming country. There were a lot of cars on that road, and half a mile farther we turned off of it into a regular old-fashioned dirt country road that evidently wasn't used much by cars. Willie wasn't saying much, but she was walking so fast I almost had to trot to keep up with her, with her face staring straight ahead and her hands clinching themselves and her lips moving; and now and then she would sort of whisper to herself. I heard her say: "It was just the one thing—just the one thing he should not have done! He must have known he had given my heart to that woman to strike!"

But after a while she stopped right still in the center of this country road and said to me, "Doctor, I am afraid."

"What are you afraid of, Willie?" I said to her.

"I am afraid I shall meet that woman. I think I would kill her yet if I met her. Doctor, you should help me to pray that I will not kill that Queen Isis the next time I see her."

Putting it up to me sudden like that to lift my voice in prayer sort of flabbergasted me, but I made up my mind I would do everything I could for Willie. So I cast around inside my mental elements to see if I could recollect some of the lines I had once used when I did a turn in the sticks teamed up with a revivalist preacher. But before I could get my mind on it I heard a shout from the distance and saw a man come around a bend in the road a quarter of a mile away waving his hat and hands at us. Then he stopped and ran back again out of sight; and then, in another minute, on he came again toward us. His actions were like those of an excited cur that is in a situation it don't know what to do with.

And a cur it was—Herby. He recognized us and we him at the same time. He came trotting toward us, and we walked toward him as fast as we could. His clothes were torn and dirty and he was limping and panting; and like a dog he led us round the bend in the road.

"Come on!" he says, whining and blubbering. "Quick! Come on!" And he whimpered and stumbled and bit his tongue.

Just around the bend in the road, where he led us, there was an old gravel pit beside the highway; dug in a big semicircle out of a hill it was, and one crumbled lip of it came up to within a few feet of the roadway.

"Down there!" says Herby, mumbling and flinging himself onto the ground, "down there—under the car—maybe she's dead!" Even before I looked down into the pit I knew what must have happened; Isis and him had been out in a car and it had skidded here in the loose sand and gone down the steep slope over and over. He'd got out of the wreck alive.

I heard a groan and then I looked. It was about fifty feet down there, and the fall of the car had brought down on top of it a heap of gravel and sand. It was bottom side up, with this weight of dirt resting onto it, and Isis was pinned beneath it. I went a few yards off, so as not to start a fresh avalanche of loose stones and dirt onto the car, and slid down to the bottom of the pit. Willie followed.

At first we couldn't see that woman. But she groaned once more, and then she must have fainted, for she fell silent.

"She's under there," I said, turning to Willie. "Can we lift the car and loosen her?"

But Willie was standing there straight and silent, breathing heavy and murmuring to herself. And by the looks on her face I guessed what was passing through her mind—she hadn't killed the woman when she had her hands on her; she had prayed not to meet the woman again, lest she be tempted to kill her. But fate had caught the woman, and Willie need only stand aside and ——

I watched the struggle in her, and the big girl's muscles coiled and knotted and uncoiled as the thoughts and temptations went to the mat with each other inside of her. Finally she muttered, with the sweat standing out on her forehead:

"It is for me to be strong; it is for the strong to help the weak. It is because they are weak that they do what they do." There she stood, sweating and trying to love her enemies and do good to them that had used her rotten, like the Bible gives you the straight tip to do; but the rage was still in her, and the temptation was on her, and she had to fight it down. She done it.

"Dear Lord," she says, "make me stronger than I ever was before!"

And we both caught hold of the part of the car we could see. But even Willie's strength couldn't lift it, with the hillside resting on it.

"I'll crawl in under there," she said, "and get my back against it. Then I will raise up, and you pull the woman out when she is clear. With my back under it, and me braced, I can lift anything."

The bank above was still sliding down a little loose stuff, and it was treacherous. I was afraid a jiggle would start another big slide.

"Willie," I said, "don't crawl in under there; it might settle down and crush even your strength."

She gave me a look and she gave me a smile—a queer look and a queer smile—and got down and crawled under.

And in a minute that great heap slowly heaved a little.

"Now, doctor," she said, "she is loose. Drag her out while I hold it up."

I crawled in and got hold of Isis. Pinned across both legs, she had been, and I might as well say now that she lived. But both them legs was crushed and had to be cut off.

"Out with her—quick!" panted Willie.

And even as I got the woman out, I heard the big slide starting—dirt and gravel and bowlders, God knows how many hundredweight or tons. I got to my feet and caught at the edge of the car, to help Willie lift, while the stones and clods bombarded past me. And I was about as helpful as a butterfly in a whirlwind. The heap turned and twisted and cracked, with Willie struggling under it, caught and doomed.

"Too heavy," I heard her sigh. I tried to reach a hand in to her. The mound was slowly sagging. I couldn't touch her, and now I couldn't see her. But I heard her once more. "Too heavy—even for—me," she sighed. "It's—your whole world—crushing me—down. Dear Lord—I can't hold up—your whole world—just a woman—after all—too heavy."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

make a hog of yourself if you'd take a second help of chocolate sponge. I always used to take three helps of chocolate sponge. Do you think I'm a hog?

HE: No, of course not, honey; I don't think you're a hog. I think you're an angel, to make such nice chocolate sponge. I think it's the nicest chocolate sponge I ever tasted.

SHE: Then why don't you want a second help?

HE. I do want a second help, now that I think of it. Here, give me some more.

SHE A big help?

HE Well, not an extra-big help.

SHE I don't think you d better, if you don't really want it

HE Give me some more, I say.

SHE You mustn't eat more than you really want They say you always ought to leave the table a little hungry

HE Are you going to give me some more of that chocolate sponge, or aren't you?

SHE: You mustn't have any more. You've had enough.

HE: Give me some of that chocolate sponge.

SHE: No.

HE I say yes.

SHE: I say no.

HE: Do you feel all right, dear?

SHE: Of course I feel all right. I'm just trying to do what's best for you. And now I know you've had enough, I don't want you to overeat. I don't think the chocolate sponge is as good as usual, anyway.

HE I was thinking it was better than usual.

SHE: No, I got the cream beat a little too thick.

HE: I thought it was perfect. . . . Well, anyhow, this Miss Trent—she was typing out some letters for the chief, and Steve went by and she looked up and said ——

SHE: There's just a little bit left. It would be a shame to put it in the ice box.

(She puts the chocolate sponge on his plate.)

HE: Give me a kiss, darling.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Strangers All

WHEN you've driven endless miles,
When on rocky roads you've tossed,
When your wife no longer smiles
And you realize you're lost,
You address a local lass:
"Say, is this the road to Guelph?"
And she answers, as you pass,
"I'm a stranger here myself."

Oh, the gentle motorist,
Plowing through the ooze and ruck,
When the signposts he has missed
Is distinctly out of luck.
He may plead with teary eyes,
He may vainly proffer pelf—
This the sum of his replies:
"I'm a stranger here myself!"

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

VICTORIA BROUGHAM

World's Fastest Road Car

now sets new styles in Interior Luxury and Design

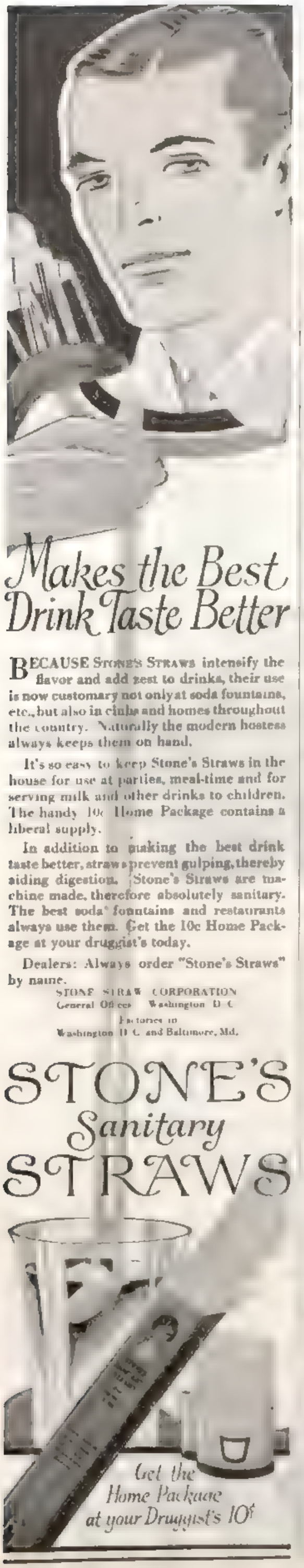
THE Airman Limited is years ahead! Here is *new elegance* such as motorists have never known before. In the newly designed interiors are infinitely finer upholstery—artistic new appointments—and colorings which introduce a new note in interior beauty—delightful blues, maroons, harmonious mixtures of green and gray and brown. The complete ensemble achieves new luxury—comparable only to exquisite, modern drawing rooms.

The new Airman Limited sets the *style* and sets the *pace*. In a recent demonstration, Cannon Ball Baker drove a stock Franklin sedan from Los Angeles to New York and return—6,692 miles—in 6½ days! Proving conclusively that Franklin's speed, comfort, ease of control, ruggedness and air-cooling combine to produce the *world's fastest road car*.

Franklin holds the key to speed-with-comfort. Now, with sumptuous interiors and a new completeness of comfort features, the Airman Limited offers Luxurious Fast Travel. You can expect to be *surprised* when you see the Airman Limited—you can expect to be *thrilled* when you drive it—no other car is like it . . . Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

THE NEW FRANKLIN

AIRMAN LIMITED


Makes the Best Drink Taste Better
BECAUSE STONE'S STRAWS intensify the flavor and add zest to drinks, their use is now customary not only at soda fountains, etc., but also in clubs and homes throughout the country. Naturally the modern hostess always keeps them on hand.
It's so easy to keep Stone's Straws in the house for use at parties, meal-time and for serving milk and other drinks to children. The handy 10c Home Package contains a liberal supply.
In addition to making the best drink taste better, straws prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Stone's Straws are machine made, therefore absolutely sanitary. The best soda fountains and restaurants always use them. Get the 10c Home Package at your druggist's today.
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STONE'S
Sanitary
STRAWS
Get the
Home Package
at your Druggist's 10¢

BIRTHDAY

(Continued from Page 17)

twenty-seven-fifty. . . . Thank you. . . . Good morning. You look wonderful!"

III

SHE lunched with Mrs. Struthers and Callie Frisbuth in the Green Room.

"Bessie Lovering, don't tell me your hair's bobbed!"

"It certainly is. And I wish I'd done it ten years ago."

Mrs. Struthers was like a black rabbit nibbling at invisible lettuce leaves. In her quick dark eyes there was always the look of an impending criticism; she seemed, even when most affable, prepared to pounce. She implied now, by an ostentatious silence and the flicker of a smile at Callie Frisbuth, that she thought Bessie's haircut ridiculous.

Callie Frisbuth said: "I think older women are more dignified with long hair. And after forty, goodness knows, there's nothing much except dignity left for us women. It's terrible, disgusting, the way youth rules the world." She sighed. "I feel so out of it."

"Well, I don't," Bessie said, flashing her rubies over the bread-and-butter plate. "I feel younger than ever. I'd like to go to the football game in Berkeley this afternoon, instead of playing bridge with a lot of old women."

"Well, I must say we're flattered!"

"I mean it. I'd like to dance. I'd like to sit up all night. Old lady? Pooh! I'm just beginning."

"Maybe you'll marry again," Callie Frisbuth, who was not married, said, tightening her lips.

"Maybe I will."

"I think," Callie Frisbuth said, "a woman with children—grown children like yours—is happier a widow. Second husbands are seldom a success. I mean as stepfathers."

"But I never see my children! They're too busy and too ambitious to need me. They'll be marrying soon and starting lives of their own—children of their own!"

"I thought you cared a great deal for Mr. Lovering," Mrs. Struthers said.

"I did—I do. But —— Well, sometimes I'm lonely. Evenings ——"

"A lot of us are lonely evenings," Mrs. Struthers snapped. "You'd better keep your head, Bessie. Just because you're bobbed, you aren't any younger. At fifty you've got to see things as they are."

Things as they are!

Something had happened to Bessie Lovering. The bridge tables in Mrs. Taylor-Smith's house on Russian Hill seemed to be too close together; the rattle of women's voices, excited, angry, hysterical, anxious, beat on the eardrums like a savage tom-tom. So many ample bosoms; so much navy-blue crêpe de chine; so many pearl earrings and chokers and fox neck pieces. Rich women, idle women; women in the forties, the fifties, the sixties.

Suddenly Bessie wanted to be away. She did not wait for tea. The prizes—embroidered squares never to be used as chair backs—were distributed. Little heart-shaped caviar sandwiches, ovals of lettuce, elliptical cakes and mounds of quartered toast. Coffee in thin, cream-colored cups. Pistachio ice cream. "But I'm reducing!" "Just one!" "If you count your calories religiously, my dear ——" Whipped cream, cherry tarts, cheese straws, salted nuts. "I won't eat a bite of dinner." Chopped olives. Shortcake. "M-m-m—good—— Now don't you look! I'm going to take just a little piece."

From the windows, Bessie could see the bay and the ferries. Suddenly, passionately, she wanted to be in the bright, crowded stadium, to see youth heaped up in great yelling pyramids—youth riotous, joyous, unaware. She wanted to plunge herself in sunlight and color and noise.

"I guess I'll buy a dress."

She slipped out and into a taxi. Her cheeks were flushed. Her neck, where the fur piece fell away, seemed naked, stripped. She said "Downtown." And putting up her hand, felt the unaccustomed shortness above her ears, the brittle, singed, clipped curls against her cheeks.

She craved the satisfaction of spending money. An evening dress—something to dance in. She danced well. Like most heavy blond women, she was light on her feet. She wondered whether Henry had learned the fox trot and the Charleston in heaven. Henry could one-step with the best of them. Once, to her amazement, he had mastered the bunny hug. Funny old Henry! Henry, whose money made it possible for her to be comfortable all the rest of her days—comfortable, safe and alone!

"Oh, Mrs. Lovering, I have the most lovely new model! Just made for you. I said, the minute it came in, 'There's Mrs. Lovering's dress!'"

This shop catered to the hypothetical superiority of its clients—walnut and brown velvet, rose brocade and shaded lights, but no show cases, no price tags, no obvious barter.

The saleswoman, clad in fluttering ends of chiffon, slim, even, frankly, emaciated, trod the sacred velvet with the mincing, impeded grace imparted to the female gait by undernourishment and spike heels. She was pale; her gray eyes held a gentleness and a sad frustration. She was elegant and meticulously grammatical. Her manners, even at five o'clock of a confined and distressing day, were without flaw or strain.

Bessie said, "I want an evening dress and a wrap."

"Ah, yes, at once. I have just the thing. Something simple but important. Miss Adams, will you model the little white gown for Mrs. Lovering?"

Bessie sighed and waited. She was conscious of a curious sense of defeat, perhaps a reaction from the excitement of the morning.

"You look tired, Miss Peters," she said.

The saleswoman leaned against the mirrored wall; she put her hands against her back; she drooped. "I am. I'm awfully tired—awfully tired."

"Why don't you sit down?"

"We're not allowed. But sometimes my back aches so ——" She smiled. "Life isn't easy, is it?"

"How old are you?" Bessie said.

"Twenty-two. But I feel fifty."

"Why don't you get married?"

Miss Peters caught her breath. "I'd like to, but my fellow's out of a job. He's a newspaperman. He's broke. And I got poppa to do for. . . . Sometimes—I get so tired just waiting, Mrs. Lovering ——"

"I know."

"Waiting for happiness, waiting for a home, waiting for children of my own."

"But you're young."

"What good's youth?" The pale girl flung her head back, straining her throat until the muscles showed, taut and tortured. "What good's youth to any of us? We're throwing it away, making slaves of ourselves." She caught her breath. A look of terror, of extreme deprecation, came into her eyes.

"Oh, Mrs. Lovering, forgive me! I forgot myself. . . . Ah, Miss Adams, the little white dress! Very chic. Very new. A model. So youthful. So distinguished. The little wrap too. Together, the price is—let me see—five hundred and sixty-three—reasonable, don't you think?"

IV

BESSIE shook her head. "It's too much, Miss Peters. But I'll take it. I have a very special—a very special engagement tonight."

She imagined herself going to a dance. The idea, conceived out of her great need, assumed an astonishing reality. She plunged into an orgy of buying—underwear, stockings, a little beaded bag, a frothy handkerchief, a necklace of crystal, a flower of transparent gauze, exotic and perishable.

Miss Peters ran back and forth on stilted heels. The party, Bessie's very special engagement, animated the pale girl. She imaged a beautiful ballroom, people moving across a polished floor, music, flowers, happiness. Her cheeks flamed with excitement. She spread the flimsy lengths of chiffon and lace for Bessie's inspection, but, in her heart, she herself was going to wear them. She saw herself in the arms of her lover, whirling gracefully, slowly, to the languid measures of a waltz, her cheek close to his, his dark head bent to hers, whispering, "I love you. I love you." Their feet reflected in the polished floor. Chandeliers ablaze with light. Mirrors. Laughter. Roses. The fullness of heart that is realization.

Bessie, too, saw herself arrayed for happiness. Yet, by a curious reversal, she wore in the confusion of dream and fact the gown of another period—she saw herself in the full satin skirt, the tight bodice, the great, flaring sleeves of yesterday, pompadour, a sheaf of American Beauties, long kid gloves, a train; and Henry, baggy, shining, gentle, waiting at the foot of the stairs.

"Well, Bessie, ten minutes late!"

"Ten years late!"

"Beg pardon, madame?"

"I was thinking out loud."

She stuffed herself and her packages into a taxicab. Already the streets were dark. The shops were closing. Cable cars were incrusted with people.

The lobby, when she crossed it in the wake of a laden bell boy, was animated, crowded. The victorious collegians swept through in a wave of color and laughter to the dining rooms. Girls and girls and girls. Slim silk-clad legs, like the legs of colts. Hats worn on the back of the head, revealing bland foreheads and wide, brilliant eyes. White teeth. Smooth round chins. Fur jackets and brilliant silk handkerchiefs. The laughter of girls. The hope of girls. The inestimable, precious illusion of girls—thousands of girls. . . .

The bell boy preceded Bessie down the carpeted corridor to her door. He bristled with boxes and packages. He whistled softly. He was a nice boy, a polite boy, and Bessie fumbled in her bag for a tip.

"Put the bundles on the bed."

"Yes, ma'am." He obeyed with a flourish. "Shall I light the lights?"

"If you please."

Already the loneliness, the silence of the room, made itself felt. Bessie turned with a shudder from the proofs of her extravagant folly.

"Going to the dance, Mrs. Lovering?"

"What dance?"

"The Stanford crowd's here tonight. It'll be a riot."

"No," she said, "I'm not going. I haven't anyone to go with. I'm alone."

The bell boy accepted her tip and pocketed it. Yet he hesitated.

"Say, Mrs. Lovering, if you're alone—it's like this: I've got a friend—a nice fellow, see? An Italian. His name's Bellardi. He dances like a million dollars. He'd take you out, anywhere you'd like to go."

"You mean I'd have to pay him?"

"Sure! It's his business. He's a good guy. Well-behaved, see? And a swell dancer. He knows the ropes. I could get him for you."

Bessie's hands trembled. "How much does he ask?"

"Twenty-five for the evening, and expenses."

"He speaks English?"

"Sure! He was born in the Napa Valley. His father has a ranch out there. They're wops. But you'd like him. No use your being alone Saturday night. Gee, it's awful up here! What you need is a little life, see? I wouldn't mention it, only I

(Continued on Page 92)

Mrs. Joy's "Porcelain White" Kitchen

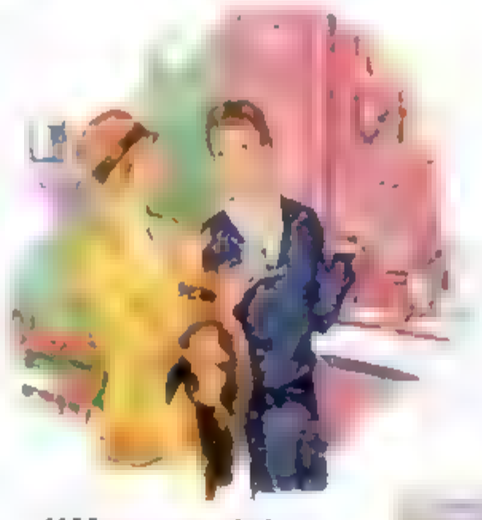
SHE THOUGHT *she had a model kitchen-but*

LIKE thousands of other women Mrs. Joy was proud of her spotless, gleaming white kitchen—and she had reason to be—for wasn't her kitchen modeled after one that not so long ago achieved first place in a Domestic Science prize contest!

It was not until Mrs. Joy visited her college chum Janet—that she discovered how bright colors can add immeasurably to a kitchen's attractiveness. Janet—who had married since Mrs. Joy last saw her—was one of those women who are always the first to try new suggestions for making the home more charming.

She, too, *had* had a "porcelain white" kitchen, but seeing the possibilities in a recent "Color in the Kitchen" article, she had made the delightful color transformation which now caused Mrs. Joy to exclaim, as she paused, enchanted, in the kitchen, "How *ever* did you do it?" "I simply used *4 Hour* Valspar, my dear," Janet answered. "It dries in less than four hours, you know, and did not upset the house at all."

In that moment Mrs. Joy decided that she, too, would have a colorful, modern kitchen. Doubts as to whether those lovely delicate shades could be really as sanitary and practical as her own conventional "white kitchen" were soon dispelled. For Janet told her that *4 Hour* Valspar can be washed with hot, soapy water without in the least affecting the beautiful finish.



"How ever did you do it?"

A-tingle with ideas for rejuvenating her kitchen, she called on the Valspar dealer and found that there were many delightful colors to choose from: Chinese Red, Cardinal Red, Jonquil Yellow, Argentine Orange, India Ivory, Palm Green, Jade Green, Coral Sand, Holland Blue, Peacock Blue, Pearl Gray, Slate Gray, Tile Green, Terra Cotta, Tudor Brown, White, Black. Moreover, she found she could get endless varieties of beautiful tints and shades by mixing two or more of these colors.

AND NOW-*she's perfectly happy!*

From this wonderful array of colors Mrs. Joy decided upon a complementary color scheme of blue and yellow. She chose Jonquil Yellow for the walls, Holland Blue for the floor and Jade Green for the furniture. For accent tones she used Argentine Orange.

The actual refinishing of her kitchen took no time at all—for Mrs. Joy found *4 Hour* Valspar so easy to apply and so quick to dry that she really was sorry when the pleasant task was completed.

Home Decorating Advice Free—Our Home Decorating Bureau, under the direction of a trained Interior Decorator, will gladly advise you, without charge, in regard to your home decorating problems.

Below—*Mrs. Joy's Kitchen modernized with Valspar Colors!*

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 388 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c. for each 40c. sample can of colors specified at right. (Not over three samples of *4 Hour* Valspar, Clear or in Colors, supplied per person at this special price.)

Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Your Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City

Send me these 4 Hour Valspar Colors at 20c each

1 . . . . . .

2 . . . . . .

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Send free booklet ☐

S E P. 9-15-28

4 Hour VALSPAR

CLEAR AND IN COLORS

The famous Valspar boiling water test

Neglect of Baby Teeth *may easily mar your children's future*

THAT little baby, whose eyes are flashing at you so gayly—what are you doing to protect his teeth and gums? Indeed, are you truly aware of the vital importance of those baby teeth to his future health and development?

Consider this statement by a prominent dental authority:

"Cleaning the teeth with a safe dentifrice should begin as soon as the first teeth appear, for careful observation has demonstrated that when children's mouths are kept clean and in a healthy condition by the use of a safe and efficient dentifrice, the children are protected to a great degree from the common diseases of childhood."

Decay of the teeth begins shortly after the first teeth appear. It is most active in the pits and crevices on the grinding surfaces of the teeth, and at the vital place where teeth meet gums, The Danger Line. *Especially that part of it between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach,* and where the most dangerous decay is apt to begin.

The selection of a *safe* dentifrice is imperative—a dentifrice which cannot injure the tender mouth of the child, but which will protect against the acids that cause decay. Squibb's Dental Cream is the ideal dentifrice for children. It contains more than 50% of pure, palatable Squibb's Milk of Magnesia; enough to neutralize the acids which attack teeth and gums at The Danger Line; it contains no grit—no astringents—no strong antiseptics; it is pleasantly flavored, and it is harmless even if swallowed.

Children like Squibb's Dental Cream, and many mothers have found it a great aid in teaching habits of oral cleanliness. At druggists' everywhere, 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

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Squibb's Milk of Magnesia from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made also helps to promote proper alimentation. Its unsurpassed antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. And its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from the burden of fermenting food. At druggists', 25c and 50c a bottle. It is The Standard of Quality.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

(Continued from Page 90)

guess you're lonely—I've noticed it. I said to myself often, 'Bellardi'd ought to take Mrs. Lovering out and show her the sights.'"

"He's—he's young?"

"Not too young—thirty. He's a good guy and a grand dancer. You wait and see."

Bessie glanced again at the parcels. Her flesh yearned toward adornment—to wear the white gown and the wrap and the flower!

"Very well," she said briefly, "send him up at 8:30."

The boy smiled. It was impossible to interpret the smile. Bessie was both disturbed and curiously gratified. She was partner in a conspiracy. She was, actually, engaged in a questionable undertaking. She was about to do an outrageous thing. She had stepped out of the impeding four walls of her respectability. The bell boy shared her secret. He smiled. She grew hot all over.

"I'll be ready," she said. She stopped him on the threshold. "And please don't mention this to anyone. You understand?"

She turned to the boxes. She emptied them with hands that shook.

Seven o'clock! She ran into the formal stuffy sitting room and put it in order. Fresh flowers, thank heaven—Callie Frisbuth's carnations and Mrs. Struthers' roses. "On our dear Bessie's fiftieth birthday, from her pals and fellow ancients, Callie and Evangeline."

Back to the bedroom. A bath. Crystals. The pungent, aromatic sweetness of lavender and cologne. Her nice feet and legs. Her white flesh. Clouds of powder. Silk and lace. Tight satin stays. Cream. Lotion. Ice. Ouch! Cold! Powder. Rouge. Maybe a little eye pencil. Her funny hair.

She was going to a party! What would Henry say? She could take care of herself.

Henry would say, "Go ahead and have a good time. You deserve it. You've been a good woman."

She rang for the maid, but for some reason—perhaps the influx of victorious collegians—there was a delay. While she waited she scrutinized herself. She was almost beautiful. Something had come back into her face that had not been there for ten years—a look of expectancy.

"Yes, madame?"

"Will you help me with my dress?"

"Certainly, madame."

This was a veritable wisp of a maid, a child in the uniform of servitude.

"I suppose you're very busy tonight."

"Yes, madame. I have the night duty. I'm on until two o'clock."

Bessie ducked her shorn head and received the glittering white shift. It fell along her body like ice, clung heavily. The maid's fingers touched the crystals lovingly; she fastened them about Bessie's throat.

"Oh, lovely, madame!"

"Yes, aren't they pretty?"

"And the flower?"

"Here on the shoulder."

"You look very nice, madame."

"Thank you. Will you powder my back and arms?"

"You have very nice skin, madame, for a woman of your age."

Why did the girl have to say that? It wasn't kind. She was cruel because she was young.

"Thank you, madame. . . . Good night. I hope you have a very nice time."

Bessie faced the mirror. She could not believe that this glittering creature was herself.

When the telephone rang she shivered all over and her lips stiffened, grew momentarily cold.

"Mr. Bellardi to see Mrs. Lovering."

"Send him up."

She waited, fingering Mrs. Struthers' roses. Her heart beat furiously. She thought: "I'm a fool. I'm a coward. I'm lost. What shall I say to him? How shall I pay him? Perhaps I'd better send him away." She was frightened and exalted. When the knock came at the door she could scarcely say "Come in!"

V

HE PROVED to be not the dark overdressed Italian she had fancied, but, rather, a neat, well-brushed young man, a sober young man. There was nothing racially characteristic about him save his black hair and eyes. He had the short straight nose, the quick smile of an Irishman.

"How do you do?" she said.

"Mrs. Lovering? My name is Bellardi. My friend Charlie sent me ——" He paused.

"I know. What arrangement—I mean, how do I pay you? Now or when we return?"

He smiled. "Well, it might be better now, if you don't mind. I haven't a cent."

"Would fifty dollars ——"

He stepped brightly into the room. "That depends," he said, "on what you want to do. Dinner? Theater? Some nice dance club? And then to the beach? Wine? Cabs? I should say seventy-five at least."

"Very well, we'll do everything. I'm in your hands." She fumbled in the new beaded bag for the crisp price of her enjoyment. "My sons," she said, "would be grateful ——" She could not go on.

"Sure. I'll take good care of you. I never go where there's anything rough. You trust me. . . . Thanks."

He pocketed the bills without glancing at them. He was neatly dressed; but he had no overcoat, and the gray informal hat he carried was old and faded. The bell boy had said that he was thirty years old; he looked younger. He had the fresh color, the strong white teeth of a boy of twenty.

"Your wrap?"

The formalities over, he became all at once the cavalier. With a flourish he placed the wrap upon Bessie's shoulders. In the gesture there were both homage and grace without a trace of insincerity. He said nothing, but in his glance, as he held the door for her, there was admiration, a look personal and appraising and strangely pleasant. It had been ten years since anyone had noticed Bessie Lovering herself. The last thing Henry had said to her was her last unsolicited compliment: "You're a handsome woman, Bessie. When I'm gone don't wear black. You look better in colors."

The elevator, already crowded, paused for them, and Bessie squeezed in beside Evangeline Struthers and Callie Frisbuth. Their startled eyes flew from Bessie's magnificence to the dark sleek head of her tall escort.

"Mrs. Struthers, Miss Frisbuth—Mr. Bellardi."

"How d'you do?" they said.

Mrs. Struthers pinched Bessie's arm. "Who is he? Who is he, Bessie?"

"We're going to the opera," Callie offered. "Martinelli in Aida. We have a box."

"Won't you come, Bessie? Won't you and Mr.—and Mr. I didn't catch the name—won't you join us?"

Bellardi gazed politely into Bessie's eyes. He seemed to suggest that he preferred to be alone with her.

"No, thank you, darling," Bessie's voice lifted. "We're going to dance."

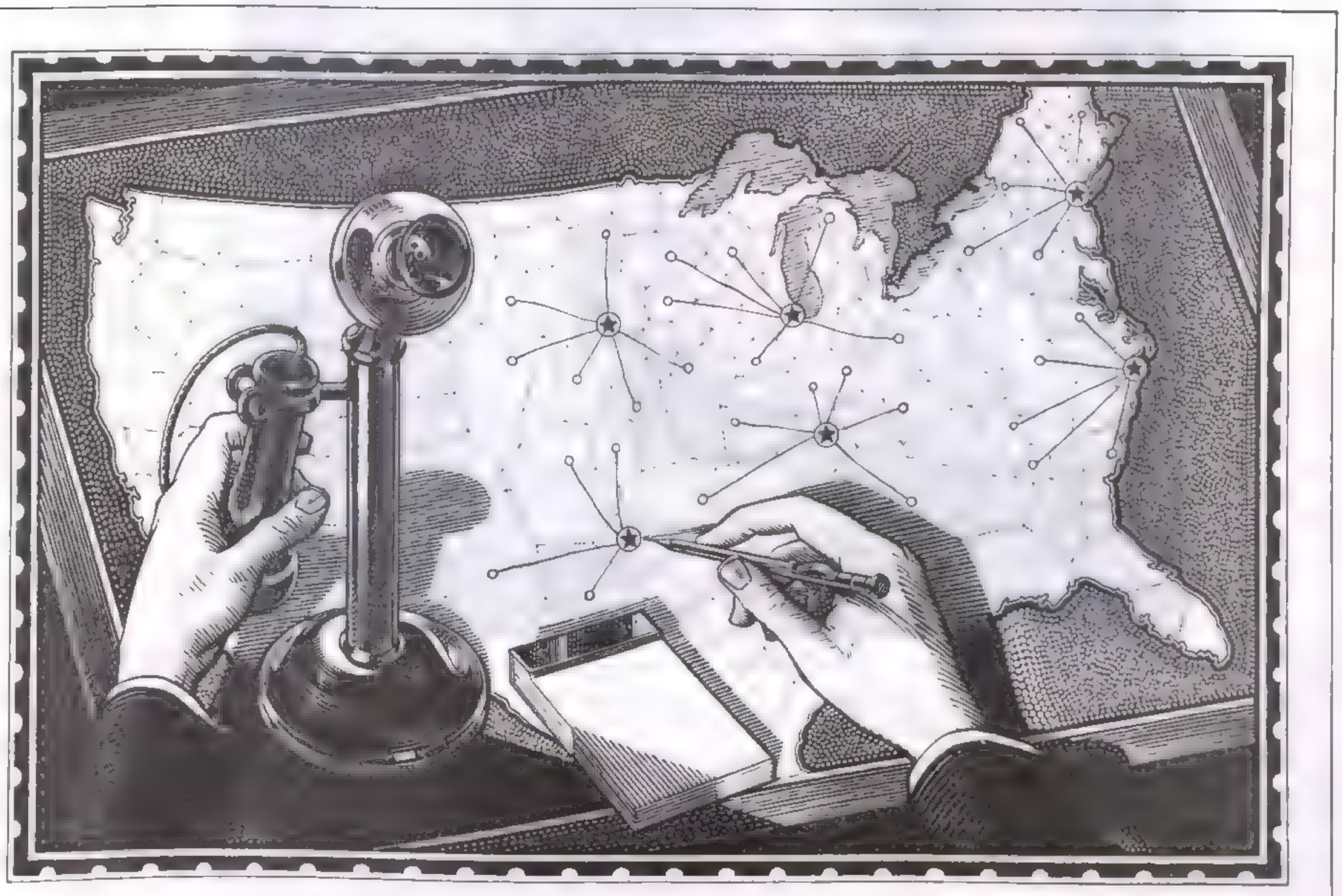
The door opened and she swept out, Bellardi at her elbow. Now for the first time she was a part of the animated crowd in the lobby, as if, by the simple alchemy of short hair and an escort, all the lonely years had been erased. She no longer envied the gazellelike girls of the lobby; she loved them. She was one of them. She was going to dance. She was going to dance!

A cab slid along the curb, but Bellardi rejected it for a rakish machine whose driver signaled to them with the smirk of a self-conscious wrongdoer.

One of Bessie's crisp bills changed hands and she found herself upon the velvet cushions of someone's town car, gazing upon the city through immaculate plate

(Continued on Page 95)

This National key town map Free to Anyone interested in cutting Costs



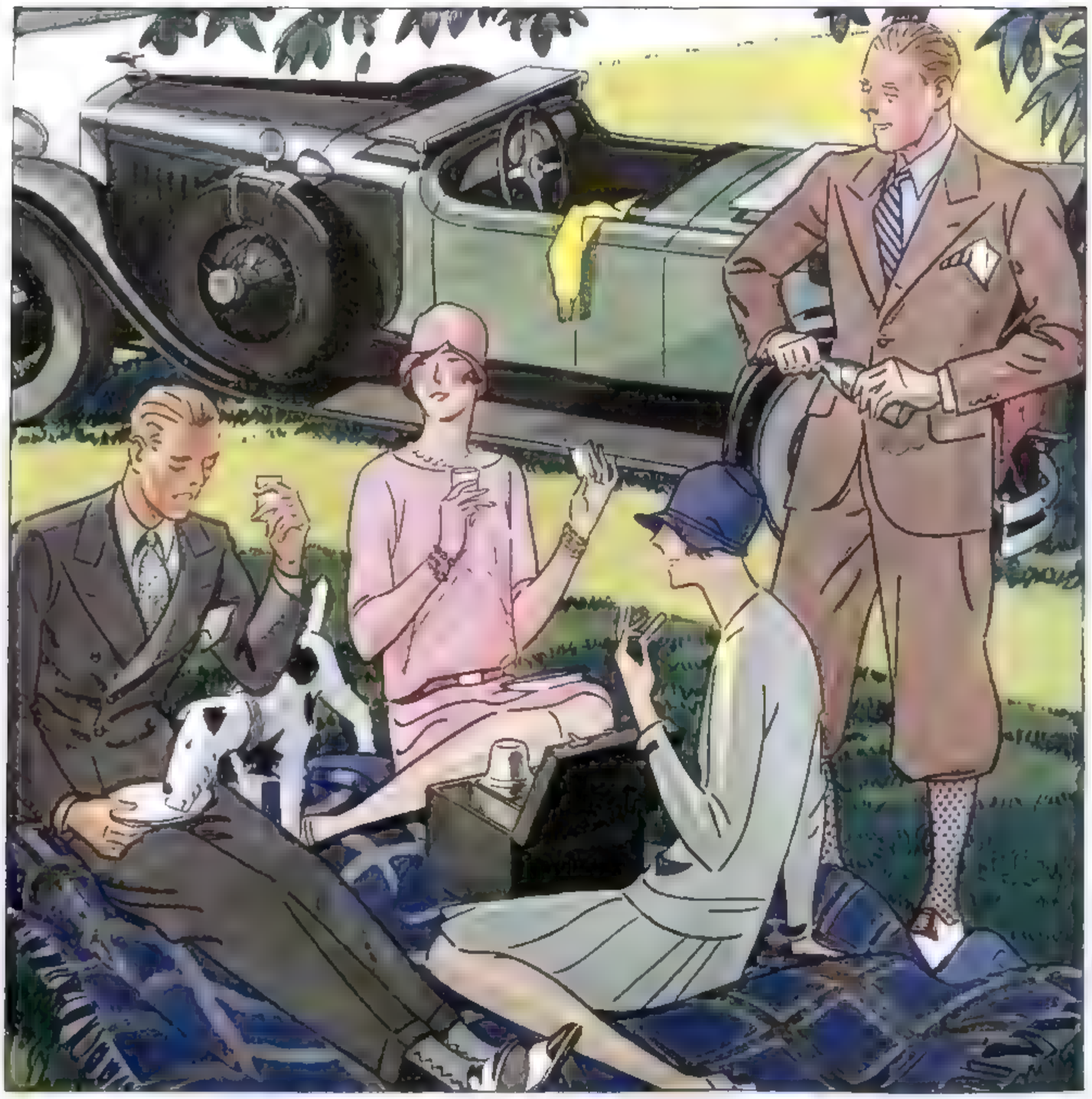
An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

To LOWER distribution costs, business is turning to the key town method of buying and selling by telephone. By this plan each representative can "travel" farther, reach more people, buy and sell more—and cut expenses.

The national key town map, showing key towns and their calling areas, is now ready This and regional maps may be obtained at any Bell Telephone business office. They are free.

Key town plans work like this The sales or purchasing representative goes to the key towns in person. From each he makes his contacts by telephone with customers and prospects in that area. Expensive visits in person are made less often; yet by telephone more frequent and up-to-the-minute relations are maintained.

Related telephone services supplement the key town plan. Classified business telephone directories furnish lists of prospects, sequence calling lists save hours of time, the Bell System credit plan makes it possible to have bills for calls sent to home offices—avoiding the carrying of cash and helping in keeping records of contacts. Thus, Long Distance can be custom-made to fit your selling or buying problems—to increase business, yet lower costs. A call to your Bell Telephone business office will bring a copy of the national key town map to you. . . . . *Number, please?*



On location...The harmonizing haberdashery of the men's ensembles is a notable forecast of the fashion for Fall.

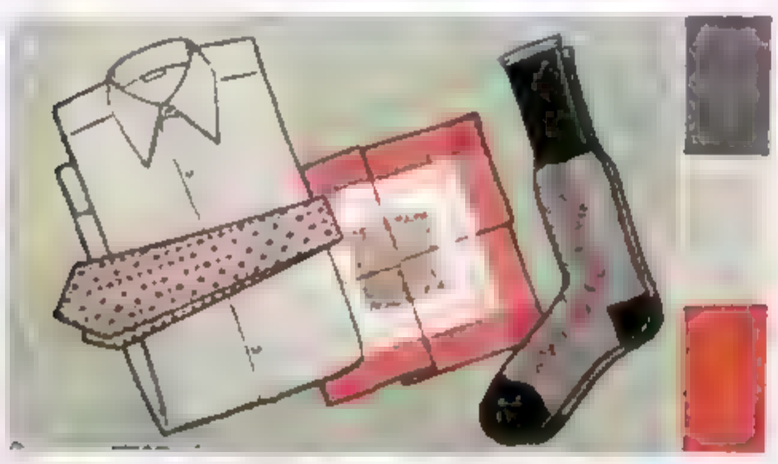
Agreeable colors are as essential to attire that is pleasing as agreeable companions are to a pleasurable day.

But until Wilson Brothers Style Committee introduced the *ensemble*, it has been trouble, no end, to choose haberdashery here and there, by this maker and that, and assemble it to harmonize. Now every previous difficulty has been solved. Men today select a shirt, tie, socks, and handkerchief, styled and colored from their very inception to give the best effect together—a Wilson Brothers *ensemble* for any shade of suiting.

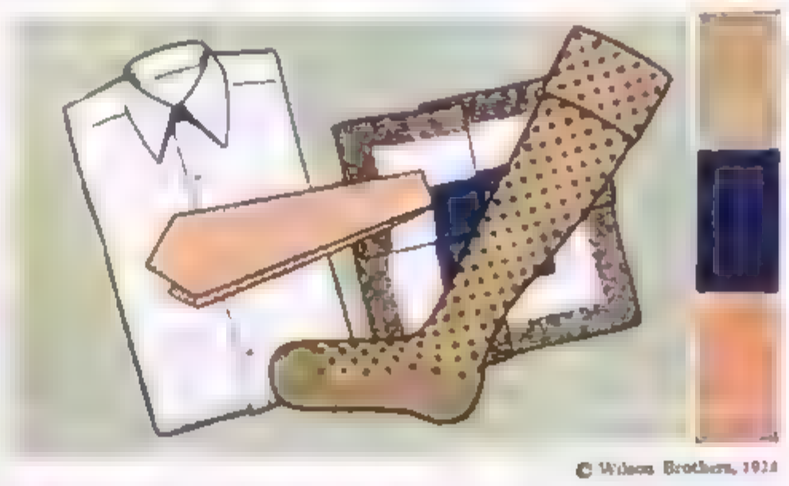
Dealers, who are interested in their customers' appearance, make this contribution to better style, and charge no more than if the accessories were chosen separately.

Shirts • Neckwear • Hosiery • Scarfs • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Nightwear • Belts • Suspenders • Garters and Novelties

Another effective Wilson Brothers ensemble for the gray suit illustrated above. Maroon and a range of grays contrast harmoniously in the shirt with starched collar attached, the Italian Spitalfields-pattern tie, the hand-rolled hand-blocked French linen handkerchief, and the fancy silk-mixed hose.



Collar-attached shirt of Bond Street broadcloth, velvet crêpe cravat, hand-blocked French linen handkerchief with hand-rolled hem, and imported wool golf hose, in a related color theme of white, orange, tan, and blue. As harmonious with a tan suit as the blue Wilson Brothers ensemble shown above.



The featured silk hose with patented Buffer Heel and Toe. Three qualities —$1.50, $2, $3

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WILSON BROTHERS

Haberdashery

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • LONDON • PARIS

(Continued from Page 92)

glass. A transformed city—a city marvelously gay, mysterious, promising. All the faces glimpsed in passing wore the masks of revelry. The crowds dissolved and clustered, lively figures in a pageant, and the leap of traffic between lanes of light was strangely exciting, exhilarating, like a race in a carnival. Bessie glanced down at her frivolous silver feet, at her tinted hands, her rubies, never so darkly bright as now. She had forgotten Bellardi. It had seemed for a moment as if Henry rode beside her.

"May I smoke?"

"Of course."

The young Italian produced a battered package of cheap cigarettes. He offered Bessie one.

"No, thanks, not now."

Promptly he quenched his own.

"Where are we going?"

"To the opera. No? Martinelli in Aïda. We will show your friends that we, too, can sit in a box."

"But I haven't had dinner!"

"We will have coffee there, and later dine properly. Leave all to me."

She found herself upon the inadequate chair offered to patrons of the opera. Bellardi removed her wrap. He drew his chair forward to the rail, gazed down at the orchestra pit, where, in the sudden darkness, a twitter of sound arose. The opera had begun.

Bessie did not like music. It was apparent that Bellardi did. He put his chin in his clenched hands and remained immovable, entranced, hypnotized until the end. Save for a brief promenade, when he offered her a cup of weak coffee in a thick cup, he did not speak to Bessie.

"I like Verdi," he said. "I am Italian. It is in my blood. I am starved for music. This is food for me. Beefsteak? Not when I can hear Martinelli sing! A big voice—that fellow. My father knew him, long ago, in Venice."

When they left the opera house he seized Bessie's arm. "I tell you what! In honor of Martinelli, we dine and dance at the Casa Veneziana. What do you say?"

The Casa Veneziana was a long way downtown. Another motor, commandeered at the point of a ten-dollar bill, swept through the tunnel, followed a strange boulevard, climbed a dizzy cobbled hill and left them before a doorway flanked by gilded barber poles. They entered upon a wave of sound, a frantic confusion of voices, music, whistles, laughter and the rattle of crockery. The head waiter, clad in white duck and tightly girdled, wore upon his glistening bald head a tasseled fisherman's cap.

Bessie's white sequins turned blue in the light of many purple arcs. For this was a Venetian grotto. A semicircle of tables surrounded a dance floor flooded with artificial moonlight. Gondoliers of many nationalities threaded the maze with trays and glasses. Spaghetti, borne aloft upon perspiring palms, left a trail of appetizing odor. Coffee splashed from kitchen to table. Minestrone. Ravioli. Fritto misto. Thick slices of dark bread. Romanello. Bessie felt faint with hunger.

She thought, following Bellardi through the noisy crowd, "This is life. I ought to like it. At least I'm not alone."

She would have preferred a hotel, the discreet dance floor and shaded lights of some Rose Room or Crystal Hall.

She found herself at a table close to the stage, where an orchestra, seated within a vast funereal gondola, played Hallelujah.

"Shall we dance?"

Bellardi placed his hat upon the table—by way of identification perhaps. He said, "Keep your wrap. It isn't safe to leave it." And embracing her, he drew her out on the floor. Perhaps Aïda had gone to his head. His eyes were bright. His mouth smiled. He had the look of a faun. And he could dance. He seemed to float across the floor, insinuating his way, surely, carelessly, expertly, between the jazzing couples. Bessie's head had no idea what her feet were doing. She felt the pressure of his hand upon her back; he guided her with a gentle, firm touch, a command, a whole book of instructions. He moved without effort, holding his head high, smiling his smile of a faun—or was it the smile of a little boy who has just eaten a lollipop?

Colored lights swept the dance floor in rotation. Purple. Blue. Yellow. Green. Red. Purple. Blue. Faces, grinning or absorbed or ecstatic, appeared now blanched, now flushed, now a sickly green. Bodies pressed close. A kaleidoscopic whirl of people danced in Bessie's eyes. Her feet were scuffed upon. Table after table was deserted for this mad revivalist music. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Helps to shoo th' blues away! Satan lies a-waitin' and creatin' sin and woe, woe, woe! Sing Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

She felt Bellardi's smooth hard cheek against her own. He paused, hummed, swayed, began the intricate swishing steps of the Charleston. Bessie's heart felt funny. "Either I'm hungry or I'm old." The wheeling faces blurred, grew dim.

"Please," she said, "stop! I'm going to faint."

VI

BELLARDI fanned her with the menu card. "You're hungry, that's all. Have some water. The waiter'll be here in a minute with some onion soup. Food's what you need."

"I haven't danced for ten years."

"You don't say! You dance well too. You dance like a young girl. For a heavy woman, you're light on your feet."

"And you," she said—"you dance like a professional."

"I'm not," he said quickly. "I'm a newspaperman out of a job." Suddenly he leaned across the table, smiling a queer, crooked sort of smile. "The truth is, Mrs. Lovering, I've never done this before."

"Done—what?"

"I'm not a hired dancing man—the sort of fellow they call a gigolo. Charlie put me up to this. He knew I was broke. When he sent for me I said no. I couldn't picture myself hauling an old woman around and being paid for it. But he said you were different. He said you were a nice woman—just lonely. And I don't blame you. Gosh! I understand. It must get terrible up in that hotel room, with nothing to do and nowhere to go."

"It does," she said.

Her heart was still now; it seemed not to beat at all. Only the nerves on the surface of her body quivered and jumped and the roof of her mouth was cold. There was pain behind her eyes. Too many people! Too much noise! Balloons popped and wooden sticks whacked. Paper streamers zinged and tangled. Shrieks of laughter collided with the shrill blasts of tin whistles. Three men in velvet jackets entered the spotlight and sang—Santa Lucia. No one listened. Soup. Cheese. Coffee. Smoke, stinging, acrid. A policeman, leaning against a barber pole, watched the crowd.

"I'm sorry," Bessie said.

"I'm not." Bellardi again offered her a cigarette from the tattered package. She shook her head. And again he quenched his own, as if rebuffed by her refusal. "I'm not. I've enjoyed it. Maybe, tomorrow, I'll feel better. . . . Aïda! Say, that music cut clean into my heart and scooped out a lot of self-disgust! Maybe tomorrow I'll get a job. And believe me I need it. I'm broke. I hate to take your money for this, but I'm hungry. That's a fact. I won't go to my father. He wants me to be a farmer. He thinks writers are sissies."

"How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-three."

"Twenty-three! I've got a son twenty-eight!"

He glanced at her with a quick dark look of sympathy. "It's a shame you don't live with him," he said.

"He's going to be married."

"So am I. . . . Say, Mrs. Lovering, she's a peach. You ought to see her. And bright? She's a whiz. Only twenty-two, and already she's the crack saleswoman at Magnow's French Shop. Going to be a buyer. Takes care of her dad and a kid sister. Her name's Peters—Lila Peters."

Two and two were making four in Bessie's mind. She said "Give me a cigarette, please."

"Sure!"

He leaped, the match glowed. For the first time she tasted the thick bitter smoke. Tobacco flakes clung to her dry lips. But she persisted, because, in her mercy, she sensed this boy's need and his hunger. Smoke poured through his nostrils. He tipped his head back, opened his mouth and let the fumes curl along his tongue.

"She and I ought to be doing this—dancing and hearing music. We're wasting our youth. We're missing everything. Gosh! It doesn't seem fair." He leaned forward again, clasping his hands, the cigarette balanced between his lips. "You understand, don't you? You're a mother. I guess you loved your husband. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy. Lying alone in my room, thinking about her lying alone in hers—and my heart crying out loud!" He grinned. "I sound like a Dago, don't I? Well, I am. It's in my blood. When I love, I love hard. Lila too. She's getting thin. She can't sleep. And if she knew I was doing this ——"

Bessie put out her hand and laid it briefly, firmly on his. "You're my guest. I know Miss Peters. She sold me this dress. I paid eight hundred dollars for what I've got on."

"Your guest?"

"I'm old enough to be your mother. I'm heart-hungry myself. And I'm not a Dago. I'm Boston Irish. My name was Bessie Calahan."

She ground the cigarette out in a glass dish, forgetting to flash her rubies.

"Listen! Evangeline Struthers' grandfather owned the first newspaper ever published in San Francisco. Her father owned two more. Her husband owned a whole chain of them, from Seattle to Mexico. I guess she can find a job for you if you want one."

Before the look in his eyes—a stark look, somehow blinded and confused—she blinked and rose. "I want to go home, please—quick. Pay the waiter and don't wait for change. I'm tired."

VII

SHE left him in the lobby and took the elevator to the ninth, alone. The carpeted halls were dimly lighted and silent. Only the black skirt of the little maid flitted around a corner and disappeared.

"I'm tired—tired."

She closed the door of her bedroom softly, as if upon a sleeping dream—a dream not to be awakened, a dream that must not be disturbed.

She kicked off the tight silver slippers, dragged the heavy dress over her head, rubbed at her cheeks with a towel. Water—lots of it. Soap. Clean—clean. That's better. A comb through the brittle blond curls. Henry would say: "Well, now you've done it, let 'em grow again. I like you best with it long. Lillian Russell—that's your style."

Henry! Henry! Where are you?

The maid had turned back the corners of the bedclothes and had placed with dramatic effect the crêpe de chine nightgown, that fragile, extravagant bit of fluff, hemstitched, pin tucked, girdled with knotted strands of baby-blue ribbon. Beneath it, pigeon-toed, a pair of blue satin mules. On the pillow, a cap of crocheted silk to put over her hair.

Bessie gathered these things up and threw them on the sofa. She went to the bureau and found, neatly folded, slightly yellowed and crumpled, a nainsook nightgown with sleeves. It was trimmed with Cluny lace. It was ample and soft and clean. She put it on.

There were slippers, too—comfies with silk pompons on the toes. Arrayed thus, with her hair slicked back and a soaped, shining countenance, she felt somehow protected. She pulled the blinds against the lighted city and knelt by the bed.

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says Thomas B. Mulroy

Chief Engineer of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition

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BERNT BALCHEN

This famous aide of Commander Byrd is a Veedol enthusiast. He used it in the plane that he flew to Greenely Island to the relief of the Bremen Transatlantic flyers.

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THE MULLIGAN MIXTURE

(Continued from Page 21)

Nor is there any marked stir when Mulligan steps into the ring with a three-day growth of whiskers, his hair matted over his forehead and altogether looking fierce enough to bite bolts out of armor plate.

For two minutes Mix sits alone, squirming and scowling, Bevan working the old gag of making the other guy wait himself nervous. Butch gets a bit of a hand when he finally arrives and climbs through the ropes.

The pug's no sooner got both feet on the canvas than Mulligan jumps from his stool and rushes at him.

"What you mean making me wait?" he snarls, and before anyone can stop him, Mix draws back his arm and smacks Bevan a stinger across the pan. Butch starts a swing on his own and it takes the referee and a whole guild of bucket toters, towel slingers and bottle bearers to separate the biffers.

"Good night, fight," says Frayne, who's parked beside me. "They'll throw that barrel-house bum of yours out on his ear."

I'm afraid so, too, but for some reason they don't and a moment later the boys go to it officially and with the blessings of the Marquess of Queensberry. Well, hardly with his blessings. It's scarcely the sort of scrap that his lyte gryce would have fawncied.

At the bell the battlers come together with a leap and, toe to toe, flail away with all four fists. There's neither backing nor covering nor clinching, only giving and taking with everything each has and as fast as he can make delivery. It's as merry a *mélange* of mayhem and murder as ever I witnessed.

The crowd catches the blood scent quick. Within thirty seconds after the bout starts the cash customers are on their feet and clambering over chairs shouting for the kill.

"No interest in prelims, eh?" remarks Jimmy.

"This isn't a prelim," I yells back; "this is a progrom."

Toward the end of the round Bevan lays one on Mulligan's chin that lifts the kid off the canvas and sends him crashing against the ropes. Butch follows—a grave social error, it develops. On the rebound Mix's right to the heart catches Bevan coming in and Timoney's meal ticket jackknifes at the knees.

Many pugs would have called it a curfew then and there, but there's no yellow in Butch's color scheme. Without waiting for a count, he rocks to his dogs and rips into Mulligan. There's little stingo in his stuff and Mix takes the flurry without a comeback. But not for long. A swinging left to the jaw and down goes Bevan again, this time flat. The referee gets only as far as "five" when the bell rings. The round's over.

In our corner Mulligan pushes away the rubbers I'd provided and occupies himself heaving insults across to the hapless Butch, who's being brought back to life and its problems over the cold-douche-and-smelling-salts route.

"Made me wait, did you?" he snarls. "Butch, huh? You may be Butch to your mother, but you're just a botch to me! Get up and fight, you mangy quitter!"

"Save your breath, bum," I yelps. "You may need it!"

It happens that he doesn't. Bevan comes out for the second with a sprightly dash, but it's as phony as a diamond ring in a ten-cent store. The knees know when a guy's through and there's a tremble about Butch's patellas that spells curtains for him, and spells 'em quick.

Mix wastes no time. He hurls himself at Bevan and drowns the poor bozo in a flood of fists. Butch tries to find shelter from the storm in a clinch, but Mulligan's inhospitable. With his left he thrusts Bevan from him, at the same moment whipping over a terrific right to the jaw. That's the wash-up. The vet stumbles and reels toward the ropes, his arms hanging helplessly by his sides.

"Stop it!" roars the crowd, and I catches a flash of towel in Timoney's upraised hand.

But there's no stopping Mix. Like a tiger he leaps at the crumbling Butch. A jolt to the solar plex doubles him up, and just as he slithers to the ground, Mulligan slams two fast ones to the chin, catapulting Bevan backward through the ropes and into the press seats.

Mix leans over for a look and then throws his head up with a wild laugh. I'm hardened, but that kind of savagery is red rust to me—it goes against the grain. I like my killings, but I like 'em modest and in good taste

Mulligan's not yet through with his rough stuff. As the referee approaches to raise his glove in token of victory the kid slaps his arm aside so violently that the old boy's sent spinning. With a scowl for the crowd, Mix leaves the ring.

Fight fans are an odd lot of jobbies. Just a minute before, the Garden mob'd been begging for the life of the sheep; now it gets up on its hind legs and tears the roof off for the butcher. The place is a bedlam in spades as Mulligan passes down the aisle.

When I walks back to the dressing room some time later, with the din still in my ears, I finds Mix alone. He's squatting on a rubdown bench, hunched over, and crying like a schoolgirl. It's the old let-down, but I would never have suspected that it'd get Mulligan. I tiptoes out, closes the door and strolls back to the arena.

The title go is on, as beautiful an exhibition of long-range boxing as you could wish to see. The house is quiet, very quiet. The crowd's yawning and sitting on its hands.

III

THE sport pages the next day treat Mix to an adjective shower. He's called "a cave killer"; "a wolf man"; "a blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ"; "a soulless savage"; "an untamed and untutored Robot," and such like, but nobody seems to want to do anything about it. Quite the contrary. Most of the fight writers appear to feel that the boy should be encouraged to go forth and sin some more.

"It's a pleasure," says one of 'em, "in these days of cultured and commercialized boxing, to come upon a fighter who fights for the sheer love of fighting, without pretensions to being a gentleman and a scholar. It is reported that Mulligan can't even read. Well, what of it? Who forks up twenty-seven-fifty at Madison Square to hear a pugilist read?"

It seems kind of strange to me that the newspapers should have got so lathered up over Mix on the strength of less than two rounds of milling, but Frayne explains.

"The boys practically mobbed me last night for dope about Mulligan," says he. "What got 'em was not the fight itself so much as the cute stuff he pulled on the side—slapping Butch for making him wait, roughing the referee, and the rest of the raw meat. That made the kid news. Of course," goes on Jimmy, "I added a few facts and fancies ——"

"Such as?" I cuts in. I hadn't had a chance yet to read all the papers.

"Well," returns Frayne, "I told 'em, for example, that Mix wouldn't take any money for fighting, that he — —"

"Wouldn't take any money for fighting!" I yelps. "That's going to make it swell for me when I starts after the prominent dough. Of all the fat-head ideas ——"

"Don't be a simple sap," snaps Jimmy. "What do you care what the public's made to think? Mulligan's being whooped up as a wolf man who scraps because he loves to, because he has to. How long'll we be able to get by with that line of liverwurst if you tie him up with haggles over percentages and cuts of gates? He didn't draw down anything for his work at Healy's, did he? He hasn't asked you for much, has he?"

"No," I admits, "but won't even the come-ons get to wondering why they're taxed heavy sugar for seats where one of the battlers is a dollar-a-year man?"

"If you can't stall around that," comes back Frayne, "with the charity gag or some other hodful of hooey, you ought to trade in your brain for something you can use. Know what a psychological moment is?"

"No," says I. "Which one of the sixty is it?"

"The one striking right now," returns Jimmy. "Here's your situation in words of one syllable or less. Today fight fans are fed up to their bald spots with the money huggers, the Shaksperian addicts and the safety-firsts infesting the ring. They're on their knees praying for another John L. Sullivan, another Boston bully boy. Well, you've got him in stock. What are you going to do with him?"

I don't get a chance to answer just then. Mulligan shambles in, still unshaven, his lips puffed into pillows from the wallops of the night before, and his face in general giving the impression of a road under repair.

"I want a couple of bucks," he growls, "and I want 'em quick."

"Sure," says I, fetching forth the roll. I strips off one of Uncle Sam's promises to pay and passes it over.

"What's this?" barks Mix. "It don't look like no two-case note to me."

"That's a hundred, feller," I explains, "and I don't mind telling you there're four more of the same coming to you. Five centuries is your half of the drag-down."

Being so honest gives me a queer, tingly feeling, but after all, why shouldn't I be on the square with the kid? He's earned the jack, hasn't he? Besides, putting it on a higher plane, why should I take a chance of having Mulligan find out that I'd gypped him and having him give me the 'raus just when he's rounding into a large dividend payer? In this business of mine you've got to know when to be honest.

Mix picks the dough off the desk and beats it away. At the door Frayne stops him.

"Some newspaper men and photographers," says Jimmy, "are coming around to see you ——"

"No reporters ain't going to buzz me and nobody ain't shooting at me with a black box, neither," barks Mulligan. "I'll bash anyone in the beezer that comes near me."

"I don't blame you," approves Frayne. "They're pests and you're right not to let 'em bother you."

"What's the idea?" I demands, when Mix exits. "Don't we want the papers to make whoopee for ——"

"Yeh," interrupts Jimmy, "but we want 'em to make our own brand of whoopee, and the best of that Mulligan'll manufacture in the ring. I'll smoke up what outside stuff is necessary. Tell me, why did you give Mix all that mazuma?"

I explains.

"That's O. K. by me," says Frayne. "I don't care how you and he split in private, but in public he's fighting for nothing. Don't you forget it and don't let him forget it."

Mulligan's as good as his word when it comes to the reporters. He drives 'em away with snarls and swinging threats. A photographer from one of the tabloids gets a bit more insistent than is consistent with good health and the affair winds up with me paying a couple of hundred bucks for a new camera and punitive damages for a badly wrenched arm.

I'm kind of worried that Mix's attitude'll cause the sport pages to soft-pedal on the mill I've fixed up for him with One-Round Heffernan, but my fears are groundless.

(Continued on Page 102)

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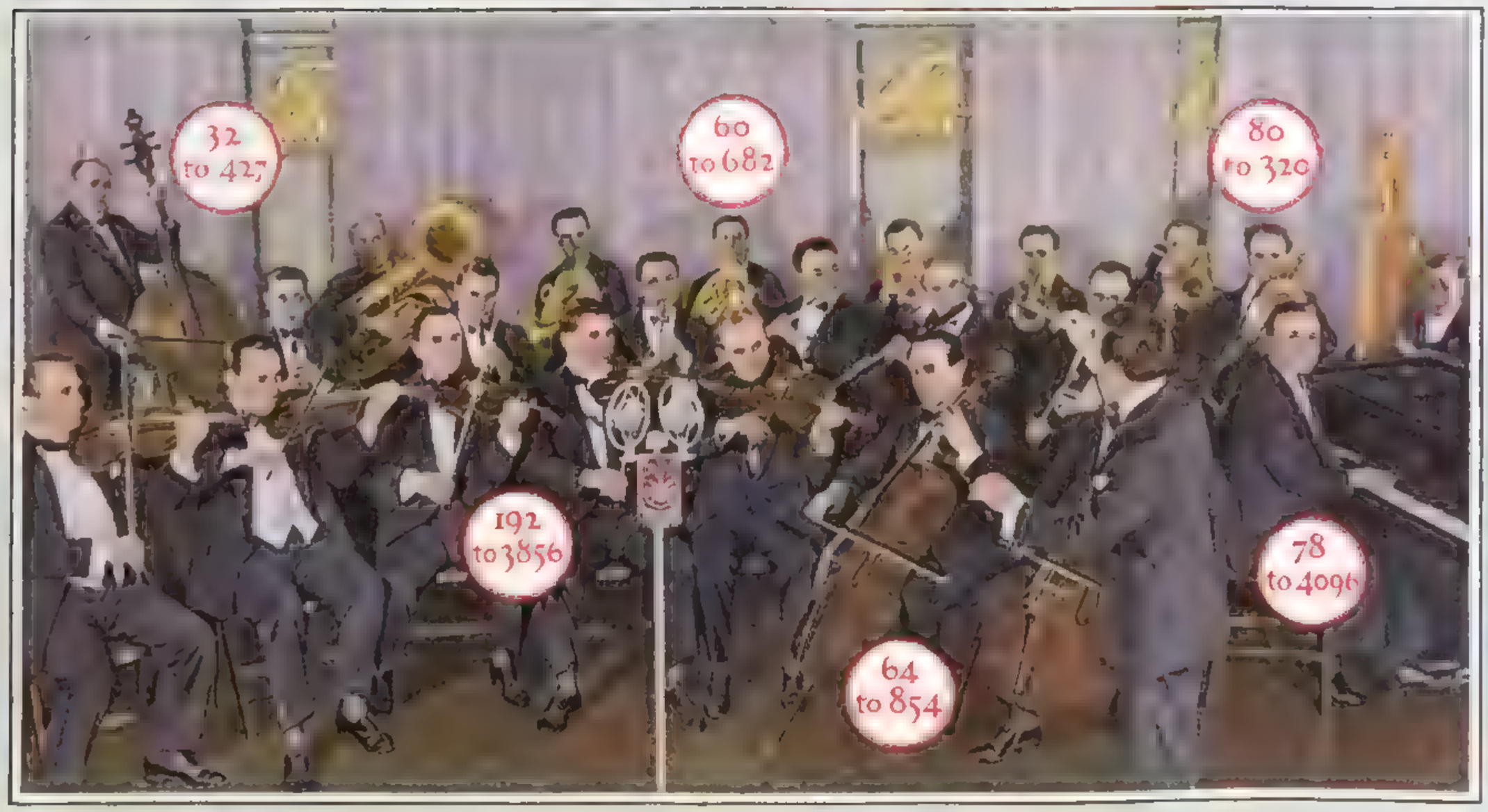

Eveready Orchestra under the direction of Nathaniel Shilkret. Within the circles, the lowest and highest notes of some of the instrument are shown, in vibrations per second. Match these against the Fidelity Curve on the opposite page and see that all notes are faithfully reproduced

The National Carbon Company, Inc., offers two new radio receivers and a new speaker.

One receiver is operated entirely from the electric light socket and is known as the Eveready AC Set.

The other receiver operates on batteries, and is known as the Eveready Battery Set.

Either receiver may be used with any good speaker.

The new Eveready Speaker is designed especially for use with Eveready Sets, but may be used on any good set.

The name "Eveready" in radio has always stood for batteries, and all that batteries make possible—reliable, dependable reception, true in tone, faithful; convenient and economical.

Now the word "Eveready" stands also for radio sets, and it brings to them all the meanings it has had since broadcasting began.

THERE is no guessing about the fidelity with which Eveready Radio Sets reproduce broadcast programs.

Their fidelity is revealed and proved by the Eveready Fidelity Curve that is the standard to which the receivers are built and the proof of their performance.

We do not ask you to believe that Eveready Radio Sets are unusually faithful in reproduction solely because we make that claim. We do not even ask you to believe in these receivers on the testimony of your ears, for the ear is easily deceived. We base Eveready fidelity on scientific measurement, which is proof beyond question.

The Eveready Fidelity Curve reveals how the receiver amplifies each musical note. Every note is a vibration—for instance, the A string on a violin vibrates 427 times a second. Look on the Eveready Fidelity Curve and see that a vibration of 427 is reproduced with 97% fidelity. Then you know that the sound of the A string on the violin is properly reproduced. You instantly recognize the violin quality of this note.

Now you can see why your ear tells you that Eveready Radio Sets are exceptional performers, when used with the Eveready or an equally good speaker. You do not *imagine* but really hear the rich, satisfying "foundation" tones of the bass instruments; the clear, melodic "speaking" tones of the middle register; and the incisive, commanding tones of the high notes. Everything is there, every note in its true relation to every other. This is indeed completely pleasurable radio reception. Any dealer who sells these new receivers will demonstrate them to you, in his shop or in your home. Hear the new Eveready Radio Sets . . . today!

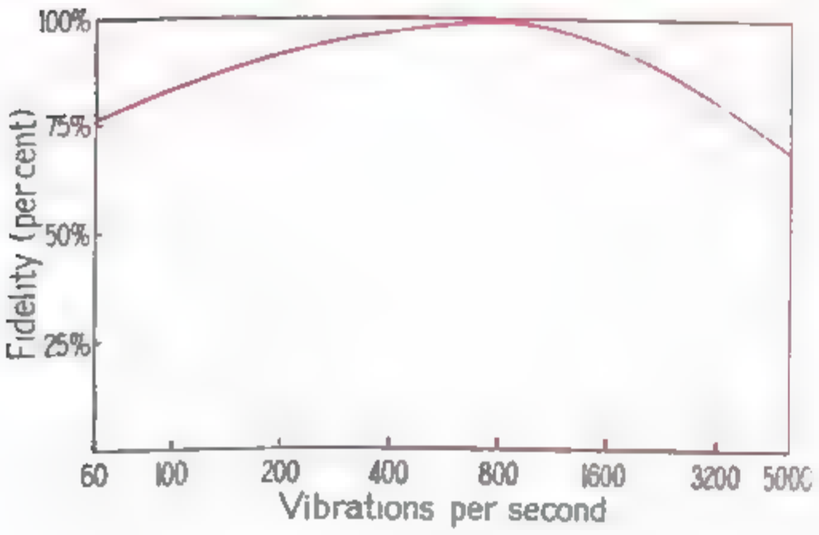
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY
Radio Sets

Radio Sets

Built to a Fidelity Curve that proves their faithfulness of reproduction

The Eveready Fidelity Curve *is the standard of Eveready Radio Reproduction*



Music and speech are vibration, and by scientific measurement it has been found that the important sounds in voice and music are included within a scale of 60 to 5000 vibrations per second. This includes not only the fundamental notes but also most of the important harmonics of these notes. See on the Eveready Fidelity Curve (above) that from 60 to 4000 vibrations per second are reproduced with an unusually high degree of fidelity. The weakening of the notes above 4000 minimizes the disagreeable effects of static and other high-pitched noises. Very few notes go below 100 vibrations per second, and broadcast transmitters themselves do not put on the air lower than 60 vibrations per second.

This curve shows the faithfulness with which the Eveready Radio Set delivers speech and music to the speaker. It is essential that the speaker possess a high degree of faithfulness, for to the extent to which it may be deficient will the full measure of Eveready Fidelity be diminished. The Eveready Speaker is recommended.

Below is a list of all the principal instruments and voices, with their lowest and highest notes in vibrations per second.

Violin	192 to 3856	Saxophones	52 to 1024
Viola	256 to 1280	French Horn	60 to 682
Cello	64 to 854	Cornets	140 to 960
Bass	32 to 427	Trombone	80 to 320
Harp	30 to 3072	Tuba	42 to 341
Flute	256 to 2048	Kettle Drums	85 to 170
Piccolo	512 to 4096	Piano	78 to 4096
Oboe	240 to 1536	Soprano	256 to 1024
English Horn	160 to 960	Contralto	170 to 682
Clarinet	144 to 1920	Tenor	144 to 427
Bassoon	60 to 640	Baritone	107 to 341
Double Bassoon	30 to 320	Bass	80 to 288

The new Eveready AC Set, Model No. 2, in die-cast aluminum cabinet, lacquered in green with striping in natural aluminum.

This receiver has seven radio tubes and one rectifier, eight in all. All power is taken from the light socket. Table model without tubes, $155.

Die-cast aluminum legs, finished to match the set, may be had to convert this into an end table, as shown above, at $20 extra.

The new Eveready AC Set, Model No. 1, in solid gumwood cabinet, antique maple finish. A cabinet that will harmonize especially well with Colonial and Early American interiors.

Same radio chassis as in the die-cast aluminum set. Price, table model without tubes, $145.

Legs in same wood finish, to convert table model into an end table, as shown above, may be had for $10 extra.

Die-Cast Aluminum Cabinets

The most modern of radio cabinets—Die-Cast Aluminum. Cabinet is everlasting, light, strong and is lacquered in green in a modern design with striping that reveals the aluminum like burnished silver; the whole protected by a transparent lacquer that prevents discoloration and resists scratching. This unusually beautiful and entirely modern cabinet is exclusive with Eveready.

The new Eveready Battery Set, Model No. 20, in solid gumwood cabinet, antique maple finish. Six tubes.

Has the lowest "B" battery drain of any 6-tube receiver yet produced, as five of its tubes are "High-Mu," combining great amplifying power with minimum current.

Price, table model without tubes, $85. Eveready speaker to match, $30. Pedestal with ample battery space, $15 extra.

At left, the new Eveready Loud Speaker in die-cast aluminum horn, decorated in green lacquer, with natural aluminum striping, to match the Eveready AC Set Model No. 2. Price, $[illegible]

At right, the new Eveready Loud Speaker in solid gumwood cabinet, antique maple finish, to match the maple cabinet of either the AC Set No. 1 or the Eveready Battery Set Model No. 20. Price, $30.

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Setter

He's A Loyal Friend. Guard His Health

Your dog is faithful and true to you. You should be the same sort of a friend to him.

Your dog is always on the alert to warn you of hidden dangers. You should be just as watchful to guard him against the dangers of disease.

At this time of the year particularly, you should be careful of your dog's health. If he is listless or lazy, if he is sluggish, has no appetite or is irritable, don't blame it on his disposition. He needs Sergeant's Condition Pills.

Do You Know?

Do you know how to keep your dog in good condition? Do you know the symptoms of the diseases that kill thousands of valuable dogs every year? Do you know what to do for your dog when he is sick? Every owner owes it to his dog to find out these things. It costs you nothing to get this information. Moreover, there are now effective remedies for all dog diseases and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

SERGEANT'S
Dog Food
A balanced ration containing a large proportion of freshly cooked *Beef*. For dogs and puppies of all breeds.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of more than fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of all dog diseases and explains the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and raising dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable dogs. It is free.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once*. State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers' everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1075 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for Free Sample of Sergeant's Dog Food
We Guarantee Your Dog Will Eat It.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A real cure for every dog ailment"

(Continued from Page 99)

There's plenty of hop in the papers and plenty crowd in the arena for the fist fiesta.

One-Round Hefferman is still One-Round Hefferman at the end of his argument with Mulligan, but in reverse. The first session is still in diapers when Mix throws down a barrage of rights and lefts to the body. When the smoke clears Hefferman's discovered resting his spinal column on the canvas.

"Foul, foul!" yelps one of his seconds, hopping into the ring.

"Foul, eh?" barks Mulligan. "See if this is foul!" With which he crashes his fist into the bucket toter's chin, knocking him flat. "Anybody else think it was a foul?"

Nobody else does—at any rate, not for publication. As a matter of fact, every wallop Mix had landed was fair by at least a foot, and Hefferman is counted out. It's purely a formality. The referee could have recited the Declaration of Independence and The Face on the Bar-Room Floor without One-Round hearing a word of it.

In the next month I gets two more comeons for Mulligan to kayo, and for sweet sugar too. Dough, however, makes no difference in him. He's still the frowzy tramp he was when I first got him, with the manners and habits of one. Though he does begin to take an interest in his cut of the net and ask for show-downs, I haven't the slightest notion what he does with his jack. Certainly none of it goes on his back.

Bum that he is, and as sociable as a hungry coyote with an earache, Mix's popularity is something to write home about. Kids follow him through the streets, fight fans hang around outside the clubhouse just for a peek at the pug, and reporters hang on his heels. But only one of 'em ever gets him to talk. Here's how that come.

I'm in the office with Mulligan, telling him of the row I've rigged up between him and Dan Walters, about the best there is in the middleweight sector, when the door opens and in walks a gal—a pale little blond trick with saucer eyes.

"Are you Mr. Mulligan?" she asks with a frightened smile.

"What if I am?" comes back Mix, surly. "There ain't no law against it, is there?"

"I'm from the Morning Star," quavers the chick, "and I should like ——"

"Out, skirt!" snaps the pug. "I got nothing to say to no newspapers, and if I had I certainly wouldn't spill it to no frill. Chase yourself!"

"Please give me an interview," she begs, and looks as if she's about to turn on the brine. "You see, I've just gone to work for The Star ——"

"Come on," I cuts in. "Be a good guy and help the young lady out. It won't do you any harm and it ——"

"What do you want to know?" Mulligan growls at her. "Make it snappy."

It appears that she wants to know everything about him, and Mix grudgingly obliges with the same stuff I'd pried out of him. That little out of the way, the filly gets personal.

"You don't like women, do you?" she asks.

"I don't like anybody," returns Mulligan. "I wish the whole world had only one jaw so I could smash it."

"Oh," shudders the girl. "Don't you care about anything except fighting?"

"Not a thing," says Mix. "What else is there?"

She pulls a few more questions, but the answers are mostly scowls. Finally she gets up to go.

"Thank you so much," smiles the fluff. "You know," she adds, extending her hand, "I don't believe you're nearly as bad as you make yourself out to be."

Mulligan grunts something I don't get, but I notice his eyes follow her as she walks to the door. When she gets there he calls her back.

"Want a real good story about me to put in your paper?" he inquired quite pleasantly.

"I'd love it," beams the blonde.

"Come around here the morning of the sixteenth at ten o'clock," says Mix.

"I surely will," she promises, and departs.

"What," I asks curiously, "are you going to tell her on the sixteenth—how you licked Dan Walters the night before?"

"None of your business," snaps Mulligan. "How much," he demands, changing the subject, "am I getting out of this mill?"

"If you cop," says I, "your cut of the cush should be between ten and fifteen grand ——"

"Never mind what it should be," cuts in Mix. "It's got to be thirteen thousand four hundred and fifty sure, or I don't work."

I think a "why," but I don't voice it. "Win, baby," I comes back, "and I'll guarantee you that."

It develops that I haven't made much of a gamble. The night of the fight there's that much dough grouching in the street on account of being barred out of the packed punch palace by the fire department. But the lads inside get their money's worth.

I never saw Mulligan put up a better scrap and I never saw him when he had to put up a better scrap. This Walters boy is nobody's fish. He's apparently made a close study of Mix's crashing, smashing style and is all set for it, keeping away from Mulligan's rushes and swings with fast footwork and digging himself into bombproof clinches when overtaken.

Dan's plan of campaign is obvious enough. Let the other fellow do the chasing and the bludgeoning until his pistons are tired and his breath is coming in running pants; then stand up toe to toe with him and trade.

For four rounds Walters keeps Mix off in great shape and I'm kind of worried when my entry steps out for the fifth, lines of weariness dug deep in his pan. Though it's true Dan hadn't landed a real blow, there's a swell chance of Mulligan licking himself before many more sessions, at the rate he's wasting steam.

But the fifth is the finish. In a wild charge Mix drives Walters into a neutral corner. As usual in such situations, Dan dives forward for a clinch, but this time Mulligan's waiting for the move. An elevator punch swooping up from the floor arcs into Walters' chin with a crushing thud. Mix steps away and the stricken kid crumbles to the canvas, face down.

Mulligan walks quietly to the opposite corner. Instead of laughing and gloating, as in his other fights, he stands by soberly and even sadly while the count's going on. When that's over he helps lift Dan to his stool, pats the boy on the back and slowly leaves the ring.

Frayne looks at me with a puzzled frown. I've also one for him.

"Good gosh," gasps Jimmy, at length, "he's gone and got religion!"

IV

I'M AT the clubhouse with Frayne the next morning when the girl reporter from the Star comes in. Marian Hull had been the name signed to the interview she'd had with Mix. The date he'd made with her for the sixteenth had gone clean out of my head

"Oh," says she, "I thought ——"

"Sit down," I invites, "and take a weight off your mind. Mulligan should be here in a little while. It's only five after ten now"

We'd been gassing about fifteen minutes when the door softly opens and in trips a stocky youngster with slicked hair, college clothes and a pair of cheaters. I takes a good look at him I have to.

"Mulligan!" I yelps, jumping to my dogs

"The late Mix Mulligan," corrects Mix with a wide grin on his dish pan. "The present J. Emerson Brooks." And he takes a card from his case and passes it over to Miss Hull, whose saucer blue eyes have widened into platters. Jimmy's, on the contrary, have narrowed into an odd expression.

"What do you mean—the late?" I asks kind of stupidly.

"Mix Mulligan is deceased," returns the pug. "The wolf man, the blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ, the untamed and untutored savage, is no more. In his place you have the peace-loving student who will shortly be lost among the solitudes where the inquiring mind pursues its investigations in those abstractions ——"

"What are you talking about?" demands Frayne.

"It's all quite simple," says the ex-Mulligan. "I needed twenty-five thousand dollars rather quickly to embark on a certain program of research. At college in California I discovered that I was something of a boxer. Ergo, I have boxed to make the twenty-five—er—grand," he finishes with a grin.

"But why," I stutters, beginning to get a holt, "all the rough stuff, all the hooligan "

"I'm surprised that you should ask," he cuts in. "How long would it have taken me in my proper person to become a ring attraction? Years. Ordinary fighters, even educated fighters, are as common as house flies. As a wolf man, though ——"

"I don't understand," murmurs the little blonde.

"You wouldn't probably," replies the former Mix gently, "but these men should readily enough. It's the killer that the average fist fancier cries for. He may talk glibly of skill and science, but it's the wild-animal rush that he longs to see and the crunch of bone that he yearns to hear. We're all murderers under wraps," he goes on, "and the slaughter instinct is the one to which we most quickly and most gratefully react. Why do you think John L. Sullivan and Jack ——"

"Didn't I tell you?" interjects Jimmy. "You got the right idea, feller, but how'd you do it? I mean, how ——"

"I just forced myself to go Neanderthal," comes back the new Mr. Brooks—"cave man, that is. I steeled myself to brutality. My disreputable appearance, of course, my pretended illiteracy and my outrageous conduct in the ring were all part of the character I was playing. You'd be surprised how far a three-day growth of beard will go in establishing the idea of fierceness, even in one's own mind. You know," he continues musingly, "I think I shall write a brochure some day on the Effect of the Shave on the Human Character."

"I told you," remarks the lady reporter, "that I didn't believe you were as bad as you made yourself out to be."

"I remember," laughs the Mulligan pro tem, "and I was frightened. I thought maybe the mask was getting transparent."

"How about those scraps at Healy's?"

"Merely tests," answers Brooks, "to see if I could kill. Naturally I didn't know you'd be there, but I was certain to attract attention in a short time."

"And the hobo lingo?" queries Frayne. "Where'd you pick that up—in college?"

"I never used more than eight words all told, with the exception of 'ain'ta,'" says the youngster. "There was a method in my sullen silences."

"All of this is the bunk," I snorts. "You're a great scrapper, and would have been without the make-up or ——"

"Maybe," he shrugs, "but that'll never be determined. The thirteen thousand four hundred and fifty I won last night just makes my twenty-five, and I'm finished."

"I can get you fifty grand," I argues, "for a row with the champ. You can lick him ——"

"I can lick anybody I don't like," says J. Emerson Brooks, "but," he adds slowly, "I like everybody."

And he smiles softly upon little Miss Hull.

On the CREST

THE wave of Federal popularity sweeps on, rolled up by the extra service the motoring public enjoys with Federal Double Blue Pennant Tires. The Federal Agent near you was selected for his ability to give you expert tire service and fair, square dealing. When you need tires let him show you the High Crown Sure Traction Tread, Equal Tension Cord Construction and Double Cable Bead, the exclusive Federal features.

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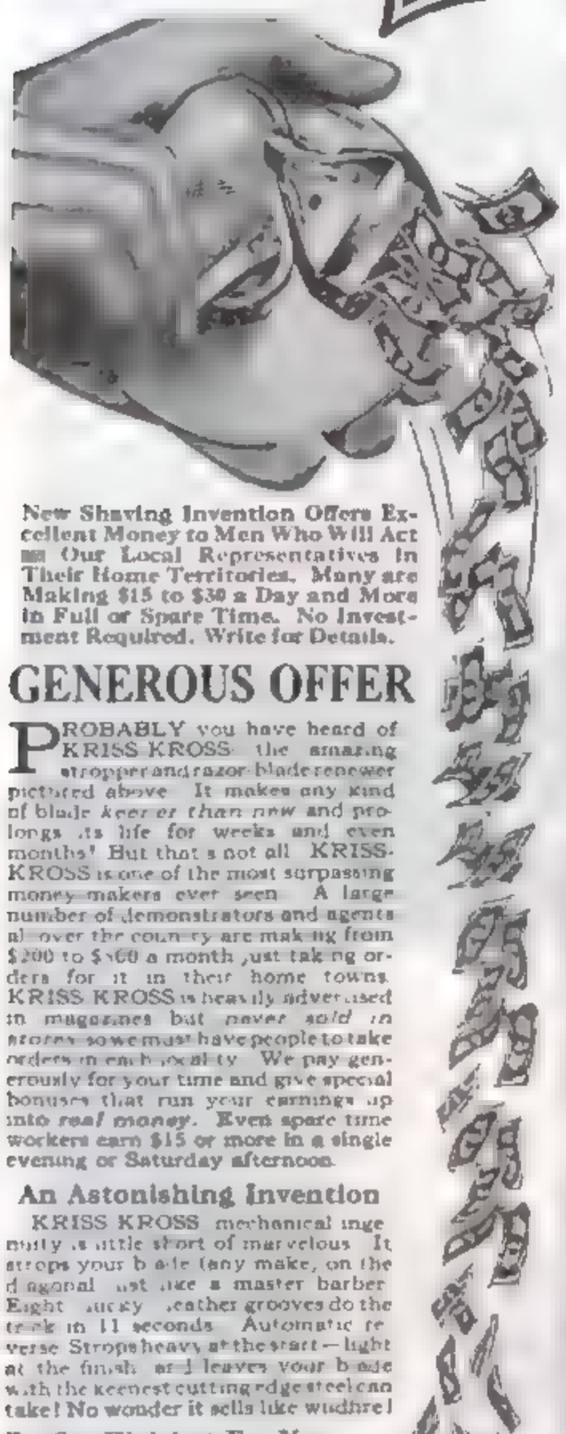

New Shaving Invention Offers Excellent Money to Men Who Will Act as Our Local Representatives In Their Home Territories. Many are Making $15 to $30 a Day and More in Full or Spare Time. No Investment Required. Write for Details.

GENEROUS OFFER

PROBABLY you have heard of KRISS KROSS the amazing stropper and razor blade renewer pictured above. It makes any kind of blade *keener than new* and prolongs its life for weeks and even months! But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS is one of the most surpassing money-makers ever seen. A large number of demonstrators and agents all over the country are making from $200 to $500 a month just taking orders for it in their home towns. KRISS KROSS is heavily advertised in magazines but *never sold in stores* so we must have people to take orders in each locality. We pay generously for your time and give special bonuses that run your earnings up into *real money*. Even spare time workers earn $15 or more in a single evening or Saturday afternoon.

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KRISS KROSS mechanical ingenuity is little short of marvelous. It strops your blade (any make, on the diagonal just like a master barber. Eight lucky leather grooves do the trick in 11 seconds. Automatic reverse. Strops heavy at the start—light at the finish, and leaves your blade with the keenest cutting edge steel can take! No wonder it sells like wildfire!

Profits Waiting For You

So great is the present demand for KRISS KROSS that agents are reaping profits almost beyond belief. During one period of three days N. C. Paige made $104. R. C. Walker (Idaho) made $9 his very first demonstration. H. King of Massachusetts made $66 in one day—and J. C. Kellogg cleared $200 in seven days spare time alone!

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Right now we are willing to make an extremely generous offer to new agents and demonstrators. Find out about this surprising money making business without delay. See how simple it is to make $100 $125 a week with KRISS KROSS. Others are doing it—why not you? Send the coupon for details now!

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THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

(Continued from Page 31)

When would she return? The concierge could not say, but he would speak to the lady when she came in. Cutty put aside the phone impatiently and again looked at Kitty's card. There was no border; no death. Kitty wasn't the crying sort. Then why?

"Kuroki, she cried?"

"She make no noise. Tears jus' run down face."

Something had happened, and Cutty's old infallible sixth sense warned him that this happening had been catastrophic.

"How long has she been coming?"

"Two-three week. I tell her you come some day."

"You didn't believe me dead?"

"No, sair."

There was nothing like suspense for taking the heart out of a man, Cutty knew right well. Kitty and Olga and Anna Karlovna, all in Paris; and at some time, unless he could prevent the meeting, the three of them would meet. Luck would fall that way; it generally did. It was always easy for your enemy to find you and always difficult for those who loved you.

Cutty sought his pipe rack, made a selection, smoked and paced. Oh, he knew. Johnny-Ivan had reverted to type—run away and left Kitty in the lurch. And to whom should Kitty Conover fly if not to old Cutty? In Paris, doubtless, tossing his money into the Montmartre gutters. Down deep, hadn't he always had this fear of Johnny-Ivan? Left her in the lurch. The blazing eyes, the bulging muscles at the jaw points—Kuroki knew these signs of old, and he quietly got himself out of the room.

The old Catharine strain. No longer John Hawksley, American ranchman, but a grand duke, of a race no woman ever held long. Over here somewhere and Kitty wanting to find him. But Kitty, weeping because she had been abandoned? That didn't have a reasonable sound. No man could play handball with her heart. But if Johnny-Ivan had played square and had been kidnaped by some of the left-overs of the Karlov band of anarchists? Oh, that was different; that had a clear sound.

He decided that it would be best to let Olga wait. He must have Kitty's story first. Yet, the young fellow was Olga's brother, who, after five years, had returned from the dead. The reunion, full of sad and happy memories; gone up the spout, probably.

That roof of his in New York looked very, very far away. Patrick Henry Clay, at leisure when the gods willed. Soap bubbles. Lord, what an old crab he had got to be!

Back to his pacing, his watch in his hand. Half an hour had passed since calling the Brighton. Kitty might return to lunch or she might not. Persons in great mental trouble often forgot places and distances, and Kitty might wander about the streets distractedly till hunger drove her back to the hotel.

The bell rang. His heart jumped into his throat, his body trembled. Nearly five years! If the caller chanced to be a peddler he would kill him. He fumbled with the key, the door knob. When the door opened he saw her, in black—black. Both of them stood dumb and motionless for the length of a minute. But within that minute all the cobwebs vanished out of Cutty's head. He knew now what had happened. They had got her Johnny-Ivan.

"Cutty! Oh, Cutty, Cutty!" Kitty flung herself into his arms and wept as if her heart would break.

Some workable sanity remained in his head and he let the paroxysm spend itself before he spoke. Johnny-Ivan had played the game—he was glad of that—and he regretted his shameful interpretation. Her man had paid his ancestors' bill, roughly, and had gone where there were no theories of government by prejudice. If anything, she was more beautiful in her womanhood than in her youth. But what he must have was the strange tragic slant to the case. There was a phase unknown to him, else she would not be here. He had guided Olga out of hell; now he must return thither and bring Kitty out of hers. But what he had done for Olga had been accomplished somewhat disgruntledly, he was ashamed now to admit. What he would do for Kitty would be done with all his heart.

"You're alive!" Kitty whispered.

"Two years in a Moscow prison. But that can wait. Tell me what has happened."

"Last July they shot him, Cutty, under my very eyes! . . . The boys had gone into town for Saturday night. Johnny was playing the Amati you gave him ——"

He pressed her head fiercely against his shoulder. Then he gently led her to a chair and sat down beside her, patting her hands in a clumsy effort to comfort her. By and by her sobs became echoes; then these died away.

"Cutty, how long since you had a letter from me?"

He went back the trail. "I believe it was 1919. From then on I was out of the beaten track. Why?"

"Then you didn't get the letter. I have a son, Cutty—a beautiful boy; mine, mine! In March they stole him, Cutty. And I couldn't find you. No one knew where you were; you had vanished. Oh, God, the agony of it—not to know whether he is alive or dead!"

"Hush! Hush!"

"I know. I haven't any strength at all now."

"A boy!"

"So gentle and loving! What are his nights, if he lives?"

"I'll tell you my story first," he said. "That will give you a chance to pull yourself together." He then plunged into the tale of his wanderings, of his arrest and imprisonment, of his escape into Poland with a strange woman. "Kitty, an amazing thing has happened. The woman is Olga."

"Olga?" unenlightened.

"Johnny's sister."

"She? But she is dead!" cried Kitty.

"No. She is even here in Paris. I'll telephone her to come over at once. I arrived only this morning." Returning from the telephone, he said: "She believes Johnny is alive and that I'm going to take her to him. Instead, I've got to smash her. All these years she accepted the fact of Johnny's death. And I've got to tell her!"

"Olga!" Kitty's warm impulsive Irish heart went out to the sister. To her, Johnny had been dead for months, but to Olga her brother would be twice dead. "I cabled you about Johnny. But when they robbed me of my boy —— Cutty, it is driving me mad! I've walked the streets of Paris, miles and miles, because I had to do something. Who but you could help me? Washington has written you missing. Your lawyers could tell me nothing. They had special orders to carry out, but they were confident that you had been killed in Russia."

"Kitty," he interrupted, "have you ever called aloud to me, with your arms out?"

"Why?"

"A few nights ago I heard you and saw you—almost as I see and hear you now—in the middle of the night."

"Cutty, I did call out to you in my despair."

"Well, Kitty, here I am. Now tell me your story from the beginning. All the facts. Besides, it will tonic you to get rid of it to one who understands. Before Olga comes."

Even in her despair, how lovely she was!

XV

KITTY could not quite believe it—that Cutty was alive and by her side. She felt her grip on life mysteriously renewed, and for months she had been an indeterminate human object, floating in space. There is no mental agony which does not halt from time to time, extraneously diverted; so Kitty began to study Cutty, to note the changes time had left upon the man. Not many that she could see.

Her thoughts flew back to that night when Cutty had defended her life and Johnny's and his own against the madman Karlov. From this picture her thoughts stepped to another: That day when he had offered her marriage, so that she might live in luxury; he to depart immediately after the ceremony; in fact, to desert her so that she might divorce him and live as she pleased upon the alimony. All because he had loved her mother! There never was such a man! Her throat became stuffy again.

He could do anything. Who knew that better than she? In a little while her boy would be in her arms again. His living presence inspired her with a confidence beyond all the promises of the police of the world. His hair was grayer, his face thinner, but otherwise he was the same old Cutty, who could perform the unbelievable as easily as other men performed the routine of a day's work. What he had done for her once he could do again.

"One glorious year," he heard her say. "Paradise for a twelvemonth. So I've had my share, Cutty. Women are not philosophers; they are always rejecting the inevitable—which is that on earth unhappiness is our portion, having been set down here blind. I am twenty-eight. How many women, at twenty-eight, can boast of one perfect year?"

One perfect year. Then the others hadn't been perfect?

"Why only one perfect year, Kitty?"

"He began to change. Oh, he loved me, Cutty. There was no other woman. His last gesture was toward me. But little by little he seemed to draw away from Johnny and me. It wasn't that I neglected him for the baby, as some mothers do. He wanted Johnny as much as I did. Yet he would come to the cradle and stare and stare. Not the stare of wonder; it was something I could not define. It grew so—this aloofness that I could not reach him. He would ride for hours. In the house he was like a man perpetually thinking."

"The future of the boy?"

"I don't know. Yet, why should that have been? Little Johnny was born an American; his financial future was assured. We were completely hidden from the world. Once, just to try him out, I asked if we mightn't risk a Mediterranean cruise. He shook his head. When little Johnny was older, perhaps. So it wasn't the world that he wanted."

"Perhaps he had had a warning."

"No. He would have told me that."

Kitty bent her head, and during the pause Cutty speculated. There had been a touch of the Oriental in Johnny-Ivan—Johnny Two-Hawks. What if the poor chap had been whispered to by the occult, by prescience, and he knew what was toward? Hadn't a matter-of-fact old codger like himself had his logic knocked galley-west? Suppose Johnny knew that neither he nor the boy was to live the average span of life. He lived and spoke and thought in English, but the superstitious Russ was still at the roots of him. Plausible enough. He communicated this notion to Kitty.

"I don't know, Cutty. It might have been that."

"And of course he couldn't impart to you that kind of a worry."

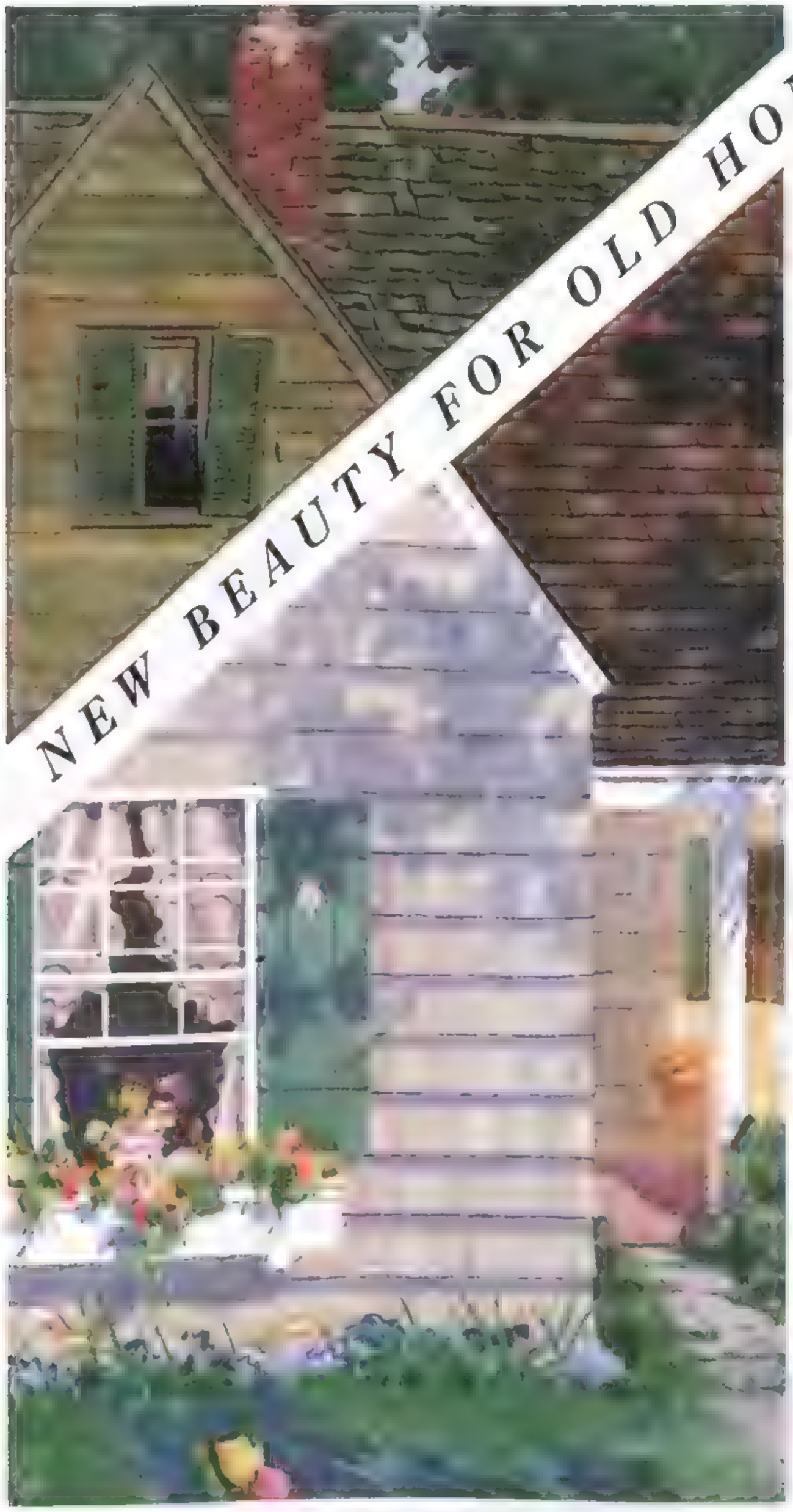
"He wouldn't."

"No signs of extra precautions?"

"None that I could observe"—wearily.

"Let us go in another direction. He was a sensitive chap. They loved each other—he and Olga—so she tells me. Might not his running away—his forgivable cowardice—fit so deeply into his mind that he never recovered from the shock? Did he ever speak of her?"

(Continued on Page 106)



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(Continued from Page 104)

"No, nor did I, for the fear of hurting him."

"The human mind is a strange piece of machinery, Kitty." Having an obsession of his own, he felt competent to judge. "Grief finds no bottom, sometimes, if not disturbed."

"But to lock away this grief—if it were grief -from the one human being who would gladly have shared it!"

"It's human nature for one person to think and act differently. So they got him? Poor devil!"

"That is done with, over, finished. I want my boy!"

"He lives. Be assured of that, Kitty. Ransom or death, you would have heard of it. He is alive. Just what they purpose to do with him is for me to find out. Let me ask you a brutal question: Was Johnny a brave man?"

"Brave? As a lion. Yet," Kitty added thoughtfully, "it might have been bravery born out of recklessness. I hadn't thought of that before."

"How did the cowboys take to him?"

"They fought shy of him in the beginning. He was a foreigner. But he was so gay and kindly, so willing to learn that first year, that soon they began to tolerate him. He was a born horseman. The boys didn't know that till the day the foreman suggested that Gray be shot. Gray was a killer. But he was a magnificent brute and Johnny had had an eye on him for a long time. But he had first to learn the practical side of ranching. One day he told the foreman that if the boys would saddle Gray he'd ride him.

"'But he'll kill you, Mr. Hawksley!' protested the foreman.

"'Well, we'll try it this afternoon,' said Johnny. 'But I don't want him saddled in the corral.'

"Nobody had ever tried to saddle the brute outside the corral," went on Kitty. "In there he bucked and rolled, bit and struck out. Cutty, he rode that horse for four hours. He headed straight for the rolling range. Scared, the boys—four of them—saddled and gave chase. Johnny never paid any attention to them, but rode and rode till the tremendous machine under him faltered into a canter, then into a walk. He then turned home—Johnny—with the boys trailing behind. There wasn't one of them, after that, who wouldn't have gone to hell for him. And when at night he'd get out the Amati—his fingers too stiff now for the finer things—and play the familiar cowboy songs, the boys would steal out of the bunk house, squat under the parlor window and smoke cigarettes."

Kitty paused again. Cutty saw the picture clearly.

"We never received any personal letters except the few we got from you. But we didn't care. We were—or I was—content to hide for a few years, till they forgot us. The town was only ten miles south of us. When there wasn't any big work on hand for Sunday we'd let the boys off Saturday nights. Johnny himself never went into town. That Saturday night, last July, Johnny got out the violin. The windows were up. I was sitting in a chair, darning. Little Johnny was abed upstairs." Kitty put a hand to her throat, fought down the sob. "Russian melodies, which always made me feel creepy. Out of nowhere the pistol shot. Johnny dropped the violin and—reached out toward me. The next moment he lay dead at my feet!"

Cutty pressed her hands so tightly that in ordinary times she must have cried out for the hurt.

"I can't remember what happened for a while after that. The dreadful silence! Then I remembered little Johnny. I found him asleep. He had heard nothing. How did they find us, Cutty? How could they find us?"

"Through your cowboys, innocently enough. They had a strange and wonderful boss. So when they went to town for their weekly spree they bragged. It was natural. From ranch to ranch the news traveled. That's the irony of it. The men who loved him had innocently brought him to his death. In these years of silence many strange adventures have befallen me. I have learned that what is called the Internationale has an espionage system which makes the pretensions of the old prewar Wilhelmstrasse an object for ridicule. You see, they are everywhere. You can't tell who is who. The Internationale isn't Russian; it speaks Italian, Chinese, English, Spanish, Hindustani —all the tongues on earth. So it is not difficult to understand that eventually the story of a Russian running a ranch should reach New York. They missed the boy because they had not heard of him at that time. But how did they get the boy?"

"We don't know, except there was an automobile in the ditch by the railway station. We sent Johnny's description across the continent, but none of the police have reported him."

"A wig, probably; told to keep still or they would kill him. How old?"

"Four years."

"Well, I'll find him."

"It has done me good to cry," said Kitty. Impulsively she seized his hand and kissed it.

As Olga had kissed it—in gratitude. In all his life he could not remember having been kissed in love. Oh, well!

"There goes the bell!" he cried, jumping out of his chair and his cogitations at the same time. "That will be Olga. Remember, she is coming here with shining eyes and high heart, and we two have got to smash her. Put your arms around her. She'll need them."

"I will! I will! Poor Olga!"

The effect upon Kitty was precisely what he desired. Kitty was utterly unselfish, of magnificent generosities, of swift impulses. She would put aside her own troubles in the face of another's.

Cutty went to the door eagerly. He was curious to see what change had taken place in Olga. A lovely gypsy in her rags, how would she look in bright new clothes? He liked her. The fact suddenly became positive. They two had weathered some terrible episodes, and neither her body nor her soul had faltered. He became thrilled by a strange high pride—that these two lovely women, so unlike outwardly, so alike within, should have only him to depend on, trusting him absolutely. And what if they did kiss his hands in gratitude, he asked ironically.

As he flung open the door, for all his preparedness, he received a considerable shock. He beheld more than loveliness —sheer beauty, dazzling. Happiness radiated from her dark eyes, from her face, from the very poise of her body. And he must erase it all with brutal words.

"How do I look, Cutty? *Nom du pipe!*" She laughed. "Pretty clothes! I've been like a child in a toyshop. Oh, it has been so very long that I have felt clean—clean! . . . What is it?"

The shock over, the wonder at her beauty passing, his face became sad and stern. He led her into the living room. Olga looked inquiringly at Kitty, whose identity she did not suspect. Cutty put his hands on her shoulders. The truth, at once, hard and bitter; it was always best so.

"Olga, I know you to be a brave woman. I've got to crush the joy and happiness out of you. Ivan, your brother, was murdered last July. This is Kitty, his wife."

He could feel the slack come into her shoulders and it pained his heart to see the change in her face. He never wanted a moment like this again. He could not take Olga into his arms as he had Kitty. In fact, he did not know just what to do with her.

"My sister?" spoke Kitty softly.

The princess and the commoner looked into each other's eyes for a moment. The princess by right of birth and the princess by right of marriage—two women. Two women, thought the man watching them, as God had fashioned them; all the rest was nothing. Suddenly Kitty opened her arms and Olga flew into them.

Cutty understood that he was no longer needed; so he got his hat and silently went down into the street. He strode toward the Place du Palais-Royal unobservantly. His mind was too actively concerned with his problem to permit his eyes and ears to register what he saw and heard. Kitty's tragedy, Olga's, and a little grand duke, somewhere in the world, desperately wanting his lovely mamma. Kitty, with a son! In all these years, thinking of her constantly, he had never thought of that.

He was about to cross the Place du Palais-Royal when an omnibus lumbered up to the curb on its way to the Avenue de l'Opéra, halting his progress. Omnibus! The word rang in his head with the sharp clearness of a bell. Omnibus! He wheeled and retraced his steps. He could feel the sweat of terror start across his shoulders, in his palms. Omnibus! His stride became a sprint, but he was careful not to bump into anyone. Up the stairs to the apartment, four at a bound, into the living room, so noisily that Kitty and Olga sprang in astonishment from their chairs.

"Kitty, have you a photograph of your boy?"

Her hands went to her heart. "You——"

"No, no! But if you have a photograph I want it. Copies to send all over the world at once."

He dared not tell her his suspicions. He knew Kitty Conover. The Irish in her would run wild. She would go scouting on her own and would straightway multiply his difficulties.

"I sent you a photograph," she said. "It is there on your table, perhaps. In a brown envelope."

Olga stared at Cutty. The tone of his voice was familiar, even significant. Her brother was dead, beyond all doubt; so that was over. But the little boy, blood of her blood—Ivan's son—that was different. Here was the man who had got her out of Moscow, over what seemed insuperable obstacles. He would find little Ivan.

Cutty scattered the mail heedlessly and eventually came upon the brown envelope. The photograph was that of a beautiful smiling boy.

"That is Johnny. Oh, Cutty, I want him—I want him!"

"I will find him, Kitty," he replied.

But all his vitals seemed to have dissolved within him, leaving him a husk. No, he must not tell Kitty that he had seen this beautiful little chap that very morning, seated affrightedly at the side of Anna Karlovna.

XVI

HE WONDERED if Kitty and Olga —both of them sharp eyed —had noticed his agitation. The way he had stormed in. He had not been careful there. The appalling truth had temporarily knocked him off his balance. He continued to stare at the photograph, but he no longer really saw it. he was playing for time, and so long as he appeared to be wrapped in thought he reckoned they would not question him. He needed five minutes, then he would be able to answer questions —equivocally. Neither must know the truth at this time.

He knew; it did not require a flash of prescience to tell him what was toward: mere speculation was sufficient. In fancy he leaped over many roofs, down into a room, into Anna Karlovna's heart. The boy lived; no ransom had been asked. What then? To take the lad into Russia, subtly to degrade him, soil his mind and body. No, she would not kill the little grand duke. That would be too tame a finale.

It wrung Cutty's heart when he recalled that the boy, fear on his milk-white face, in his wide blue eyes, had a few hours ago been within reach of his hand. The whole affair written in broad letters for him to read, and terror of the woman had literally driven him back to the curb.

Cutty saw now that he would not dare draw in the clever Paris police. The boy would be dead before they could reach him. If the woman suspected for an instant that she could not have her will with the boy, that would be the end of it. All alone, then. An ironic God had permitted that omnibus to roll on. Five years ago he would have seized the woman on general principles and turned her over to the police and then got the boy's identity. Five years ago he would have known instantly that the presence of such a boy with such a woman was an anomaly, worthy of investigation. And this morning he had actually taken to his heels!

Suppose he went to the police. He could describe the Karlovna and he possessed the photograph of the missing boy. Suppose, by some wild streak of luck, they got both the woman and the boy? The newspapers would get hold of it somehow, and in a day the whole sinister world of Anarchy would know that a boy grand duke was at large, that there was a fortune back of him. How then to guard him? Oh, there were grand dukes about—in Paris, Deauville, on the Riviera in season—but Anarchy cynically passed them by as not worth the powder—penniless spongers. Anarchy had no private vengeance to exact of them. No, the police were automatically out of it.

There was one man he might go to—Doctor Garnier—if that kindly philosopher still lived. If anyone would know about the communists, it would be Garnier, who had practically as well as officially penned them in their warrens during the war. Cutty had to admit that he was in doubt as to his own knowledge, rusted these five years. Since the Armistice he had heard vague rumors of a communistic shifting about in Paris. Besides, it would tonic him to talk to a man with so sane and humorous a mind. He would go to Garnier. He laid down the photograph and turned, alert.

"Now, you two go back to your hotels, pay your bills and bring your luggage here. I'll put up elsewhere. Kuroki will take care of you—meals and all that."

"Why?" asked Kitty.

He frowned. "Because Paris is strange to you both."

"Well?"

Kitty's heart beat furiously. Little Johnny was here in Paris! Cutty's noisy, breathless entrance, his excitement, his eagerness to see Johnny's photograph—all were to her substantial indications that between the time of his departure and his return he had discovered something.

"Cutty," she said, noting his hesitation, "I am not a young girl any more; I am a woman. Back in New York, those other days, I committed wild and foolish acts, because life didn't seem really serious. So let us have no camouflage. Johnny is in Paris. Your actions tell me so. What must I do?"

Cutty sighed audibly. "I saw him this morning, when I did not know who he was. Olga, the miracles are evidently over." He shrugged. "I did not want either of you to know, because, frankly, I am afraid of you both. You, Kitty, tangled me up badly once and we nearly lost the game."

"I promise."

"You remember Karlov? Well, Johnny is in the hands of Karlov's sister."

Olga became tense in her chair. She knew what this signified. She waited.

"Her purpose," went on Cutty gravely, "is, I believe, to carry him into Russia and become a kind of mother to him."

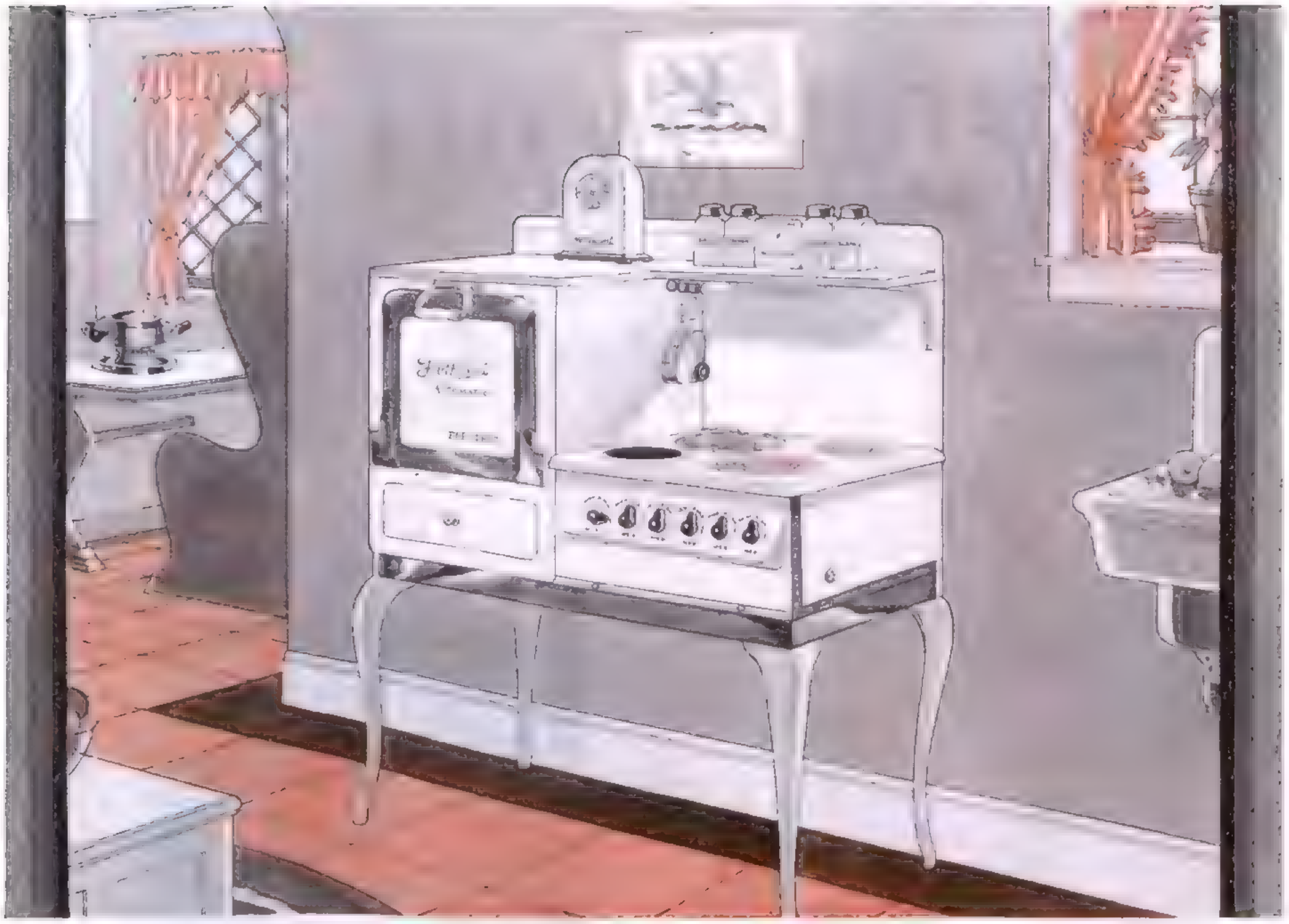
Olga shuddered.

"What do you mean by that, Cutty?" the young mother asked bewilderedly.

"To this woman he is a grand duke of an ill-fated house. That you are his mother, that he was born in America, will mean nothing to her. She isn't going to hurt him physically. Our hope is that the night life of Paris may appeal to her—something to hold her here while I get to work. I suspect that I shall have to work alone, Kitty. The police can't be appealed to. This woman is insane. Warn her and I'm afraid you will never see your little son again."

"But what is she going to do to him?" Kitty strove bravely to keep her voice steady, but the nature of her agony would not permit her.

(Continued on Page 111)



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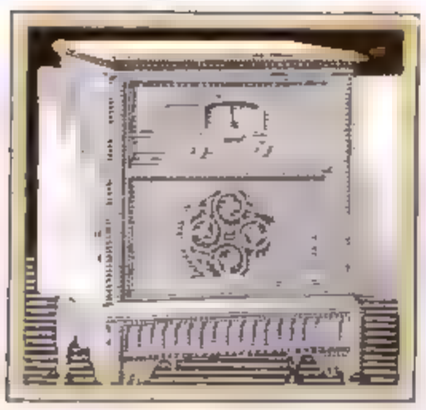

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(Continued from Page 108)

"I don't know. I'm only guessing. Never to permit him to see you again. To make a communist out of him." The lie was the best he had to offer.

"But why—why?"

"Because," interposed Olga, seeing that Cutty was being hard pressed—"because he is the grandson of my father. Because my mother was an angel and my father a devil, and Anna Karlovna was the devil's protégé. She would wreak the same vengeance, differently colored, on me if she knew that I lived."

"I could have touched him, Kitty; only God decided that He had given me my share of luck recently. I don't know how or where to begin. I haven't had a chance to look about. I'm still out of touch with the world. But if I know for a certainty that you will sit tight while I strive my best, my shoulders will feel lighter, my brain freer. You are not afraid of anything, Kitty dear, and just now I want you to know what fear is. It is brutal to speak so, but that is the way I feel. I shall do all that is humanly possible to return that boy to you, but I must work without the fear of your safety—or of yours"—turning to Olga.

"You can trust me, Cutty," Kitty replied. "It is when I am in the dark that I do reckless things."

"Go out as much as you like, together. Take drives out to the Bois, go shopping. Never pay any attention to mysterious notes, particularly if it is written that I am hurt. Don't let the telephone fool you either. I'll give you a number—K-2. If that comes over the wire, obey. It is the number by which I was officially known. I'll bring the boy back to you, Kitty. I don't know how, but I will."

Of a sudden Olga discovered herself looking at Kitty from a new angle—something in Cutty's voice and in his eyes, when he spoke to Kitty. For some inexplicable reason the thought of Kitty as a sister died within her. She could not analyze this odd switch about. She understood her brother's many reasons for marrying this beautiful American girl, but the point was, she had never seen, and never would see, them together, establishing in the vision as well as in the thought the relationship—that of man and wife. Queer moment for such a thought to form, but there it was. Companionship she would give, but anything beyond that, Kitty herself must win.

"Buck up," she heard the man say. "Bluff is the order of the day. The full brazen bluff, no half measures. It's a coat o' mail sometimes—bluff. To pretend to each other that everything goes lovely. I don't mean bombast or braggadocio. Real bluff is making the world believe you're courageous when you aren't, making your enemies believe you've got what you haven't. You understand, Kitty. Teach Olga."

"Oh, I know what it is." Olga smiled to prove it, put her arm around Kitty's waist to prove it. But inwardly she asked herself: "What kind of beast am I, to feel like this?"

As the two women were about to depart for their separate hotels, he took Kitty in his arms and kissed her forehead—bluffing her with the paternal salute when he did not feel paternal.

As he bent to kiss Olga's hand he whispered: "Watch her. You're steadier than she is."

With barely a perceptible nod she signified that she understood. She glowed a little. Of the two, Cutty, then, considered her the more dependable? Still, it was for the sake of Kitty that he wanted her to be dependable.

With them gone, Cutty summoned his man and explained the necessities. "It's the old game, Kuroki, so let nothing get by you."

"No, sair."

"Now, has anyone called for me? During my long absence?"

"Men."

"What kind of men?"

"All kinds, sair. They say where are you? I say orders not to tell."

"Any come back?"

"One. This man call telephone seven-eight months, every four-five day."

"What?" cried the astonished Cutty. "A man called up regularly for eight months?"

"Yess, sair."

"His name!"

"He no give. I ask. He say g'by."

"When was the last call?"

"Four-five weeks."

"Did he give a number?"

"No, sair."

Cutty went on filling his kit bag from the bureau drawers and clothespresses. It was quicker done that way—doing it himself. Some old friend, the caller, who had finally given up hope. Small blame to him. It couldn't have been Garnier, who had no reason to conceal his name.

The kit bag packed and closed, Cutty crossed over to the reading table and explored a drawer. He drew out a pair of automatics and emptied them. He would clean the guns tonight and get some fresh cartridges. He laughed; the laughter of a man whose hat blows off in a crowd—empty laughter, sound and facial contortions.

The man who had arrived in Paris that morning had been Patrick Henry Clay, a retired lover of books, gems and war drums; a quiet, middle-aged man, who, on nights alone, would play with his green chrysoprase. Sometimes, when he attended some formal affair at the Lotus, he would wear a bit of ribbon or a button in his lapel. He would watch the sunsets from the windows of his cliffike apartment. Maybe he'd have in a few old cronies for dinner; pleasant lies and grog and tobacco smoke till midnight.

Presto! A pair of guns that needed cleaning. K-2 again, without the United States to back him. To stick his bare hand down into a vipers' nest in the dark, to yank forth a scared little rabbit. He guessed it was written. Old Cutty, in the parlance of the forty-niners, would die with his boots on.

"Confound it all!" he cried, for his cowardly vexation in the face of duty.

"Sair?" inquired the hovering Kuroki, who was pleased that humdrum had walked out of the door.

"Nothing."

Cutty decided to go and find Garnier—find the friend first, then the physician. His protoplasms were standing on their heads.

Tragedy is never wholly blanketing, no matter how raw and deep; thought will move in various other directions. In the apartment Kitty and Olga hadn't had much time to study each other. So, on the way to the Rue de Rivoli, they fell to it covertly. The eyes on both sides were pleased. But there was one fact which they could not get around honestly: The tragedy was divided between them; nevertheless, they were total strangers.

Had Olga been other than Johnny's aunt, Kitty would have resented her presence furiously. So long had she looked upon Cutty possessively, so long had she made him her own, that she hated the thought of sharing him. All these hours in Russia, death all about them, had given Olga a hold upon Cutty's thoughts which she, Kitty, could never share. Then, too, she tried desperately to think of Olga as a sister, as Johnny's aunt. The will was honestly there, but the consummation of the fact floated beyond reach. Strangers. Kitty knew that she would never marry again. Her boy, once more in her arms, would be all she required of life. But to overcome this invisible distance between Olga and herself, she forced herself to become confidential. She reviewed her life quite frankly, finding a physical relief merely to hear the sound of her voice. Bluff, Cutty had said.

Olga was not oblivious of Kitty's attractions. She was lovely—brown hair, slate-blue eyes with heavy black fringe, a healthy, shapely body; and she would have a mind to match these physical endowments, else a man like Cutty would not have cried out her name in his sleep. Out of an empty into a full world she had but recently stepped. Once more she sensed an abyss at her feet, because the young woman at her side was not her brother's wife but his widow.

Her own confidences were vague and broken.

"But how did you escape?" asked Kitty.

Olga inspected her hands oddly, as if, in some way, they were detached from her physically. "I will tell you some day, but just now ——"

"I understand"—quickly. "Cutty is the most lovable man there ever was. Did you ever meet his like?"

"No." Olga remembered Cutty's hand reaching out for hers in the rain, the fog and the cold; death riding with them. The recollection comforted her.

"How strange it seems that your mother should have been a great singer and mine a great actress."

"The world is full of strange things."

It was then that Olga flung her aloofness to the winds, the Slav blood bending to the Italian. She embraced Kitty and kissed her cheeks. An act which warmed Kitty for hours.

"Bluff," said Olga—"remember that. Tears only make your eyes red. I have found that out. We shall bluff Cutty—*nom du pipe*—and give him no cause to worry."

"Bluff," Kitty repeated, smiling.

They were very near to each other's heart, had they but known it.

Meantime, while Cutty gave Kuroki additional orders before his departure, there appeared across the street a man in the habiliment of an engineer. His blue dungarees were splotched with oil stains, his cap greasy, his hands dirty and his face so grimy that the whites of his eyes gave him a minstrelsy effect.

He stared seriously, out of a pair of Nordic blue eyes, at the windows of Cutty's apartment. Presently, with pursed lips through which came no whistle, he shook his head, shifted the skirts of his blouse, rammed his hands into his trousers pockets and walked away, his coal-dusted shoes slapping the pavement briskly.

XVII

DOCTOR GARNIER was of medium height, barrel chested, white of hair and ruddy of countenance. He radiated vigor and cheerfulness. He wore his mustache *à la Foch*, the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole, and was sixty-five. In the consulting room he pushed Cutty into a chair and plumped down into another.

"So you are alive!"—his astonishment having yet to evaporate.

"Well," drawled Cutty, "if shades can be alive. On my word, I am a shade, and I want you to give me corporeal substantiality."

He observed a large map of the city of Paris on the wall.

"You look tired," was the doctor's comment. "You have the prison pallor. What have they been doing to you? I can see by your eyes that you have a story to tell."

"Yes. A queer story—of grand dukes in exile, of madmen and madwomen, of jewels and human rubble. Of a little grand duke I want to return to his mother—his American mother. Yes, I've a yarn to spin"—and without further ado Cutty began the spinning of it.

Garnier frequently squirmed in his chair, so excited he became. Here was a tale after his own heart—a swift dramatic tale, recounted exceedingly well.

"And this woman is in Paris—all these women?"

"I saw her this morning. . . . Do you still keep in touch with the communistic elements?"

"Only passively these days." The doctor rose and moved toward the map. "What do you wish to know?"

(Continued on Page 114)

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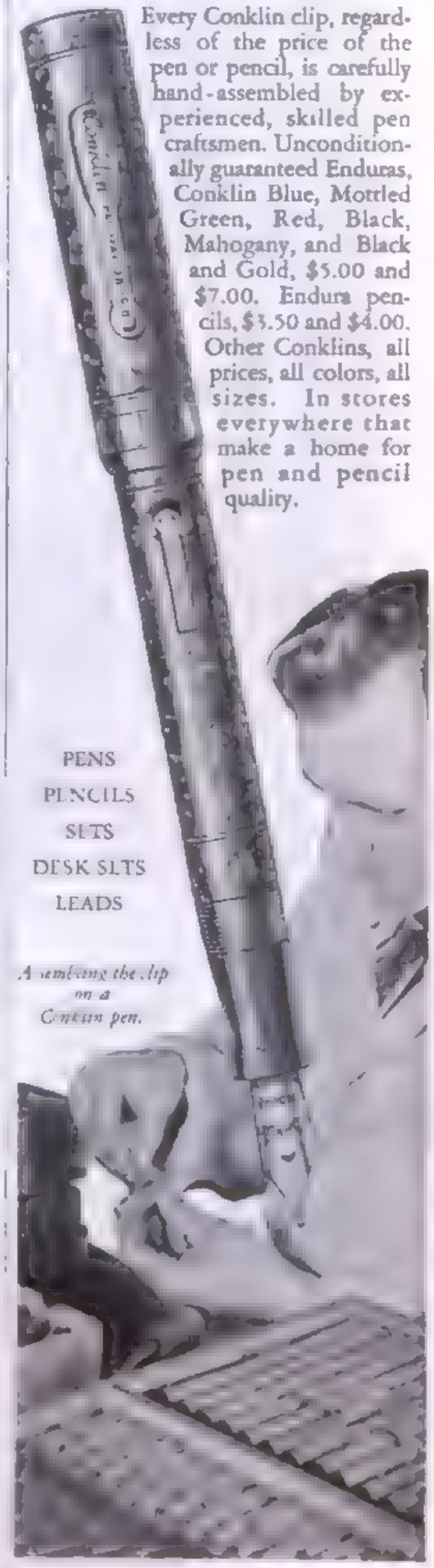

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NIGHT SIX

(Continued from Page 111)

"Where they live and forgather. I come to you because I dare not go to the police. I must handle the affair alone."

The doctor extracted a pencil from his vest pocket. He studied the map for a moment, then drew a curving line across the northeast environs of Paris, from Clichy to St.-Gervais.

"Anywhere within that space—a city in itself. In the side streets running out of the Boulevard de Ménilmontant, in the villages of Clichy and St.-Gervais, in the Place du Combat. You are right," said the doctor. "The police cannot be brought in; so it will be impossible to help you. Myself, I should have to go to the police for you. No. Alone, as you say."

"Place du Combat," mused Cutty.

"The Maison des Syndicats is there—the house of the syndicates. We have segregated them as much as possible. We have hemmed them in—poor devils!"

"You, in sympathy?"—surprised.

"No, in understanding. In this world, my old, there is only good and bad. I know anarchists whose sole crime against organized society is the reading of silly books. I know a communist who wants only justice to all men. In all grades of society there are mad dogs, male and female. But they have been and always will be in the minority. *Menshevik*, if you want the Russian. But, *mon Dieu*, what damages these minorities can do to the rest of us, to us Bolsheviks—the majority! Call them Reds, anarchists, communists, but don't call them Bolsheviks. The newspapers threw that term upon an astonished world. The boiling pot always sends the scum to the top."

Garnier paused. Cutty got out his pipe, but recalling in time that this was a room where the ill came, he put it back.

"Drugs," said Garnier. "Drink is no longer the devil's deputy. There was a murder, particularly brutal, in the Place du Combat last winter—cocaine seller. Two Russians, an Italian and a Frenchman. Drugs to your country, I imagine. A row over the spoils. The woman you describe—it seems to me that she must be an addict. Is she?"

"I really don't know. That's a business I have had little to do with."

"It will be a vast enterprise to find your little grand duke. Paris is ridden by Soviet spies. Half a dozen inquiries from the police and your woman would hear of it. She would fly away with the boy, or worse. Delicate work. Well, when you start your quest, don't ask questions. You speak French flawlessly. Engage a room in the Rue de Meaux, which runs out of the Place du Combat. Eat in the near-by cafés. Sooner or later you will strike up an acquaintance with someone, and then things will grow."

"But I'm in such a devil of a hurry!" Cutty protested pathetically.

"If you hurry you will lose the boy."

"But if she leaves Paris before I hear of her?"

Garnier shrugged. "What is your worry? You have been telling me incredible things—your escape out of Russia. A true gambler forces his good luck. Force yours. Now, strip to the buff."

"What?"

"Off with your clothes. I must look you over."

"Oh! Well!" Cutty laughed and surrendered.

The examination was thorough. When it was over and he was dressed, he asked for the verdict.

"How old are you?"

"Fifty-six."

"When are you going to marry?"

"Marry? Good Lord, I wouldn't marry any woman my age, and a young woman would soon become my nurse! What the deuce ——"

"Marry a nurse, then." Garnier laughed, then grew tenderly solemn. He turned to his desk, flat and broad, and took up two photographs in frames. One was a woman in the early forties, comely, with eyes which spoke of happiness and vivacity. The other was a young soldier. "You have never met Madame Garnier. You shall come some night and dine. During the war she was seldom in Paris. These young ones! They marry and climb upon a pink cloud and float, picking peaches and pomegranates, with the fool's dream that the pink cloud will carry them so forever. The bubbles in champagne last but a little while, but the dead wine makes very fine jelly. Sometimes the grand passion comes. But youth knows nothing about it. The true grand passion is mutual respect, patience, humor, understanding, mated intellects as well as bodies. She"—indicating the woman—"is forty-three. I am sixty-five. We have been happy for twenty-four years. The grand passion—the absolute need of each other. It was not arranged, our marriage. We fell in love. Down in Pau, where I'd gone hunting. We are happy, even though Jean"—pointing to the young soldier—"rests near the Somme."

Cutty pressed his arm with understanding.

The doctor returned the photographs to the desk. "The disparity in years is seen, not felt. Aren't a few years of real happiness worth thirty years of discontent? Old cabbage"—familiarly—"you should marry. The insides of you are thirty and only the good God knows how young your brain is! Didn't you know that youth can be recaptured? The trouble in our world—yours and mine—is that the well-born virile and intelligent men do not produce enough children to meet the ever-increasing litters of the very poor—the miserables who become anarchists and communists because they know no other playground than the gutters! Eh, well!"—closing the topic with a flirt of his hands. "You are a remarkable piece of human machinery, and mark my words"—shaking a finger under Cutty's nose—"if you are not killed by a Paris taxicab you will live to be ninety."

Cutty smiled. "Then I am sound?"

"Bah! You still have your apartment in the Rue de Varos?"

"Yes."

"Well, you will receive a detailed report from me in the morning. All you need is some rest. You have been shut up in prison, when the life of you is liberty in action. Your depression isn't gone yet. I know how you feel. When I believe I can save a human life and fail, I am depressed for days. When you rescue your little grand duke, go to your beloved Bellagio. Remember? You used always to be telling me about it. Well, go to Bellagio and smoke your pipe on the terrace of the Villa Serbelloni. And remember again, this, that many of us go to our graves wrapped in illusions, our hearts and heads filled with mirages and rainbow ends, when truth is elsewhere."

Cutty gazed into space. How clearly he could see that terrace—at dawn, in the afternoon, in the moonlight—the eternal gardens, the olives, the mulberries and the flowering pomegranate; blue Lecco on one side, blue Como on the other. He had seen that spot the first time when he was in the twenties, and under the great oak he had dreamed, pretending that he and Molly—Kitty's mother—were on their honeymoon. It was at the Villa Serbelloni that he had received the cable announcing her engagement to Conover—Conover, the gay and debonair whirlwind who swept men off their feet, let alone the women. Through this vision came an echo—mirages and rainbow ends. Mirages and rainbow ends.

The afternoon of the next day and the Place du Combat. The name awoke no memories. Cutty could not remember having heard of the place. But he knew the Boulevard de Ménilmontant. In 1917 he had been the means of gathering in a gang of American dopesters in that quarter. Peddling dope among those lonesome, homesick boys! That had been his sole engagement in that line. Place du Combat. Paris had done some renaming since 1918, and this might be one of the retouches. Anyhow it was near the center of Garnier's slice of Paris.

Cutty was wearing old clothes and a soiled felt hat, and there was a day's stubble on his chin. He hadn't had time to shave yesterday morning; too many excitements. Later he discerned the necessity of a stubble. So then, to the Place du Combat.

He took the Métropolitain—the underground tube—for that would carry him directly to his destination. He found the square comfortable in size, but otherwise sad and nearly deserted, as if something dreadful had once happened in the square and humanity fought shy of it. At one end of it was a ramshackle in wood, reminding Cutty of barns on deserted farmlands in New York State, and he studied it, as a wooden building in Paris was a curiosity not to be idly passed. It had the air and dilapidation of long nonoccupancy; possibly the remains of a prewar foundry. It interested him only because it was wooden.

At the corner, on the Rue de Meaux, he noted the Café Terrace, a forlorn caravansary. There were a dozen tables on the sidewalk, some of them occupied by men as sorry-looking as their surroundings. Cutty decided to give the Rue de Meaux an inspection and to search for a lodging sign.

"The disparity in years is seen, not felt," he echoed. But Garnier had married when he was forty. Still ——

Facing the square was another café, but for the present he had no interest in that. In gaining the Rue de Meaux, he passed the Café Terrace obliquely, intending to look that over later. Thus he did not observe a bit of action on the part of one of the beer drinkers on the terrace or sidewalk. Cutty was only scouting, getting the lay of the land. This man, dressed in oily blue dungarees, his face smutty with oil and coal dust, rose and followed Cutty, say, at a distance of twenty feet. A dead cigarette, half an inch in length, hung pendulous from his nether lip—a typical Parisian expression of thriftiness.

Cutty had no reason to suspect that he was being followed. That side of his alertness was blind. So he walked on, eying the windows for a Rooms-to-Rent sign. He was aware of a secret agitation. Garnier was a scrupulous physician. If Patrick Henry Cay had the innards of a man of thirty, and he got Kitty's son back to her arms —— Mirages and rainbow ends. The phrase persisted in recurring, but it was untranslatable, meaningless.

He would not dare make inquiries about Anna Karlovna or describe her. In a locality of this sort, a query would have the traveling sound of a bomb, provided she was in this locality, which he very much doubted. She would have money and would want luxuries. The night life of Paris, the underworld night life of which tourists neither knew nor heard, would cater and hold the woman, where her beauty and diablerie would make her a queen.

Somewhere in this great city there would be a little boy who desperately wanted his beautiful mamma, who could not, with his green little mind, solve this inexplicable separation. It was even doubtful that he realized the fact that he would never again see his handsome daddy. He would live in a combination of fog and terror. He would be in the same case as the puppy, sold out of a kindly house into one without kindness, than which life has nothing sadder. He would be taught to speak Russian, he would have his English taken away from him, word by word.

Ransom? No. In pure clairvoyance Cutty saw into the woman's mind. All the riches of Golconda would not lure her from her purpose. To her the boy would not be human but symbolical. She would destroy this symbol little by little, watching the transition with abnormal pleasure.

The man in the dungarees suddenly quickened his step. He spoke.

"Turn the first corner and wait there. For God's sake, pay no attention to me while we are in sight. Go on. I'll pass you and run around the block. Don't turn!"

These words in English, shot unexpectedly at his back, caused Cutty to faster for a second; then he continued on, his brain in a whirl. When he reached the corner and turned he faced the Rue de Meaux so as to get a glimpse of this mysterious person. The long arm of the Internationale? The man in the dungarees passed swiftly. Cutty saw in him nothing recognizable; so he turned away from the Rue de Meaux with slow step. Someone had recognized him, but friend or enemy he could not tell. Could they have found him as quickly as this? A week had passed since his escape from the Petrovski. They might have been watching the apartment. But that incident was closed. The list was on the way to Washington. The speaker had spoken not English but American. That held no friendly promise, however. The Internationale could speak in thirty languages, indeed, there was no end to their linguistic resources. He fretted as he waited for the stranger to swing around the corner below.

A taxicab appeared. It stopped. The cabby jumped down and signaled to Cutty to advance. Cutty obeyed, but with caution. A trap? The cab door swung open. The cabby indicated that Cutty was to step inside. Very good. Cutty, his muscles taut, ready for any kind of a rough-and-tumble, bent his head and stepped into the cab. He was instantly hauled down to the seat.

"Cutty—alive! Dear God! And we had given you up! You old eagle, don't you know me?"

"Richardson? Dick?"

Cutty laid his head on the younger man's shoulder, beyond speech and very near to man's tears.

XVIII

"I LEFT you dying!" said Cutty, dizzy with bewilderment. Dick! Just a notion, without definiteness, to prowl about the Place du Combat. . . . Dick!

"Your kind and mine die hard," replied the younger man, dropping the butt of dead cigarette on the cab floor. "For here we are!" He punched Cutty in the ribs joyfully. "Y' know, I always thought something like this would happen. You'd come a cropper and bang into me when I wasn't looking. I was pretty certain they had you prisoner. When they told me old K-2 was dead I laughed. A chap gets a feel. I couldn't feel you dead."

"But you! I left you lying in the mud, on your face, half a dozen bullets in you."

"One, but it was almost enough. If they hadn't believed me dead I certainly would have died. You were the man they wanted. You had the list, and so long as you had it, what became of me didn't matter. The old cook at that tavern dragged me into the stables. There I am. You never know your luck."

"No," Cutty agreed, "you never know your luck. The one man in this world for me ——"

"And here he is!" Richardson laughed. "And the list?"

"Crossing the Atlantic."

"By the Lord Harry! In spite of prison you got it through? Well, you can tell me the yarn when we get to my room. Man, man, what a yarn this is going to be! One bullet went through my shoulder. The other creased my skull, knocking me out. That's why they left me for dead. When I saw you crossing the street just now I nearly gave the whole show away by yelling."

"What are you on? . . . I say, have you been calling me up, every once in a while?"

"Yes, but I quit about eight weeks ago."

"Why didn't you leave your number?"

"Your Jap might have spilled the beans without meaning to. I'm over here on dope. Too much getting into the States. The gang's headquarters are here in Paris. But I haven't had much luck. In the background there is an enemy whom I can't reach. I know he's in the game to the hilt, but he covers himself beautifully. Remember Sturm of the department?"

"The man who had no country and spoke about every language?"

(Continued on Page 118)

Where the average oil and gasolene tests stop– *these begin*

Sufficient for ordinary requirements are the refining processes and tests of the average oil and gasolene.

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Does Your "Ride" Actually Change From Day to Day Or is it Your Imagination?

The change is actual — and over a very wide range

This open letter by John Warren Watson outlines the inherent limitations of previous known principles, which led to the development of an entirely new principle to accomplish the *unvarying* riding ease produced by the new Watson Rubber Flow Stabilators

WHY should your car ride well on Thursday, for example—differently on Friday and possibly quite poorly over the week-end? Boiling it right down, that is exactly what you get with any resistance medium which *changes* with the weather and the thermometer.

Several years ago we recognized the limitations of any of the mediums or materials then known for producing resistance. The problem with all friction materials was that their friction qualities would vary somewhat with heat changes, and would vary over a very wide range when wet or when dry. Not only would water very materially change their friction qualities, but also moisture and even humidity would change these characteristics. This all meant that a good ride might be secured under certain conditions, only to lose its goodness under any one of the many other conditions encountered in service. When the material was dry, the ride would be one thing. When the material was exposed to moisture or humidity or condensation, the ride would be quite another thing. And when exposed to the wet of extremely sloppy going, the ride would be still farther from the standard which we had chosen.

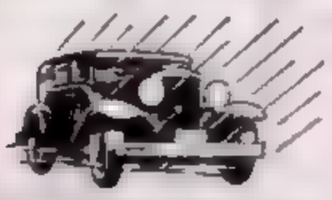
Why the "Ride" Keeps Changing

Our other alternative was the fluid means or medium of producing resistance. Here again we were met with the same limitations because the viscosity (thickness) of any fluid varies with every change of temperature. We might go out on a day when the thermometer was seventy and work with our valves and ports and springs and other adjusting means until we felt that we had secured the best ride which the device was capable of giving. If the next day, then, happened to show fifty on the thermometer, our ride would immediately be something other than that which we had decided was best. And the day following the thermometer might register eighty-five degrees, and again we would be deprived of the ride which we had chosen. We could never get just that good ride again until the thermometer returned to seventy.

Beauty, Speed, Power, Stamina—

Nothing Counts in a Motor Car Unless it Rides Comfortably

Why have one kind of a "ride" on a dry day • Another on a damp day • Another on a wet day • Another on a hot day • Another on a cool day and another on a cold day—always changing—never twice the same?



Watson now brings to motoring a finer ride than ever before known—and this finer ride never changes—never leaves you—on wet roads or dry, in mud or dust, in water, slush or snow, in heat or cold.

Every Degree of Thermometer Change Means Riding Change

We at first believed that a mile or so of working and churning of a fluid medium would bring the medium to its proper working temperature, even on a cold day. We later discovered, however, that any degree of thermometer change meant just that same degree of temperature change in the fluid medium. On a cold day, the generated heat would be radiated faster and leave the instrument and its liquid colder than on a hot day, when the heat would bank up because of slower radiation. We found it just like a motor. On a cold day, even though the engine runs the same miles and does the same work, the motometer tells us that the engine and water are colder than on a hot day.

Also, the fluid medium showed another limitation in the matter of producing uniformity of ride. This second limitation had to do with the matter of frothing. When air and liquid are rapidly churned up together, the liquid becomes aerated, full of bubbles, and while in that condition it ceases to be a non-compressible medium, and becomes a *compressible* medium of lowered efficiency. Nor could we count upon the uniformity of this compressibility, because any leakage of the liquid would mean a change in the percentages of liquid and air and hence would change the consistency of the froth, and hence would change its compressibility and resistance ability.

Just about four years ago we recognized the limitations of these then known mediums and it was then that we set about to try to discover or develop a medium which would remain constant under any and every condition to which it might be subjected in service. Such a medium would have to be non-affected by water, or moisture, or humidity, or condensation. It would also have to act just the same, whether the thermometer registered twenty below zero or a

Why work to get the kind of a ride

A Rubber-Base Medium Unaffected by Weather or Temperature Changes

hundred and six in the shade. In other words, the same on Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays or Sundays—in January or August, or at any other time.

Month after month and year after year we were met only by discouragement. Finally we were rewarded. I guess luck was with us. Our new medium is a combination of materials with rubber as its base. It would be

termed a rubber composition. Not one of the ingredients in this composition has anything to do with water or moisture. A piece of this material can be submerged in water for days and will come out just as it went in. And at any temperature to which it may be subjected in service, it works exactly the same.

Without such uniformity there is really little to be gained in experimenting for a "ride." For without such uniformity, our ride is constantly something different from that which we have selected.

Rubber Flow is the name which we have given to our new principle. Unprecedented as is this achievement of uniformity, the action of this new rubber-like material in flowing over steel surfaces is also a revelation in the matter of smoothness. The action is soft and smooth beyond anything we have ever known, and in the matter of quietness it is more than quiet—it is SILENT—and PERMANENTLY SILENT. Here then we arrived at a resistance medium which warranted our experimentations to further the art of "riding."

Our former Stabilators have a power-range of 2½ to 1. That means that these instruments hold 2½ times as powerfully over the biggest bump as they do over the boulevard ripple. That 2½ to 1 power-range stands as the best which, until now, has ever been given to the motor car industry. That 2½ to 1 range, though, is far from adequate. If we make the "one" light enough not to interfere too seriously with the boulevard ride, then the 2½ times that small amount is not adequate to properly hold us down over the big bumps which compress the car springs to the limit. The adjustment has always had to be a compromise which would not too heavily hold us down on the boulevard and yet which would hold us down in a fairly satisfactory manner over the big bumps. If Stabilators had never made a grunt or a groan, if they had never thus *advertised* their changing mood, I state that today they would still be used on every car which had ever adopted them and also that they would be used on practically every car built—simply because of that great power-range of 2½ to 1, not perfect, but nevertheless the highest known.

$60

Per Set of Four (Heavy Size)

New Watson Rubber Flow Stabilators now ready for the following cars and others of similar size:—

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With a 2½ to 1 power-range working on this new, soft, smooth, silent, non-varying Rubber Flow principle, Watson Stabilators would again quickly become the choice of all informed motorists. But these new Stabilators now embody even more than that. The power-range has been increased from 2½ to 1 up to 18 to 1. This new power-range of 18 to 1 is the most spectacular advance which has ever been made for the "ride." This 18 to 1 power-range means that these new Stabilators hold 18 times more powerfully over a six-inch bump than over a one-third-inch bump. And this range is perfectly tapered from the one extreme to the other.

Power-Range Increased from 2½-to-1 to 18-to-1

As compared to the 2½ to 1 range of the former Stabilators, this new 18 to 1 range gives far greater holding power over the big bumps and far less (now merely a gentle) holding power over the boulevard ripples.

With a power-range as completely adequate as this, and with a resistance medium which remains unchanged under any conceivable working conditions, there remains little indeed to be further desired in the matter of overcoming the forces which cause motoring discomforts. Externally, the new Rubber Flow Stabilators closely resemble the former friction Stabilators. Internally, it has been necessary to change the scene to accommodate the working of the Rubber Flow principle and to provide the new 18 to 1 power-range. Notwithstanding the changed internal workings, we have been able to retain the familiar Stabilator strap as the means of operating the mechanism. When a strap is employed solely as a pulling or operating member, and not as a wearing member, it has always been preferred over arms and universal joints because of complete simplicity, complete silence of action, complete ability to accommodate all angularity of movement without wear, "grief" and attention. The soundness of this preference has been and is being completely demonstrated by the millions of strap-operated Stabilators which have already gone through years of service—in the hands of the public and without attention. Watson Stabilator straps have a pulling or tensile strength of from 1 to 1½ tons. The straps you see which have broken and which are hanging to the ground are those which have been subjected to wear and jerk.

Strap Connection Proved Superior

I do not believe there is anything which is going to sell cars faster tomorrow than is the "RIDE." Power is no longer of vital importance. All cars have ample power for any required speed, provided that the car has roadability to permit such speed.

J. R. Watson
President

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18 to 1

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Well, he's off the track. Fortune in dope, if handled right. So he jumped the Rubicon."

"Sturm?"—incredulously. "Why, he did great work in '17."

"That's the way it goes. And now he's the power behind the throne. Knowing all our tricks, he breaks holes in the nets for the dopesters to get through. I've been here, off and on, for more than a year. I have seen Sturm a dozen times, followed him and all that. Always with the most respectable people. He doesn't know me by sight, but he knows of me. Darn him, I'm sure I'll never put a hand on him. There will never be any evidence that will stand up in court. But he may show the actual heads some day."

"How did you get out of Russia?"

"The Carpathians; six months' job. When did you land?"

"Yesterday morning."

"From America?"

"Eight days ago I was in the Petrovski Barracks in Moscow"—simply.

"Eight days ago? Well, I'm tinker-dammed! But I don't know, after all; this is just like you. You've come back from the dead as often as Bernhardt's farewell appearance. Eight days ago! Will you kindly tell me what chemical you used for the evaporation? For you get out of those Moscow prisons only by evaporation. But there's Providence in this. You alone have a brain that can step in front of Sturm's. You've got to throw off your coat and help me. Why, I walked by the apartment yesterday morning and looked at the windows. Somehow I couldn't bring myself to ring the bell. I was afraid I might hear the truth in spite of my conviction. Say, I've picked up a new trick." Richardson held out his dirty hands. "The nails. Water colors. Off in two minutes." Struck by a new thought, Richardson cried: "What the devil are you prowling about the Place du Combat for?"

"Private vengeance. Dick, I'm out of it. K-2 has signed off. My resignation went along with that list. I'm prowling around with the dim hope of saving the life of a little boy. Do you remember me telling you of the Drums of Jeopardy case? Well, this is a repercussion. It's like this"—and Cutty spun his tale as briefly as he had spun it to Doctor Garnier.

"Anna Karlovna?" repeated Richardson. "No, never heard of her, nor does her description hit any bell. That kind of a woman would be at the Ritz."

"If she hadn't the boy to hide."

"A little grand duke, half Yankee, half Russian, born in the United States—how Hans Andersen would have loved that! Told you Providence was in this meeting of ours. We're in on this together."

"How?"

"I know the man who killed the father of this boy."

"What?" Cutty was astounded.

"Yes. Till this minute it was a side issue to me. Not interested in grand dukes. One of our dear assimilated Americans by the name of Zinovieff, a communist agent who, five years ago, became a lawful citizen by the name of Simons, is the active chief of the cocaine ring—the man Sturm guides. It is not my affair that Zinovieff is wanted for murder. I am out to take him back to the States as a dangerous smuggler. I have his extradition papers. When I land him in New York they can hang the murder on him. Zinovieff will call it political assassination, but he will hang nevertheless. Now if he killed the father it is on the cards that he kidnaped the son and turned him over to this Karlovna woman. So there we are, hooked up."

"And this man is in Paris?" This was all a kind of dream to Cutty.

"Yes. But Sturm will not lead me to him. It can't be helped, but there will always be dishonesty in spots in our Customs. Sturm knows where the holes are and as yet we don't. I've always held that a great brain can break any kind of a law and get by with it."

"Dick, I'm ready to believe in anything!"

"So am I -now. Oh, Cutty, I'm so damned glad to see you!"

And the two comrades smiled at each other. Together, what could they not accomplish?

"Where are you taking me?" asked Cutty.

"You'd never guess. Hotel Continental."

"What? In those dungarees?"

"Sure as you live. I'm one of the firemen. Six hours' shift, if I don't happen to be busy. All set with the hotel management. You go into the lobby and wait ten minutes before you come up. I go in by the servants' route. I'm a radical. Down with capitalism and caviar! I'm not popular among the help. At seven and after, if so I please, I become Arthur Richardson, esquire, *boulevardier*, with an eye for an ankle. In that rôle I find that I'm not objectionable to the grand demoiselles of the grand hotels."

"You young liar, you!" cried Cutty, with a poke of his elbow. "You were always wabbly in the presence of pretty women."

"My dear child, many changes have taken place since we separated. I had to overcome that weakness. A very beautiful but naughty lady had some documents which didn't belong to her. I had to recover them. How I hated the job! Well, my novitiate is over. I am very attractive to the ladies. So, in order that my hatband shall remain a seven, I don the habiliments of the coal heaver. *Eh bien!*"

"You will dine with me tonight at the apartment," Cutty announced. Kitty and Olga would find temporary mental relief in this chap.

"Right-o!"

"What were you after in the Place du Combat?"

"I've picked up a thread. I buy coke from the fourth assistant of somebody who may be Zinovieff. I am supposed to peddle the stuff in hotel basements. A very delicate thread and I've got to handle it carefully. With a twenty-pound salmon on a four-and-a-half-ounce rod, you know what happens sometimes. I've hung around Clichy, La Villette, Jaurès, Pont de Flandre, St.-Gervais, with not a sign of anything. You know the ways of the addict—shaky paws and fiddling with the tip of his nose. I worked it one night at the Café Terrace, in the Place du Combat, and this chap fell."

"Anyone with you?"

"This cabby is from the *Sûreté*, and a regular fellow. The French are after a ring of their own. But the word is out not to meddle with my end of it."

"Sturm—I can't quite get over that."

"Well, he's behind the curtain."

"Ever hear of a man called Samson?"

"Delilah's gentleman friend?"

"No. It's the nickname of the man who helped me out of Russia. Six-foot-four, as big as a Seine barge, silver blond. He'll be coming to Paris to manhandle the Karlovna. If you ever lay your eye on him, follow and let me know where he stops. I've got to stop him. He'll be like a tank ramming a crate of eggs."

"His number's up. What's his real name?"

"Don't know. The woman shot his son because the boy wouldn't kiss her boots. So the father calculates to wring her neck."

"I see. Here's the hotel. Room 342. Come up in ten minutes."

Cutty, in those ten minutes, felt half his burden lifted. The girls snug in the apartment, with Kuroki to watch; Dick, alive and at his elbow; the two cases dovetailing. Still the miracles continued to fall. Dick, alive; the biggest miracle of the lot. Thirty-two and as tough as tungsten. The war hadn't been enough for that boy; it had been too short; the adventure had stopped just at the point where it had become interesting. The eaglet had then come under the eagle's wing.

He took the lift and was presently knocking on Richardson's door. The young man admitted him eagerly. He was dressed in his shorts, and Cutty could hear the water gurgling into the tub.

"Draw your chair near the bathroom door," said Richardson. "We can chat while I'm sousing around. I suppose you've got some stinking old pipe in your pocket. Well, go to it." The rest of Richardson's monologue came through the open bathroom door. "This is my notion. I'll do the night stunt—visit all the big hotels to pick up this Karlovna woman. If I don't get a rise there, I'll do the Montmartre cabarets. There's a lot of dope up there, but picayune stuff. Is this woman a hop?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I know the game. Nothing but hop would make a woman shoot someone for the fun of it. That's why it is so terrible. A jab in the arm and only God knows what will happen after. Shot 'em because they wouldn't kiss her boots. That's the high sign. Zinovieff, coached by Sturm, is clever. Well, it's dollars to doughnuts that she snuffs or uses the plunger. The French Revolution was murderous, but the Russian blow-out is abnormal. Has the woman asked for a ransom?"

"She won't."

"What's that? If she has not killed the the boy and doesn't call for a ransom, what the devil does she want with the kid?"

Cutty answered him by giving a gist of his suspicions.

"Well," said Richardson, "if that doesn't listen like a hypo, then I've got a lot to learn about this game."

There came a big splash and several lesser ones. Cutty filled his pipe and lighted it.

"How did Zinovieff find out that the grand duke was ranching in Montana?" he asked. "Zinovieff—I remember now. He was one of Karlov's gang. I couldn't place him at first."

"Zinovieff was returning from San Francisco. He got the tip somehow, and broke the trail. The boys lost him, then picked up the trail again in Chicago. They lost him there too. The Chicago rats helped him out. They didn't tack the murder of your grand duke on Zinovieff till a short-line conductor identified his photo as the man he had seen in a coach the night of the murder. We're the best in the world, but we fall down once in a while. The boys lost track of him till about last September. Then I ran into Sturm. There's the chap that stops me. I can't reach him. Grand dukes mean nothing to me. None of them was ever any good."

"This one was. He paid a bill he didn't run up himself. I'll describe this Karlovna woman. Blond, beautiful southern type, made bold by misfortune and recklessness and murder. The hair is bobbed. Her eyes are black. A little brown mole on her right temple. A scar on her upper lip, probably put there by the broken neck of a champagne bottle. Teeth like an Arab's. Never rouges her cheeks, but touches up her lips. Makes her rather startling. She speaks broken English, French and German."

"That's a good close-up," said Richardson, emerging from the bathroom.

"Close-up, God knows!" Cutty puffed quickly. "She used to come into the Petrovski Barracks and empty her pistols into the poor devils who wouldn't bend. I saw her yesterday morning, Dick, with the little boy. The sight of that woman turned my brain over. I ducked, never thinking to follow till it was too late. The boy is an American citizen. Unless someone tells him, he will never know that he is a grand duke."

"Well, you and I," said Richardson, "will take care of that bunch."

Cutty smiled. He thanked God that there was no "maybe" in this young chap's vocabulary.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Confidence... doubly justified

*An Editorial by F. A. Seiberling**

TODAY'S distribution—the new distribution—concerns itself not only with what the manufacturer sells, but also—and increasingly—with what you get. Its most recent development is the creation of a community of interest among Seiberling tire dealers whereby each dealer obligates himself to fulfill a pledge of service, satisfaction—protection, given by every other dealer with each sale, no matter how far away that other dealer may be.

This plan is evidence of our confidence that the tires we build—in design, in quality, in material, in workmanship—will justify our assumption of responsibility for their endurance in service.

Today many thousands of car owners share our confidence. They know that this protection is available to them wherever they may go in the United States—

And they know also, as we know, HOW AMAZINGLY FEW OF THE PURCHASERS OF SEIBERLING ALL-TREAD TIRES HAVE HAD OCCASION TO AVAIL THEMSELVES OF IT.

F. A. Seiberling

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Practically every major improvement in tire manufacturing—in tire construction—bears the imprint of his inventive genius, or has been developed under his direction and leadership.

As President of the Lincoln Highway Association, his pioneering spirit rejoiced in the task of bringing toward fulfillment the first vision of a great national, coast to coast highway.

Today he is cooperating in what promises to be the greatest road-building achievement of all time: the planning of an international highroad which will bind a hemisphere together into one social and commercial unit.

"What a pleasure touring has become!"

"Wonderful roads, wonderful cars, wonderful things to see"

"All the adventure without the worry."

"Even our tires were protected. But I suppose the tires they can afford to protect against accident are the kind that don't need protection."

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By the end of this touring season thousands upon thousands of tourists will have traveled countless thousands of miles, over good roads and bad, on Seiberling All-Tread Tires.

And they travel with a new confidence born of the fact that wherever they may have purchased their tires, wherever they may go, they are under the protection of five thousand Seiberling dealers in five thousand cities and towns throughout the United States.

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SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

Every Seiberling dealer is *your* Seiberling dealer.

And those who bought Seiberling All-Tread Tires because of confidence in the Seiberling Protection Plan buy again because of confidence in the tire.

For today's Seiberling All-Tread Tire, with its one-piece tread and armored sidewalls, its 20 per cent more rubber and 25 per cent stronger cotton, is, as always, the best tire that Seiberling knows how to build.

As the phenomenal growth of Seiberling is evidence of your confidence in us—so the Seiberling Protection Policy is evidence of our confidence in the endurance of the tires we sell.

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"THERE'S AN *Extra* QUART IN EVERY GALLON"
... because it's SUPER-refined

BALL ONE—STRIKE ONE

(Continued from Page 27)

"Shut yo' mouf, gal. Yells never did mend no cars."

The occupant of the flivver came timidly forward. He was a long, tall, gangling negro who walked with a lurching slouch which bespoke years of plow pursuit. He spoke in a drawly apologetic voice. "I sho am sorry," said the stranger.

"Man, was you to multiply yo' sorriness by ten millium you woul'n't be half as sorry as I is."

The tall man gestured to the positions of the motionless cars. "It was yo' fault," he accused mildly.

"I ain't sayin' it wasn't!" snapped Morbid. "Also I ain't claimin' that I ain't in an awful mess."

"How come?" The tall man eyed the wreckage appraisingly. "Won't cos' no mo' than a hund'ed dollars to fix that car up good as new."

"Hund'ed dollars!" wailed Morbid. "Oh, whoa is me! Where at is I gwine git a hund'ed dollars to th'ow away?"

"I dunno. But I sholy ain't gwine pay it, on account it's all yo' fault. Ise sorry yo' car is hurt, but ——"

"It ain't my car," moaned Morbid. "I is Joshuway Pruney's chauffeur an' this car is hisn. My name is Morbid Watts."

A long skinny hand was extended. "Please' to meet you, Mistuh Watts. My name is De Void—Jasper De Void."

Morbid dropped back a step, his eyes widening. "Jasper De Void!" he breathed. "Well, dawg-gone if you ain't!"

Morbid was thinking. He had heard of Jasper—as indeed had every other colored person in Birmingham. Mr. De Void had arrived in the Alabama metropolis less than two years before, possessed of a comfortable cash capital and an overpowering ambition to become citified. Fortune had smiled upon him—or perhaps he had outwitted ill luck. Certainly Jasper was now regarded as a person of noble accomplishments. There were some who claimed that he received all the breaks, that he was inexpressibly dumb and gullible, but the fact remained that the most nimble financial brains in colored Birmingham had set out to separate Jasper from much of his cash and had their efforts rewarded with disaster.

Gazing now upon the slouchy figure and the rather vacuous face, Morbid felt much of his admiration for the man fleeing. Jasper seemed without a thought. How different from the positive and self-assertive Joshua Pruney! There was a man who knew what was what, and said so in unmistakable terms. Morbid essayed a single objection.

"Maybe it wan't all my fault, Brother De Void."

"Your fault," repeated Jasper.

"Not entirely."

"All yo' fault, Mistuh Watts. Ise sorry. But tha's what it is."

Morbid sensed a certain streak of stubbornness in the tall person who had been born and raised in the little city of Dothan. He eyed the tall man appraisingly, and noticed that Jasper was gazing beyond him and that in the eyes of Mr. De Void there was a light of interest and approval. Quick to seize any tactical advantage, Morbid whirled.

"Mistuh De Void, permit me to present Miss Hyacinth Pratt."

Jasper extended both hands.

"I sho is happy to make myse'f 'quainted with you, Miss Pratt."

Hyacinth's eyes were shining. Without being unduly mercenary, she was yet human enough to find a man of reputed wealth excessively intriguing.

"I has heard tell 'bout you, Mistuh De Void. How slick you is, an' all such as that."

"Aw, shuh! I ain't so slick."

"Folks say that's the one thing you ain't nothin' else but."

"Tha's just flatterment, Miss Pratt. Ise on'y a po' country boy which is sort of lucky. I reckon I always was such. Look at my li'l' car yonder, an' this big one. Us meets—wham!—just like that, an' what happens? Big ol' sedan gits busted up an' my flivver don't git hahdly a scratch. Uh-huh! Ise just lucky, tha's all."

Morbid Watts had left them to their conversation while with a flash light he ruefully surveyed the damages. Misery sat heavily upon him—more misery than he cared to think about. He broke in upon the enraptured conversation of Jasper De Void and Hyacinth Pratt.

"Sho will take at leas' a hund'ed dollars to fix that car up, Jasper."

"Reckon so, Morbid. Ise sorry ——"

"Oh, it ain't just the money," flashed Mr. Watts in a burst of confidence. "Matter of fack, I has got mo' than two hund'ed dollars saved up. Thing that causes me worriment is that the minute Joshuway Pruney hears about this, he's gwine fire me out of my job an' maybe also have me 'rested."

"Says which?"

"Yeh. 'Rested!"

"On account of why?"

"'Cause, Mistuh De Void, I was joy ridin'. Tha's the honest truth."

Jasper waggled his head sympathetically. "Tha's too bad, Morbid. But I reckon nobody coul'n't hardly blame you fo' joy ridin' when you could git such a beautiful gal as Miss Hyacinth to go with you"

Morbid emitted a hoarse, humorless laugh. "You don't know my boss, Jasper."

"No-o. An' I sho would like to. Reckon he's pretty near the mos' prominentest culliud feller in Bumminham."

"He is. An' what's gwine happen to me when he heahs that I was joy ridin'—oh, golla!"

"Ain't there some way to keep him furn knowin'?"

"Joshuway? Don't make me laugh, Jasper; Ise too sick." Morbid turned away and seated himself on a rock. "You-all talk to each other a li'l'. I craves to have me a good think."

They were glad enough to be left alone. They selected the tiny front seat of Jasper's car and promptly forgot the forlorn figure of Morbid Watts.

Mr. Watts was peering into the future and he discovered that it was a drab and dreary thing. Joshua Pruney was a fair and honest man, but a terribly hard one. Had this accident occurred during the routine of Morbid's work, Joshua would have established the culpability of his chauffeur or the other man and have acted accordingly. Had it been proved to be the fault of the other driver, Joshua would have shouldered the expense unflinchingly.

But once he learned that a trusted employe had taken the new sedan and gone joy riding —— There was no way to keep him from learning what had happened. Morbid could imagine Joshua's consternation when he should drive up to the clubhouse for Mr. and Mrs. Pruney and the fat little man set eyes on the crumpled fenders, the battered running board and the place where the left headlight used to be. Storm! Verbal typhoon! Personal cataclysm!

It wasn't the money. Hidden safely in Morbid's room over the Pruney garage was a little tin box containing more than two hundred dollars which Mr. Watts had saved against a rainy day.

The car could probably be repaired for about a hundred; made good as new, as Jasper said. But twice the hundred wouldn't eliminate the necessity for explanation. Unless ——

Suddenly Morbid raised his head. An idea struck him right in the brain. He thought furiously; then glanced speculatively at the little car where Jasper and Hyacinth were conversing, apparently oblivious to all the rest of the world.

He approached the car and addressed the tall man: "Brother De Void, I crave to make talk with you."

"Yassuh, Morbid. Shoot!"

Mr. Watts shuffled nervously. "It's thisaway, Jasper: I has got a swell job workin' fo' a swell man. I ain't sayin' Joshuway Pruney ain't fair, but I is remarkin' that he's awful hard, an' once he discovers the truth of what occurred tonight I is gwine to meet up with a disaster. But I has got an idea an' I sort of count on you to he'p me out. Right after us got to the Shinin' Star Country Club tonight, Mis' Pruney sent me back fo' her lornyet. I got it an' took it back to her. But I di'n't say nothin' 'bout no accident."

"Co'se you didn't," remarked Jasper. "You hadn't happened to it yet."

"Tha's just ezackly why I forgot to mention it. Point I is drivin' at is this: If that accident had of happened to me while I was fetchin' that lornyet an' if it had of been all yo' fault, my boss woul'n't be mad a bit."

"But," said Jasper, "it didn't an' it wasn't an' he will."

"True, brother—true. But spose you was charitable inclined? Spose that, huh?"

"A'right. Le's suppose."

Morbid rubbed the palms of his hands together.

"Heah's my plan," he announced abruptly: "Fo' my sake, an' also Hyacinth's, you drive out with me to the Shinin' Star. Hyacinth can ride in yo' car so nobody won't auspeck she was with me. Then us waits until the dance is over an' Mistuh an' Mis' Pruney comes out. When they does, I straduce you to Mistuh Pruney an' you says you came to see him pussonal on account when I was drivin' t'ords the club you ran into me because of yo' own carelessness. You says it was all yo' fault an' that I was drivin' careful, an' all them sort of ceteras. You fu'thermo' claims that you is awful sorry an' you want him to have his car fixed up swell an' you will pay the bill. On'y you don't really pay it, Jasper, on account after you has done so, I come to you an' give you cash money fo' ev'y cent you has put out."

Morbid paused and leaned forward eagerly. Jasper's lean face was a study in concentration.

"Wh-where do I come in on that scheme?" he inquired.

"Sev'al ways. Fust of all, you git a chance to see the Shinin' Star Country Club."

"Dawg-gone if I don't."

"Second, you have a good long ride with Miss Hyacinth."

Jasper's eyes met the sparkling orbs of the young lady.

"Now you is tootin', Morbid."

"Third, you git to meet up with Mistuh Pruney, which you yo'se'f said you was cravin' to do."

"Right you is, drivin' boy."

"An' fo'th, you save me fum losin' a swell job an' maybe gettin' pitched into the Big Rock, an' it don't cost you a thin dime."

Jasper De Void possessed a heart of excessive softness. He liked Morbid and he liked Morbid's lady friend. He wanted to see the far-famed country club and to meet the influential Joshua Pruney.

He turned the proposition over laboriously in his mind and couldn't figure where he could possibly lose. By the same token it seemed a glorious opportunity to accomplish two things which he desired: To ride joyously with the fair Hyacinth, and last of all to win the undying friendship of a bewildered and broken man Mr. De Void extended his hand.

"Done with you," he said heartily.

In a single bound Morbid leaped to the zenith of beatitude. In loud and positive terms he expressed his flattering opinion of the gentleman from Dothan. He declared that never before in his whole life had he ever seen such a perfect person

"An'," asked Jasper modestly, "can I afterward drive Miss Hyacinth home?"

(Continued on Page 126

These secure seals are always on selected foods

ANCHOR CAPS

VERY EASY TO REMOVE

It is simple and easy to remove Anchor Caps with the hook on your own opener, as well as with our Anchor Opener. Place the hook well under the cap and lift up gently. Repeat this at several points around the cap, and it's off before you realize it.

VERY EASY TO REMOVE

ANCHOR CAPS

"LONG AGO," says the experienced food packer, "I introduced jams, jellies, olives and peanut butter to you *in glass*. You liked them. You could see them. You liked the full measures, and the sanitary containers. That was the beginning. Now you are buying more than a hundred articles of food in glass. And always choice food—selected from the top of its class. Delicious products, skilfully prepared for you to see and judge before you buy. Naturally only the best is good enough for glass.

"From the beginning I chose Anchor Caps to seal these choice foods. They prevent spoilage, leaks and losses. Being mechanically applied air-tight or vacuum seals—they cannot be removed until they reach you. The food cannot be touched or sampled. Also, since Anchor Caps are economical in cost and easy to apply, they help me to sell my fine foods to you at moderate prices."

Look for the sturdy, gold-lacquered Anchor Cap on your grocer's glass-packed products. It has been chosen by more than 1500 packers as the most dependable cap obtainable.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

Long Island City, New York - Toronto, Canada

Anchor Openers are sold by all KROGER, AMERICAN, NATIONAL TEA, SAFEWAY *and* DOMINION *Stores and many other grocers. Or,*

Name

Address

COLOR IN

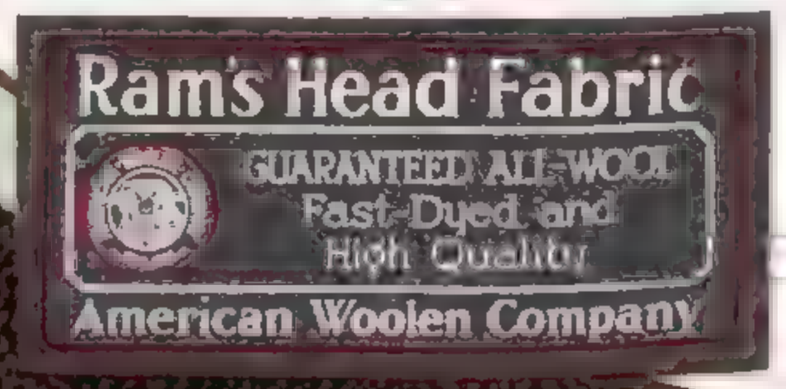
New style trends turn to fabrics of colorful beauty

THIS is an age of youth and color. Beautiful blues, grays, tans, greens, and browns are now worn in lighter shades. More often, they serve as backgrounds for little touches of color in distinctive stylings.

This latest color trend manifests itself in the new Ram's Head Fabrics for smart attire this season. Here are charming color harmonies in a wide variety of weave, finish, and pattern—fabrics for every taste and every purpose.

And their quality is in keeping with their beauty. Every fabric is rigidly tested for quality in material, color, and weave. Every yard is trade-marked and *guaranteed.* When you see the Ram's Head label on ready-to-wear clothing, you can be sure that the cloth is made from the best of wools, skilfully woven for beauty, durability, and fine tailoring qualities. Value for value these fabrics made right here in America are equal to the world's best in quality and lower in cost. You can find them at the smart shops in a wide variety of styles for men's and women's wear.

Guaranteed!



This label guarantees the cloth regardless of the price of the finished garment. The price of clothing varies according to the quality of the tailoring. Well-made clothing is always worth its price.

CLOTH

The Season's Vogue *for* Women's Wear

As soon as an important style trend is under way, Ram's Head Fabrics are developed in precisely the style and color that best suits the new vogue.

This alert styling is exemplified in Ram's Head Fabrics for women's wear. The vogue for Ram's Head *Venise, Suède, Velva-Suède, Kersey, Chinchilla,* and *Broadcloth* manifests itself in the smart garments now displayed at the better shops. Every fabric is guaranteed all-wool of high quality. Each is specially selected for beauty, durability, and fine draping qualities. Look for the Ram's Head label on the garment.

Samples of Ram's Head Fabrics for either men's or women's wear, sent on request. State colors wanted and include your dealer's name.

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Dept. H, 225 Fourth Ave.
New York City

EDMUND MCRATH

RAM'S HEAD FABRICS

GUARANTEED ALL-WOOL

American Woolen Company

(Continued from Page 123)

"Tha's the most thing I is glad to have you do."

"Hot diggity dawg! Then there ain't no further argument."

Jasper and Hyacinth climbed into the former's modest vehicle and trailed the large but somewhat war-worn sedan which Morbid drove. Jasper was happy. Being frankly susceptible to feminine charms and not yet completely over his bewilderment at city femininity, he found himself enthralled by the glorious Hyacinth. And as for that young lady, she considered that the events of the evening marked a definite step forward. She had graduated from a mere chauffeur to a financier, and she extended herself to please. Not that she was becoming enamored of Jasper, but certainly the long, gangling negro afforded more promise of social advancement than Morbid ever could.

At ten minutes after one o'clock the Shining Star Country Club commenced to disgorge its horde of elegantly garbed and thoroughly tired revelers. Last to emerge were Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Pruney. As soon as they appeared under the porte-cochère Morbid stepped forward and touched his cap. Briefly and respectfully he introduced Jasper to his employer.

Jasper was not a speech maker, but he was thorough. He explained that he had had the misfortune to drive his car into Joshua's, with results more or less disastrous to the latter. He had come personally to assume full blame for the accident and complete responsibility for whatever the cost of repair might be.

Joshua was annoyed, but he was also pleased by the direct and unswerving honesty of the tall negro.

"Where did this occur, Mistuh De Void?"

"On the road 'tween this club an' Bumminham."

"The direck road?"

"Yassuh."

"How?"

"I was drivin' careless an' on the wrong side of the street, an' also I made a quick lef'-hand turn without soundin' my horn."

"Why?"

"Well, to tell you the troof, I had a young lady along with me."

"Did Morbid?" snapped the keen Joshua.

"Nossuh. He was alone."

Morbid was elated. He loved Jasper. The big man certainly didn't do things halfway. Joshua swung on his chauffeur:

"Why di'n't you report this thing to me when you brung the lornyet, Morbid?"

"'Cause I didn't want to bring no disturbment into yo' enjoyment of the dance, Mistuh Pruney."

"I see—I see. Very thoughtful of you." He faced Mr. De Void: "You assume full 'sponsibility fo' the accident whatsoever?"

"Tha's it, Mistuh Pruney."

Joshua extended his hand. "Our regretments is mutual, Mistuh De Void. But it's a positive pleasure to meet up with a man who ain't scared to say it's his fault. I wish to pronounce that I like you ve'y much an' I hope I shall see you again."

"The pleasure belongs to bofe of us," murmured Jasper. "Soon as you git yo' car fixed just send me the bill an' I pays it cheerful."

They said good night. Jasper settled himself once again beside the gorgeous Hyacinth, who had not left the little car, and he drove home by an exceedingly circuitous route. Before the final farewells had been said, Miss Pratt tried to make Jasper understand that she considered him a most marvelous person. She did not confess that she preferred Morbid, she was too keen on captivating this tall person of reputed wealth.

The following day Mr. Pruney's car was sent to the garage. Joshua gave strict orders that it was to be fixed up like new. The mechanics inspected it thoroughly, made several adjustments, replaced the old bumper with a new one, supplied two new fenders and a new running board, and also installed a new headlight. Less than a week later the car was in tiptop shape, and Joshua Pruney sent to Jasper the garage bill for one hundred and fifty dollars.

Jasper paid the bill and carried the receipt to the office of Mr. Pruney. That obese person was impressed.

"Dawg-gone if you don't keep yo' word quick, Jasper," he approved. "I never seen nobody spend money so swift."

"I always aim to pay my obligations," murmured Mr. De Void.

Joshua's eyes narrowed. He found himself drawn to this modest, retiring person from South Alabama.

"What do you do fo' a livin', Jasper?"

"Oh, mos' anything. I has got a li'l' money which I invesses ev'y once in a while."

"Don't you never lose?"

"I ain't yet. But I guess Ise just lucky. I don't know as much as these slick city fellers."

"Ha!" chortled Joshua. "I think you got plenty sense. How 'bout havin' lunch with me some day?"

"What day?"

"Nex' week."

Jasper was beaming when he left the office. He liked Mr. Pruney and fancied that he discerned opportunity in Joshua's friendliness. He intended to cultivate the man for so long as Joshua would tolerate the cultivation.

Two days later Jasper rambled down Eighteenth Street. The main thoroughfare of Birmingham's Darktown was thronged with busy negroes. The Frolic and Champion theaters were doing a land-office business; the revolving doors of the Penny Prudential Bank Building never ceased whirling. Jasper caught sight of a uniformed figure disappearing into the confines of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor.

He followed Morbid Watts and cornered that gentleman as he was about to extract an eighteen-ounce cue from the rack. Jasper extended the garage bill to Morbid.

"Heah's yo' receiptment, Mistuh Watts. You owe me a hund'ed an' fifty dollars."

Morbid, who had been victim to many thoughts during the past several days, blinked at the paper. Then he raised innocent eyes to Jasper's countenance.

"I does which?" he inquired mildly.

"You owe me one hund'ed an' fifty dollars which I paid fo' the repairs on yo' boss' car."

Morbid shook his head as though bewildered. "You says words, cullud man, but they don't make no sense."

Jasper gave a thorough explanation. "I paid this bill fo' the smashing up you done to Mistuh Pruney's car, an' ——"

"Who done?"

"You."

"Man," exclaimed Morbid, "you mus' be crazy. Where at did this accident occur?"

"On Shades Mountain, the ve'y night of the big openin' ball at the Shinin' Star Country Club."

"I never was on Shades Mountain that night, Jasper. You must of got me mixed up with some other feller."

Even yet Jasper did not suspect what was happening to him. "Sho you was, Morbid. You was drivin' Mistuh Pruney's car on the wrong side of the road with Miss Hyacinth Pratt an' ——"

"On Shades Mountain?"

"Posolutely. An' our two cars bumped. Whang! Just like that."

Morbid beamed. "Oh, that!" he ejaculated. "You mean the accident that happened 'tween Bumminham an' the country club where I fust met up with you?"

"Uh-huh. On'y it was really on the mountain."

Morbid smiled in superior fashion. "If that bill is fum them accident, Jasper, I ain't got nothin' to do with it."

"Says which?"

"Says I ain't got no concern in same."

"How come you to claim such?"

"'Cause the accident was all yo' fault. You was drivin' on the wrong side of the street an' you made a lef'-hand turn an' bumped right into me."

Jasper's lantern jaw sagged. "Who said so?"

"You did. You said it with yo' own mouf to Mistuh Pruney."

"Sure I did. But I done that to save you fum losin' yo' job an' also maybe bein' put in jail."

Morbid shrugged. "You got funny memories, Mistuh De Void. Nothin' like you says never happened. An' even if it did you coul'n't prove it, on account you tol' Mistuh Pruney with yo' own mouf that it was all yo' fault. Also where it happened."

"Hyacinth can prove ——"

"She was with you that night," said Morbid coldly. "What she says don't prove nothin'. Nossuh, Mistuh De Void, I don't know what you is talkin' 'bout, an' fu'thermo', I ain't interested. I is sorry that accident happened, but I reckon I ain't got nothin' to do with payin' bills which was all yo' fault."

And now Mr. De Void understood. He gazed at the smaller, wirier man with amazement and consternation.

"Y-y-y-you ain't gwine pay this, Morbid?"

"Suttinly not. An' I'll thank you not to interfere with no mo' of my vallible time. I ain't got no minutes to waste on trash."

There was a gleam in Jasper's eye which impelled Morbid to fall back a step and clutch his pool cue defensively. But the gleam died and an expression of utter befuddlement settled upon Jasper's face.

"I—I never thought nobody could be as mean as that, Morbid."

"An' I never knowed nobody could talk so long an' say so li'l'. Good-by!"

"Good-by," whispered Jasper wearily. He turned on his heel and slouched from Bud's place into the traffic whirl of Eighteenth Street. He stood on the curb for a long time, staring at the never-ending procession of automobiles, trucks, taxis and street cars.

"There ain't but two things I can do," he reflected unhappily, "an' bofe of 'em is wrong!"

Morbid had him dead to rights, and he knew it. He himself had accepted full responsibility for the accident. His own words furnished Mr. Watts with a clean bill of health.

He considered going to Joshua Pruney with the complete story, but discarded that idea as being bad tactics. Joshua would most likely not believe him, and thus in one fell swoop he would destroy the interest which that financial gentleman was exhibiting. Better take his loss with such grace as he could muster. Joshua's friendship was worth more than any mere hundred and fifty dollars. But just the same, the nature of the hoax that had been perpetrated on him caused his soul to shrivel.

"I—I ain't gwine forget," muttered Jasper, "even if I don't never get a nickel back. I sho is gwine have the pleasure of rememberin' somebody who done me dirt."

The following Tuesday Jasper presented himself at Mr. Pruney's office and was duly escorted to luncheon at the very excellent colored restaurant which was owned by Epic Peters, the demon Pullman porter. They reveled in large steaks garnished with onions, in candied yams, turnip greens and ice cream.

Joshua was well pleased with Jasper. He probed beneath the humble exterior to the really keen brain beneath, and he fancied he saw in Mr. De Void possible partnership material. He repeated the luncheon invitation, and one week later they again ate together.

A genuine friendship was ripening between the two men. Jasper idolized Joshua, and Mr. Pruney liked the uncouth person from the southern part of the state. At the conclusion of the second luncheon Joshua leaned forward earnestly.

"I like you, Jasper De Void."

"Man, such is even mo' mutual with me than it is with you."

"I should like you to come to my house fo' dinner some night."

"When?" inquired Jasper eagerly. "Tonight?"

"We-e-ell, no. What are you doin' Thursday night?"

"Comin' to yo' house fo' dinner."

"Tha's fine. Nothin' formal, you understan' just plain dinner clothes."

"Hot dawg, Brother Pruney! Whichever clothes I has on when six o'clock comes is dinner dress with me."

Joshua was somewhat startled by Jasper's ignorance of the social graces, but he merely smiled.

"It's all settled then, Jasper?"

"Yeh," answered Mr. De Void. "Almost."

"What do you mean—almost?"

"Tell you what," said Jasper earnestly. "I craves a favor off you."

"What is it?"

"How 'bout lettin' me bring a friend to that dinner?"

Joshua gasped; this was indeed a startling complication.

"A—a friend?"

"Uh-huh."

"Why, I—I guess that will be all right."

"Thanks, Mistuh Pruney. That suttinly is swell of you. Us'll be there whenever you say."

Joshua was visibly disturbed. There were explanations to be made to Ester Pruney.

"Your—your friend, Jasper; what is his name?"

"He ain't got none."

"Ain't got a name?"

"Nossuh; 'cause it ain't no he. It's a she!"

"Great wiggilin' tripe!" ejaculated Joshua. "A gal?"

"Uh-huh. An' what kind! Man, she's the good-lookin'est female you ever set eyes on. I bet you is gwine like her heaps."

Mr. Pruney's eyes narrowed. "Yo' fiansay?"

"Naw! I ain't got nothin' like that. She's just my friend. Honest."

Joshua was somewhat limp as he separated from Jasper. He had a long and serious talk with his spouse. He explained Mr. De Void's shortcomings. Ester took it all in good part.

"He must be a nice feller, Joshuway, else he never would of admitted 'bout bein' wrong in that auto accident."

"I'd bank on his word," said Mr. Pruney. "He's honest."

"I reckon," said Ester thoughtfully, "that the bes' way to handle the dinner will be to put on lots of dawg. Then him an' her bofe will be so scared that they won't pull no funny stuff."

"I hope so, sugar. But you don't hahdly know this Jasper like I do."

Ester Pruney was very busy all day Thursday. From early morning she had Morbid Watts hard at work thorough-cleaning the dining room and putting a high polish on the plated ware. She explained that company of consequence was coming to dinner that night and she rehearsed Morbid in all the manners and mannerisms of the best screen butlers.

"I crave this to be a swell dinner, Morbid; ev'ything just so—or even a little so-er."

"Yassum, Mis' Pruney; I comprehen's."

At seven o'clock that night Ester reclined in her library resplendent in a gown of purest silver which was covered with glittering sequins. Joshua, little and round and very important, wore his dinner clothes easily.

The bell rang and Ester had the satisfaction of seeing the uniformed Morbid marching through the reception hall to answer the summons.

As a matter of fact, Morbid was vastly well pleased with himself. He was proud of these colored folks for whom he worked, and he valued his job more than ever. He pridefully opened the front door and gazed upon not one apparition, but two. The first thing that caught his eye was the elongated frame of Jasper De Void, incased in a dinner suit which fitted him about twenty minutes

(Continued on Page 130)

From a painting by J. F. Kernan
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"61" FLOOR VARNISH

PLAY-PROOF FLOORS! Relief for the tired mother and the fastidious housekeeper. Let the children play! Household accidents become incidents when floors are protected and beautified with "61" Floor Varnish.

The hard, elastic film formed by "61" Floor Varnish does not crack or chip, but retains its deep, clear beauty. It wears away so imperceptibly and slowly that renewal is not necessary for years. "61" Floor Varnish is heelproof, marproof and waterproof.

"61" floors are careproof floors and require no attention other than ordinary cleaning — no waxing or polishing. A dry mop when you want to remove dust; a wiping with a wet cloth when you want to clean, or a thorough washing with soap and water, as often as you wish.

"61" Floor Varnish is made not only in the Clear Gloss but also in Dull Finish and six attractive woodstain colors. If you like dull floors with a hand-rubbed effect, use the popular "61" Dull Finish for the last coat. This produces a deep satiny luster, just as durable as the Clear Gloss.

When you consider the extreme wear-resistance of "61" Floor Varnish on floors, you will realize why it lasts even longer on furniture and woodwork. An occasional coat of "61" will make your linoleum seem to last forever. It also brightens the pattern and color.

There is no end to the economy and beauty "61" Floor Varnish will bring about in your home.

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finished with "61" Floor Varnish will be sent on request. Try the "hammer test" on the panel! Color card and names of dealers will also be sent you.

GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give complete satisfaction you may have your money back.

P & L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers.

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"61" LACQUER ENAMEL

Wherever a quick, durable, opaque enamel finish is desired, use the colorful "61" Lacquer Enamel. Dries almost immediately! Brushes and flows without brush marks. Will not crack, chip or peel and is waterproof.

Save the surface and you save all

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at a new LOW PRICE

Now this most popular Hoosier is within the reach of everyone

YOU who have thought you would like to own the best and most convenient Hoosier ever made, may now gratify your wish by going to the nearest authorized Hoosier dealer and asking for the New Hoosier Beauty, number Twenty Eight Forty Six.

The experience of years in building Hoosier Beauties shows up predominantly in the great convenience and low price found in this latest Hoosier. Specifically there are three great things to say about it:

First: Newer and more effective conveniences and work-saving ideas are found in this New Hoosier Beauty—the result of long years of experience in creating work-saving kitchen equipment for women who do their own work.

Second: New colors, the most beautiful shades you ever saw. Venetian green exteriors with Oriental red interiors, harmonizing decorative color designs on the doors. No piece of furniture was ever more beautiful than these New Beauties. There are many other colors from which to choose—a beautiful new Ivory Beauty, a Hoosier Grey and still others. Decorative color spots brighten every Hoosier. No matter what color scheme you have in your kitchen, the New Hoosier Beauty will harmonize.

Third: The low price—there have always been low prices, but never a price like this for such a complete and beautifully finished cabinet. Now you can secure all of this beauty, all of this convenience for only $59.75, plus freight.

The reason is *new and greater efficiency* and greater production facilities. Hoosier believes in taking the lead in creating new work-saving ideas. Now Hoosier takes the lead in effecting much lower prices.

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See all these practical work-saving ideas embodied in the New Hoosier Beauty, Twenty Eight Forty Six

Grouping and arrangement of work-saving devices, exclusive, like the typewriter keyboard arrangement, save time.

Wide open central preparing, mixing and working space—only found in Hoosier—makes for easy and rapid handling of materials.

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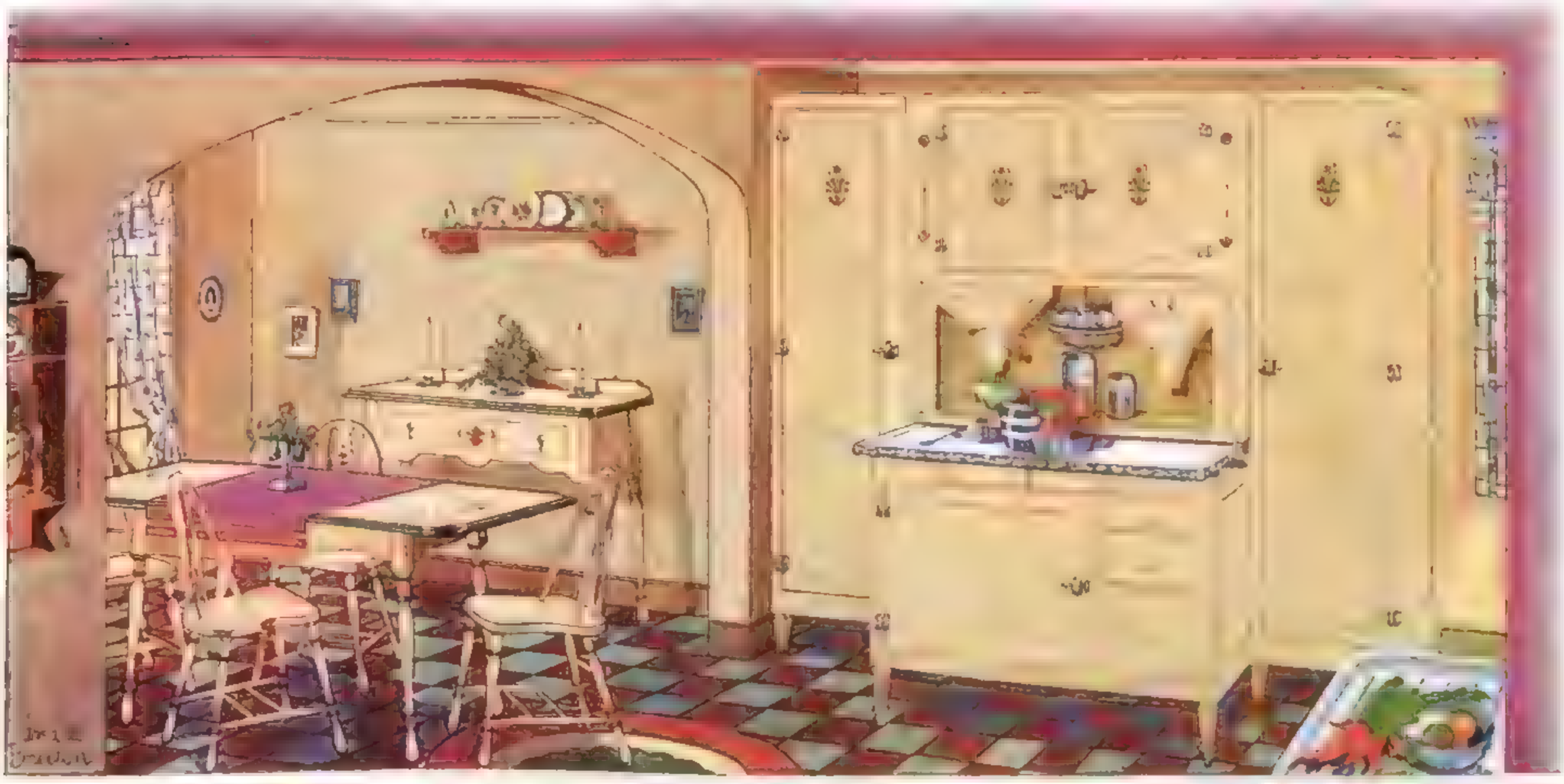
The arrangement of drawers, food bins and shelf space in the lower section is the Hoosier design worked out with home economics experts.

Marvelous arrangement and grouping of food containers in the central preparation and mixing compartment—your hands naturally fall on the things you need, easily and quickly.



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In the home, as in the shop, good tools earn big dividends on their slightly higher cost. Cheap tools are rank extravagance anywhere.

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"Yankee" Push Drills

No. 41 —Used by mechanics everywhere as the working mate of "Yankee" Spiral Screwdriver. Price, $2.60.

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Eight "YANKEE" drill-points, 1/16" to 11/64", supplied in magazine in handle. Each drill-point tested.

"YANKEE" on the tool means utmost quality, efficiency and durability.

Tool Book Free to mechanics, motorists and handymen.

Shows "Yankee" Tools in use. Ratchet Brace, Hand, and Chain Drills. Automatic [illegible] Screwdrivers, Etc.

North Bros. Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 126)

too late. Beside Jasper was the radiant Hyacinth Pratt, palpitant with excitement over this crash into real swell society.

It was a great night for Hyacinth. She had graduated from Morbid Watts to Jasper, and now from Jasper to the best that Birmingham's Darktown afforded.

Morbid stood motionless, his expression somewhat similar to that of a trout just extracted from a babbling brook. Jasper's slow drawl broke upon his ears.

"Well, dawg-bite if it ain't my ol' friend Morbid Watts, all dressed up like a parade. How is you, Morbid?"

Mr. Watts blinked swiftly. He felt the critical eye of Ester Pruney boring through the back of his head.

"Tol'able, Mistuh De Void. May I relieve you of them coat an' hat?"

"Hot dam! Some class, eh, Hyacinth?"

"Ain't you said it, Jasper?" Miss Pratt, who had read a book or two, removed her wrap and handed it to the dumfounded Morbid.

"Heah, my man!" she said curtly. Then she linked her arm with Jasper's and dragged him forward.

Morbid saw Jasper and Hyacinth settled in the library and heard the easy flow of conversation. He rambled into the pantry to think things over.

Something told him that all was not as it should be. This was his first inkling of a friendship between Joshua Pruney and Jasper De Void, and he could not rid his mind of a sense of guilt. He wondered whether Jasper could possibly be as dumb as he looked, or as forgiving. He was assailed by a sense of impending disaster.

And Hyacinth! Dawg-gone that gal! What right had she to be traipsin' aroun' in high sassiety? Glad enough she was a few weeks ago to joy-ride with him. And now ——

He served the dinner. Jasper tried to be friendly. He included Morbid in the conversation whenever possible, just so the ramrod figure wouldn't feel ill at ease. Joshua and Ester carried off the situation well, although occasionally their eyes met across the table. Jasper was nice, but certainly there were several things he might yet learn. Hyacinth was too dazzled for speech. Not so Jasper. He attacked his dinner with undiluted enthusiasm:

"Some eatments, Mis' Pruney! Swellest food I ever et."

"Thank you, Mistuh De Void."

"I ain't kiddin'." Then his eyes lighted. "I bet ol' Morbid yonder is just flingin' a fit on account he cain't eat nothin' now. I wouldn't buttle fo' nothin'. Just seein' all these good food would mos' kill me."

"Morbid is used to it."

"I bet he is. Hey, Brother Watts, how 'bout slippin' me a li'l' more of them collard flowers?"

"Suttinly, suh."

Jasper grinned. "Golla, ain't he the politest man!"

In its own peculiar way the dinner was a success, and eventually even Jasper achieved a gorgeous saturation. He accepted one of Joshua's cigars and leaned back in his chair.

"Some feed!" he commented. "I sho is glad I happened to meet up with you, Mistuh Pruney."

"Thank you, Jasper."

Mr. De Void apparently did not notice the rigid figure of Morbid Watts standing behind Joshua's chair, nor did he seem conscious of the fact that Morbid's eyes never left his face.

"Funny how us met, wasn't it, Mistuh Pruney? Two automobiles come together — blam!—an' us gits to be friends."

"Very queer."

"Oh, things happen crazy sometimes. I was in another funny automobile accident once. You crave to heah 'bout it?"

"Certainly. Was that your fault too?"

"That one? I should say it was not! The accident I now speaks about was the other feller's fault somethin' terrible."

"How did it happen, Jasper? I sho would believe anythin' you said about it, on account you was so honest concernin' our accident."

"I always crave to speak the troof, Brother Pruney."

"I ain't never heard you tell nothin' contrary."

"This accident," said Jasper softly, "it was kind of queer, 'cause Miss Hyacinth was also in it."

"Drivin' with you?"

"Nope. She was drivin' with the other feller that time."

Morbid's rigidity was visibly less. He winked rapidly and attempted to signal Jasper for mercy, but Mr. De Void was not looking at the terrified butler.

"It happened thisaway," pursued Mr. De Void conversationally: "I was drivin' all alone an' careful along the top of Shades Mountain an' what should come tearin' along but a fool careless cullud man which never should be 'lowed to drive no car. He was travelin' fast, an' on the wrong side of the road, an' he never blowed nor nothin'. Also he had a gal with him." He bored Joshua with his steady eyes. "Did you ever hear of somethin' worse?"

"Never!" gasped Mr. Pruney. "Drivers like that hadn't ought to be trusted."

"Ain't you tootin', Brother Pruney? Ain't you just? You see, this feller was just steamin' along that road ——"

Out of the corner of his eye Jasper saw Morbid Watts vanish. But he did not see the butler lean limply against the pantry wall with eyes distended and heart pounding. Ever since the arrival of Jasper and Hyacinth, Morbid had known that he was in for a tough evening. But just how difficult it was to be he had not suspected.

Here was Jasper in the rôle of Joshua Pruney's trusted friend. By Joshua's own admission, whatever Jasper said would be believed, and Morbid knew well enough what Jasper was planning to say. He was telling the true story of the automobile accident graphically and dramatically. At its climax he intended to explain that Morbid was the driver of the other car, that the car was Joshua's, and that Mr. Watts had attempted to beat him out of one hundred and fifty dollars. It was a ghastly situation for Morbid. He could not take part in the conversation, he couldn't argue, and his most passionate denials would probably be negatived by Hyacinth's substantiation of Jasper's story. It meant the loss of Morbid's good job, plus incalculable trouble.

Mr. Watts lurched into the yard and thence to his room over the garage. He delved into his trunk and extracted therefrom a tin box, which he unlocked. A few moments later he staggered back into the house clutching a roll of bills.

As he reëntered the dining room Ester Pruney cast an angry look upon him. "Where you been, Morbid?"

"Just in the kitchen, Mis' Pruney. I was 'tending to somethin' I forgot."

Jasper was still talking. His audience was enthralled. Mr. De Void was dwelling upon the criminal carelessness of the driver who had crashed into him, and with each pause for breath Joshua Pruney would express an unflattering opinion of the man whom Jasper described.

"An' that," finished Jasper, "is the way he slammed into me."

"Golla! On'y fo' a mackerel you'd of been dead."

"Completely. Yassuh."

"Did you ever find out this feller's name, Jasper?"

"Uh-huh. His name was ——"

"Scuse me, Mistuh De Void," Morbid's agonized voice sounded, very close to Jasper's ear, "you done dropped yo' napkin."

Deftly Morbid knocked Jasper's napkin to the floor and stooped to retrieve it. His eyes blazed with entreaty as he pressed the bit of linen into Jasper's palm.

Mr. De Void unfolded the square of cloth with scrupulous care. A slow smile creased his lips. In the middle of the napkin was a roll of bills. Jasper counted swiftly. Two hundred dollars! The hundred and fifty he had expended for repairs to Joshua's car, plus a clear profit of fifty dollars. As from a distance he heard the insistent voice of his host:

"What was this feller's name, Jasper?"

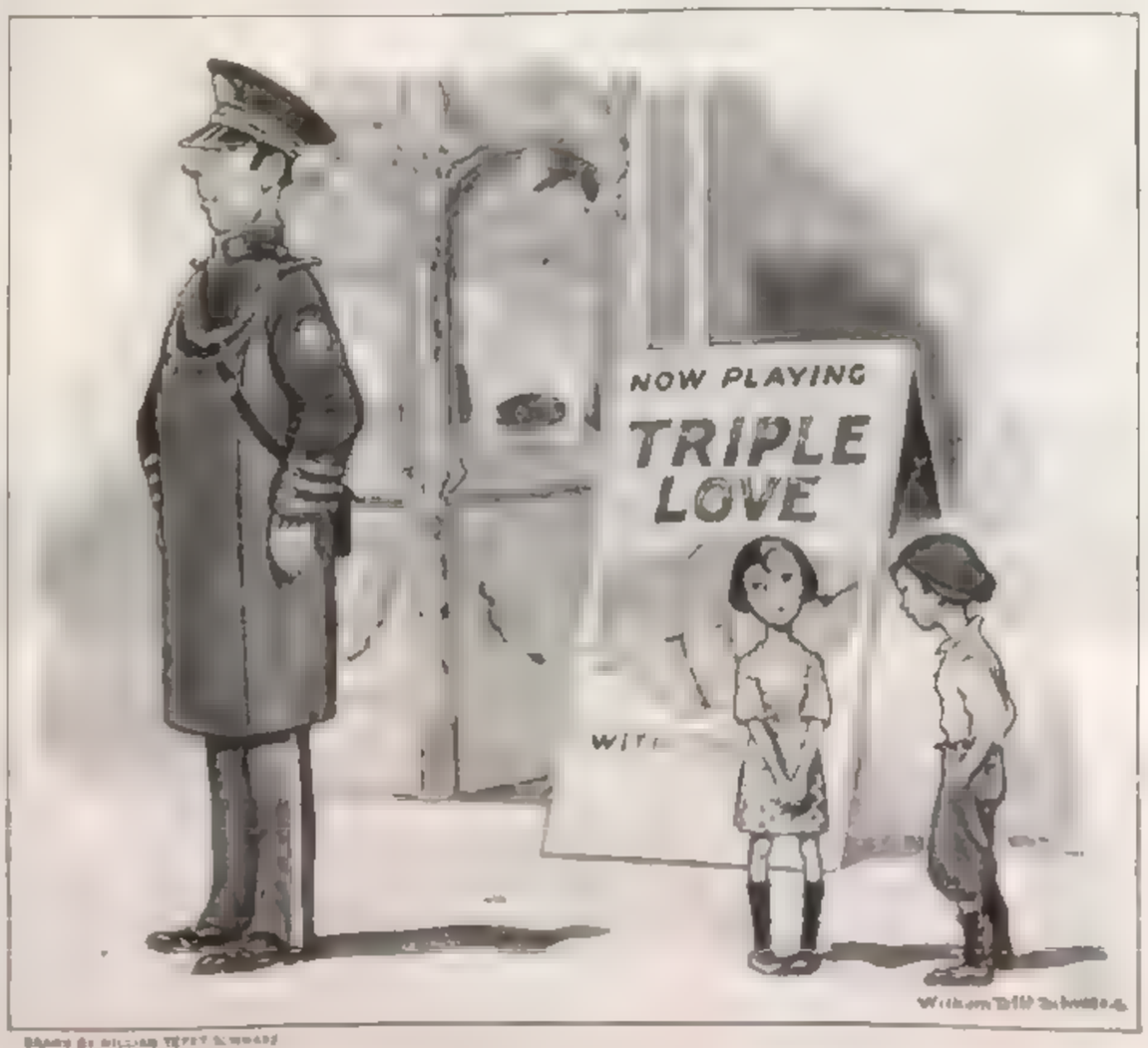
Mr. De Void frowned and shook his head. "Now if that ain't the dawg-gonedest queerest thing," he remarked. "I has plumb forgot it."

He heard Morbid's sigh of infinite relief as he tucked the money into his trousers pocket. A few seconds later Ester Pruney rose, and her husband and guests followed suit.

But as they started from the dining room Joshua's eye was attracted by something round and shiny which sat conspicuously next to Jasper's plate. He moved closer and saw that it was a silver quarter.

"What is that, Jasper?" he inquired innocently.

"That?" Mr. De Void made a benevolent gesture. "That's a tip fo' your butler. He sure has served me good."



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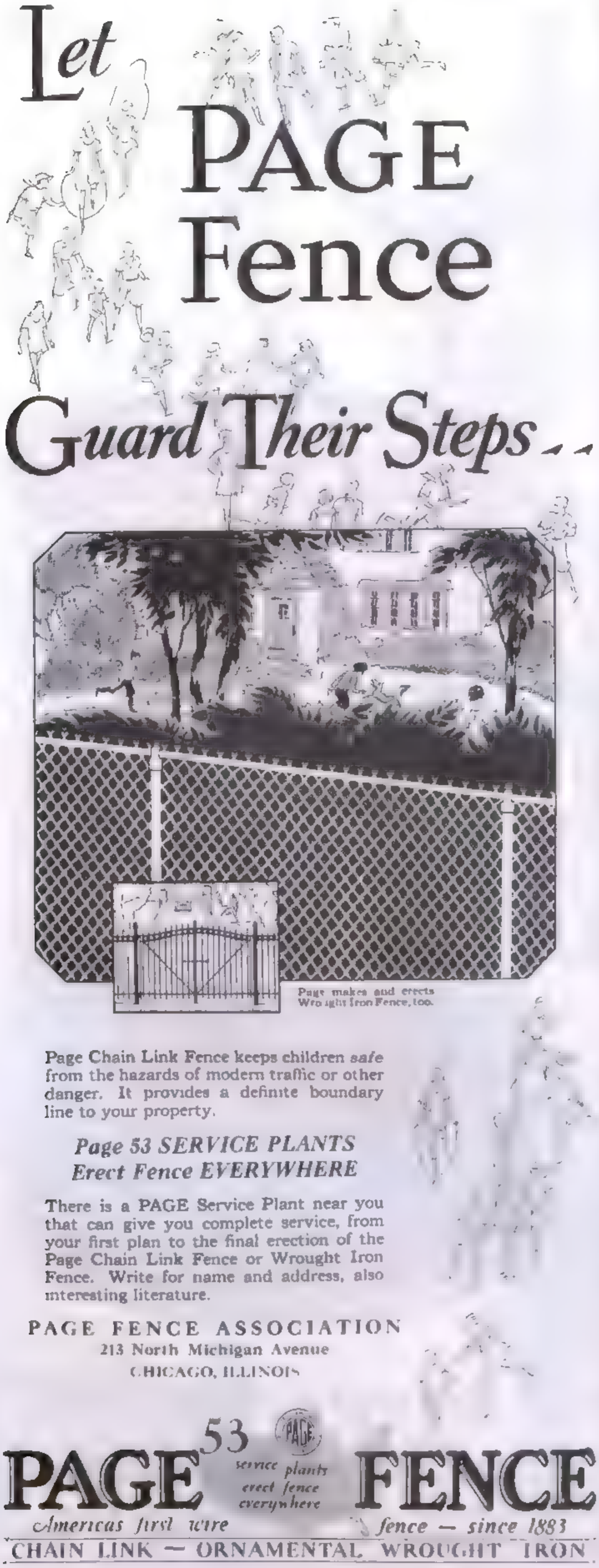

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SALT MARSH

Continued from Page 25

paddling webbed feet and churning wings. For some reason, however, the big greenhead seemed unable to clear the water and take to the air, his flight consisting merely of thrashing clumsily through the tangle of rushes while his affrighted notes kept pace with his flapping wings.

With a darting burst of speed, Phantom closed with the big mallard a dozen yards from the start of the race and her deadly teeth fastened on the greenhead's throat. The rushes seemed extraordinarily well supplied with such easy prey that night. A hen gadwall and later a green-winged teal seemed similarly unable to leave the surface of the water and had fallen victim to the lurking white killer before the night ended. Their efforts to escape without taking to the air had been quite futile.

It was not within the province of Phantom's mentality to reflect upon why these birds, ordinarily so wary and quick to take wing, should have proved so awkward and bungling on this particular night. Needing no handicap whatever, abundantly equipped to kill, the white mink could but accept all such unusual breaks in her favor as dispensations from the gods of the salt marsh and to slay without reflection wherever killing was the easiest.

Crossing a boggy expanse from one tongue of marsh to another, Phantom pounced upon a jacksnipe in the grass. As she hunted, the marsh throbbed with that steady chuckle of wild-fowl conversation, punctuated at intervals by the loud triple quack of some mallard hen, pierced by the screeching hiss of wings as feathered meteors streaked across the sky, enlivened by the querulous honking as occasional incoming squadrons of geese added a note of variety to the night. The wild clear notes of curlews, the sound describing a curve as pronounced as the curve of their sickle bills, floated in from the adjacent prairies. Clarion trumpets from on high announced the arrival of a gang of whooping cranes. These great white ships of the night made a landing on a mud flat near the southern extremity of the marsh.

Just at dawn, Phantom encountered a big canvasback drake at the edge of the rushes. This deep-water diving duck, true to the nature of his species, instantly sought safety beneath the surface and headed for the open water, while behind him a white streak split the murky depths and the albino mink seized the luckless bird.

As she tore tentatively at this victim—her appetite long since satiated, but not her eternal desire to kill—Phantom's ears were suddenly rocked by a shattering explosion, followed in swift succession by five others, as Petrie opened the morning engagement by emptying his pump gun into a flock of redheads.

Instantly the marsh was in confusion. There was a mighty roar as tens of thousands of wild fowl took the air at once. Through this booming whir of wings beat the clanking music of departing geese. High above it all there sounded the silvery trumpeting of the whooping cranes as the gang of big white fellows, running across the mud flat with fanning wings to aid in their somewhat ponderous take-off, headed southwest.

Petrie knew that every gang of whoopers that made a landing on Little Salt Marsh followed that same route. Slow in attaining elevation, these birds headed always in a southwesterly direction across a strip of flat marshy hay land that showed no obstruction of trees or sand hills against the sky, starting their clamorous progress at the first gunshot of the morning. Dark speeding streaks against the sky betrayed the course of hurtling flocks of ducks. The air vibrated to the whistling swish of wings. Through it all rolled a swift succession of those shattering reports, as Petrie and McGuire, the market gunners of Little Salt Marsh, fired hundreds of rounds into the wheeling flocks. As the sun rose above the horizon, vast aggregations of redwing blackbirds rose from the rushes, wheeling in irregular clouds, their progress taking on the appearance of twisting puffs of smoke outlined against the sky.

It was to this steady rolling of the market hunters' guns that Phantom was indebted for the many wing-tipped ducks that had taken refuge in the rushes and found themselves unable to take wing at the approach of the lithe white killer of the marsh. Throughout the season those guns continued to thunder ominously. Buckboards made the trip across the prairie twice a week, bringing in ice, ammunition and supplies to Petrie and McGuire, and taking back the ducks to be shipped to the poultry, game and produce markets of Kansas City and Chicago. And throughout that period Phantom found the rushes plentifully supplied with crippled ducks that were helpless to elude her darting swoops.

Petrie saw her early one morning atop a rat house, feasting on a widgeon drake—his second glimpse of the albino mink. And thus it was that Phantom came to know the hunter's paradise that was Little Salt Marsh during the autumn months.

With the coming of winter, Petrie and McGuire strung out their traps. Throughout the summer and autumn, while engaged upon other business, they had made mental notations of good trap sets. Now, as they systematically spotted their muskrat sets along the Rattlesnake, each of them branched aside from time to time and made a den set for skunk, civet, opossum or mink at the mouths of various burrows previously located. Petrie spotted a trap at the underwater entrance of the home den in which Phantom had been born, another at the opening back in the tall slough grass on the bank. Fur was plentiful. That first night's run, among numerous other skins, yielded the pelts of nine prime mink.

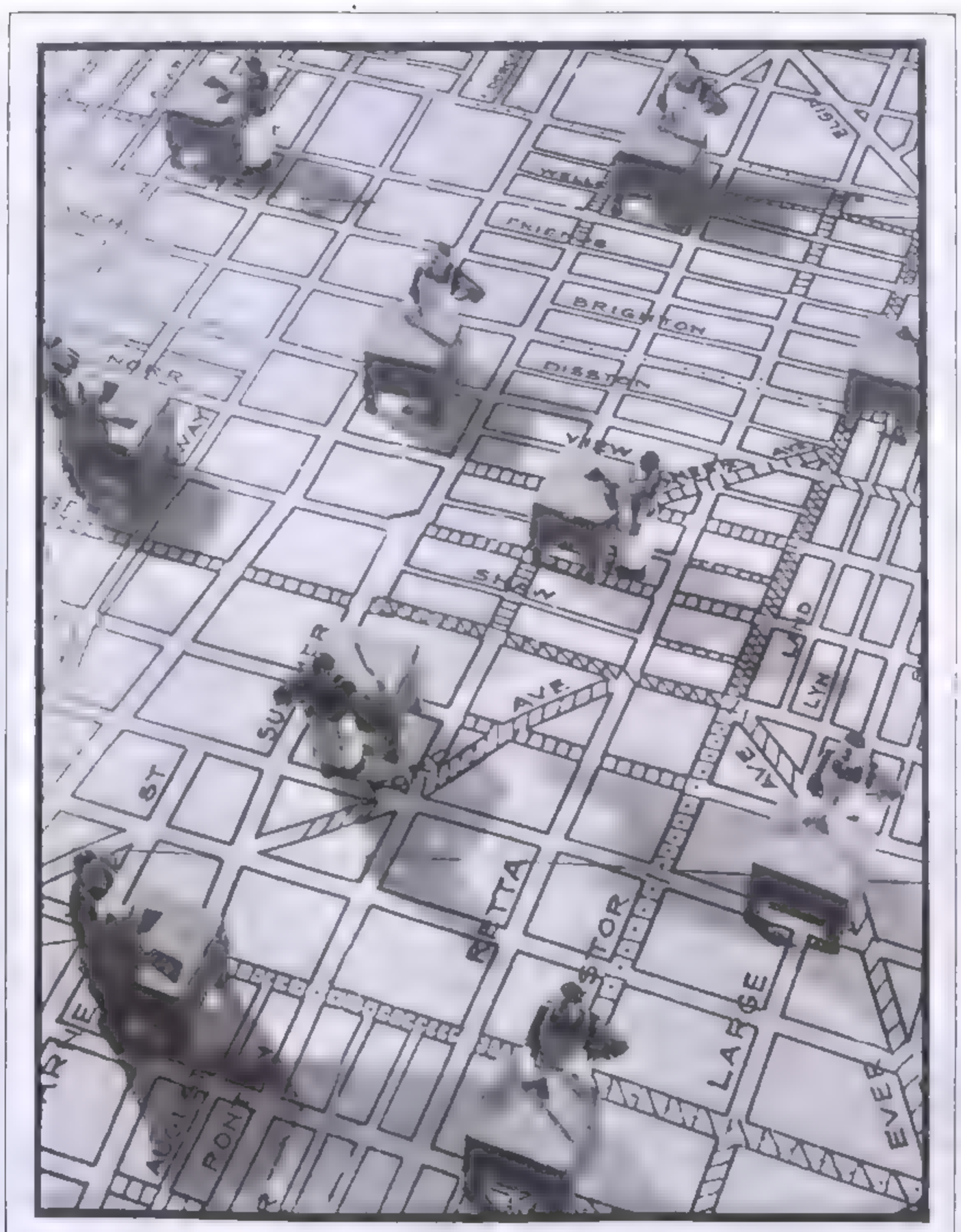
Phantom still made occasional stops at the old home den. Cruising down the Rattlesnake, she discovered skunks, civets and opossums clamped fast in land sets, muskrats in water sets. One of these last she killed and partially devoured. Upon arriving at the home den near daybreak, it was to find a drowned trapped muskrat at the underwater entrance. Fast in the trap at the upper exit, one of Phantom's brothers fought the steel contrivance that gripped his foot. He emitted a spitting snarl and flashed at her with bared fangs, ready in his blind fury to give battle to anything that moved.

All these things gave rise to a sense of caution in the white mink to which fear had been a stranger. Twice during the ensuing week she narrowly avoided stepping in traps, their jaws gaping beneath a few inches of water in muskrat runways. The length of the Rattlesnake and both banks of the Arkansas River, those of the prairie sloughs that harbored muskrats, the dens in the sand hills, the rat houses of Little Salt Marsh and the overflow section—all were studded with deadly traps. She came to associate man scent with these vicious contrivances and avoided such spots as bore that taint.

Partially through this increasing sense of caution, largely through luck, Phantom avoided placing her own foot on the pan of a trap. Night by night she encountered fewer of her own kind as she made her rounds, crossed the trails of fewer skunks and other nocturnal prowlers than formerly, and the swarming colonies of muskrats on river, creek and marsh were swiftly decreasing in numbers. Heretofore, Phantom, the she-mink, had felt herself the most able killer that prowled the earth. Now, however, a far more proficient hunter, man, was getting in his work.

A heavy storm swept across the prairies. Savage winds, driving sleet and snow before them, hurtled across the flats and drifted

Continued on Page 135



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(Continued from Page 132)

the snow in the thickets and over the downwind side of the banks. Phantom holed up while the storm was in progress.

The snow cleared and the cold grew more intense. Gales lashed the waters of the marsh and the spray froze in gauzy festoons upon the tips of the rushes, bending them. The surface of the open water was frozen in rough corrugations.

Phantom came forth to hunt after a four-day fast. The Rattlesnake was frozen over, blown snow drifted out across the ice. Phantom, white as the snow banks through which she plunged, scoured the depths of the grass, explored jams of driftwood and followed crevices between snow and earth at points where the snowdrifts had leaned away from the banks. She found no prey and angled across the intervening strip of snow-bound prairie to the marsh.

The rushes, weighted with ice formed upon them as the wind-lashed spray had congealed upon all obstructions, now rattled with a brittle, metallic sound as the crystal fronds clashed together before the drive of the wind.

Marauding coyotes had made a meal of such ice-bound crippled ducks as had survived until the blizzard struck. There were no roosting birds among the chattering, ice-incrusted reeds.

Phantom crossed a wide-open space, solidly frozen over, and across the surface of the ice came hurtling blasts of wind-driven powdered snow, to hurl themselves against her fur. The moon rose cold and bright upon a frozen world. The protruding rat houses took on the appearance of snow-covered igloos.

A seeming cavity in the side of one invited inspection. Phantom stepped to the edge of the orifice. There was a scraping sound of frozen springs released. Phantom leaped high in the air with a steel thing clamped upon a forepaw. Frenziedly she fought the thing, grinding at it with her teeth and hurling herself the full length of the trap chain in her desperate efforts to break its grip.

The trap, impeded by the depth of the snow upon its pan, had fastened low, the jaws closing midway of the foot. The imprisoned member soon became numb and devoid of all sensation, freezing solidly as circulation was impeded. The albino mink set her teeth in the offending member, biting through it just above the trap as she would have sheared away the flesh of some dead frozen creature. Presently she was free, and as she moved across the frozen marsh, her coat as pallid as the ice-bound landscape, the only color in the picture was afforded by occasional tiny red beads that marked her route.

Thus Phantom and Petrie had crossed trails again, and the albino mink had become acquainted with the bitter scarcity of food and the dangers of Little Salt Marsh in winter.

During February a boar mink traveled with Phantom for a time. The mating moon was brief, however, and at the end of a week the white mink and the brown parted company, to go their respective ways alone.

The snowdrifts melted and there was a warm breath of spring in the air. Sharp-pointed green sprouts, resembling porcupine quills, thrust through among the roots of tawny dead slough grass of the year before. The buffalo-grass sod of the prairies showed faint smears of green. Swellings appeared at the tips of cottonwood and willow. The sand hills, too, began to assume spring garb; and the migrants, adorned in the gorgeous plumage of the coming love moon of the feathered tribes, winged their way up from the South.

And in mid-April, in a tunnel back behind the rockwork foundation of a wagon bridge that spanned a spring run, Phantom gave birth to seven tiny squeaking mites of life. All of them were brown, not one to duplicate the mother's snow-white coat. There was, however, a female infant whose coat was a very light tan shade—the variety of pelt known to the prairie trappers as a cotton mink.

As this family of voracious youngsters grew and began to partake of meat, Phantom found their appetites insatiable. Tireless hunter that she was, able killer by land or water, it taxed even her resourcefulness to hunt and to kill sufficient for the requirements of her ravenous brood. Now there was not merely her own mouth to feed but seven other capacious maws.

The food supply along the prairie spring seep was soon depleted and the white mink resorted to the near-by marsh. Frogs lifted their voices in the gladsome refrain of spring. Phantom pounced upon a grass frog and devoured it in haste, then dived and seized a two-pound carp from among a feeding school. With this heavy prey, sometimes carrying it, dragging it much of the way, she made the journey to the den, and the savage young minks fell upon the fish in the dark tunnel of the bridge.

Again the questing mother headed for the marsh. A rush mound harbored the single large greenish egg of a bittern and the prowling forager cracked the shell and sucked the contents. Redwing blackbirds nested in profusion in the rushes. Phantom devoured the four blue-black-and-lilac-streaked eggs that had been deposited in one nest. Then she pounced upon a luckless rail and started upon the return trip to the den, traveling with the long graceful leaps that contrasted so sharply with the rather awkward, high-backed gait with which she walked.

The young rushed forth and fell upon the prey, feathers swirling to the breeze to mingle with the scattered scales of the previous repast; and two hours later, when the mother returned bearing a young cottontail rabbit upon which she had pounced at the edge of the marsh, puffs of fur mingled with the feathers.

Dawn was breaking as Phantom made her fourth trip to the marsh. A crawling water dog, moving sluggishly upon the mud bottom, afforded the hungry she-mink a few welcome bites. Fluffy young blue-winged teal, hatched in the tall prairie grass of adjacent sand hills and escorted to water by their parents, bobbed on the surface of the marsh. Shore birds traveled the muddy flats. Phantom pounced upon an avocet and headed once more for the den.

Even with this sizable morsel, the appetites of her young seemed merely whetted rather than appeased. Phantom, too, was ravenous. She slept for an hour; then, roused by the gnawing pangs of hunger, set forth upon a daylight foray on her own account.

A coot's nest in the rushes supplied half a dozen fresh-laid eggs and upon these the white mink feasted. The squirming young in a redwing's nest helped to appease her hunger. From the edge of the rushes she pounced upon a spotted sandpiper and devoured it. A greater yellowlegs came next, and with this she bounded back again denward, taking advantage of whatever cover the tall grass afforded until she reached the spring seep, then leaped down its course to the wagon bridge. Again she slept, but it was not yet sundown before necessity drove her forth once more to take up the meat trail in the interests of her young. As she was a savage killer, so was she also savagely devoted to the welfare of her offspring. The more she hunted, the more the seven youngsters grew, and with every ounce of growth their appetites increased. Save for the adjacent marsh, Phantom would have been hard pressed to rustle sufficient food, in which case some of her young would have failed to survive to maturity, an occurrence not unusual among mink.

But the marsh swarmed with prey. Its waters supported great numbers of carp. The wriggling water dogs were to be found in profusion on its mud bottom. The rushes were alive with young bitterns, herons, ducks and rails. Redwing nests abounded. Killdeer and other shore birds nested in the near-by flats. Young jack rabbits and cottontails hopped along the trails that bordered the rushes. Mice followed their runways in the tangled grass, young muskrats swam abroad in the watery lanes of nights, and ground squirrels trilled from the higher ground by day, while tree-nesting birds came to the water's edge to drink. All these creatures and many other varieties fell victim to the insatiable desire of the she-mink to provide sustenance for her rapacious young.

One evening just at sunset, Phantom, bounding along a rush-grown trail, came face to face with Petrie. For a brace of seconds she stood motionless, her small eyes glaring at the man, above the willet that was clamped in her jaws. In that one brief glimpse the man could see that her white coat was ragged and shedding. Then, with a lithe bound, still gripping her prey, she was gone in the rushes.

A tiny voice piped forth from the marsh, the notes thin and reedy. Another voice and another took up the quavering chant, until it seemed that the swelling volume must emanate from a million throats—the nightly chorus of the frogs, shrilling the refrain of peace and plenty. So it was that Phantom—at that season of the year when not only her own need for meat but that of every female of her kind was greatest—came to know the hunter's paradise that was Little Salt Marsh in the spring.

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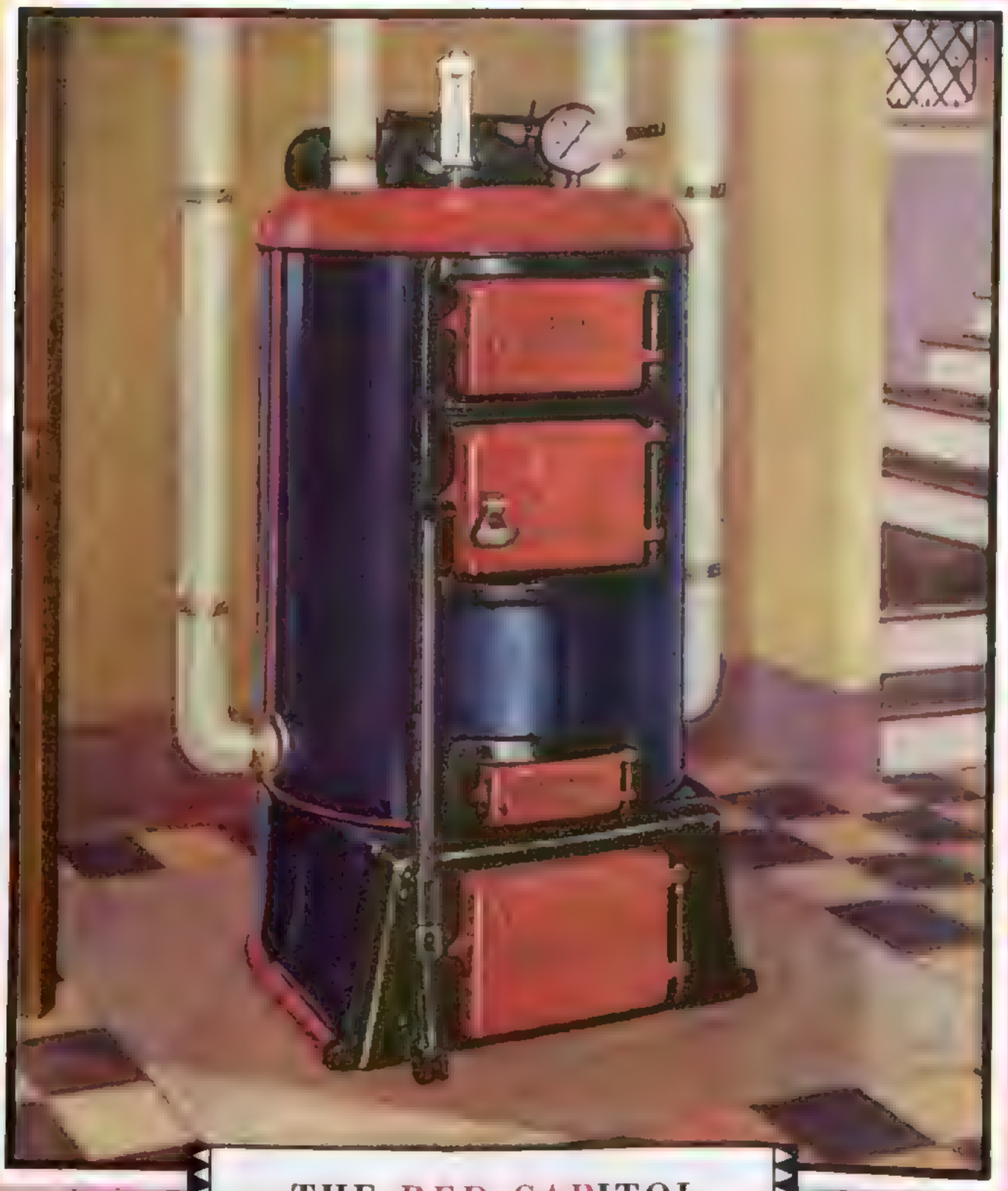

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By WESLEY STOUT

THE Standard Oil Company—New Jersey—is the second greatest corporation in America on the basis of working capital. Out of seventy-nine major executives of the company and its subsidiaries, only twenty-one are New Yorkers. Incidentally, twenty-eight of the other fifty-eight date their residence in New York since the war. George H. Jones, chairman, was born in Carthage, New York, and reached 26 Broadway via Pittsburgh.

Walter C. Teagle, president and active head of the holding company, is a Cornell engineer, born in Cleveland. C. G. Black, president of the Standard of New Jersey, the newly formed operating unit, also is a Cleveland man who went to work for the Standard at fourteen in a shop that turned out handles for tin cans. E. M. Clark, president of the new Standard Shipping Company, which took over the marine department, was born in Gallipolis, Ohio, and was a telegraph operator before he began with the Standard as a shipping clerk at Whiting, Indiana. Robert L. Hague, vice president and general manager of the shipping company, is a native of Manville, Rhode Island, who came from San Francisco in 1920, after completing his work with the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

The two Bedfords, an old Brooklyn family, A. Clarke and F. H., Jr., are among the few New Yorkers in high executive position. H. S. Austin, president of Tuscarora Oil, was born in Poughkeepsie and came to the city in 1921 from Muskogee, Oklahoma. One of the directors, W. C. Koehler, a native of Pomerania, started literally at the foot of the ladder as a hod carrier. C. O. Swain, general counsel, came from Shenandoah, Iowa, via Buffalo.

With the retirement of H. C. Folger to devote his time to his first folios and the Shaksperian Memorial Theater, another New Yorker, H. L. Pratt, became chairman of the Standard of New York. This corporation grew out of the old local firm of Charles Pratt & Company, and the Pratt family still is dominant in it.

From the Oil Fields

Charles F. Meyer, who moved up to president, is a Bostonian who served the Standard in Bombay and elsewhere in the Orient for years, and owns one of the finest collections of Oriental art in America. He is credited with being the moving spirit in the Standard's purchase of Soviet oil over the sharp objections of the Royal Dutch-Shell interests. The three vice presidents, H. E. Cole, C. M. Higgins and F. S. Fales, are from Cleveland, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and Rockland, Maine, respectively.

Elgood C. Lufkin, chairman of the Texas Company, is a Springfield, Massachusetts, man. R. C. Holmes, who recently succeeded Amos L. Beaty, a Texan, as president, was born in Sharon Center, Pennsylvania, coming to the city in 1917 from Houston.

The four vice presidents, C. B. Ames, D. J. Moran, W. W. Bruce and T. Rieber, are natives of Macon, Mississippi; Cygnet, Ohio; Columbus, Georgia, and Norway in that order. There is no New Yorker among the executives.

Edward Prizer, chairman of Vacuum Oil, was born in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and was a reporter, then business manager of a country newspaper. The president, G. P. Whaley, is a native of Chesterfield, Illinois. The Vacuum was founded by Hiram B. Everest, an apple grower near Rochester. Experimenting, in 1866, with petroleum when it was new, he distilled a harness oil which rapidly displaced the vegetable oils then in use for dressing leather, and sold out to the Standard. Axtell J. Byles, president of Tidewater Associated Oil, was born in Titusville, Pennsylvania, where petroleum first was discovered.

The Rockefellers, father and son, are naturalized New Yorkers. Harry F. Sinclair is the son of a Wheeling, West Virginia, druggist, reared in Independence, Kansas, and a comparative newcomer to the city. When he moved his headquarters from Tulsa he brought chiefly Western men with him. The Middle States Oil Company, now in receivership, was organized and headed by Charles N. Haskell, an Ohioan and railroad promoter, who became the first governor of Oklahoma.

The greatest of the chain stores, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, with 15,600 stores, was founded by a man from Maine, George H. Hartford, of Augusta. George F. Gilman, a hide-and-leather dealer, taking a flyer in a cargo of tea, opened a shop on Vesey Street in 1864 and put young Hartford in charge. The latter died in 1917 and his two sons, George and John, the present heads of the business, are, without doubt, the least known very wealthy men in America. They own all but a nominal interest in the company, which turned a net profit of $18,500,000 in its latest fiscal year. Like their father, they have not cared for publicity, and like him, they have succeeded somehow in avoiding it.

England's Representatives

The second greatest chain, the Kroger Grocery & Baking Company, with more than 4000 stores, does not operate in the East. Its headquarters are in Cincinnati, where Bernard H. Kroger was born of German parents. Henry Kohl, of Jersey City, who originated the modern cash-and-carry chain grocery, came to America from Germany alone as a boy.

The Woolworth, greatest of the 5-and-10 chains, originated in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The late F. W. Woolworth, its founder, was born in Rodman, New York. His brother, C. S. Woolworth, now chairman, also was born in Rodman and continues to live in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Two of the vice presidents never have lived in New York; F. M. Kirby, of Wilkes-Barre, and E. P. Charlton, of Fall River. The active head of the business, President Hubert T. Parson, a native of Toronto, began with the company in 1892 as an accountant. Of the remaining officers, B. D. Miller, J. F. Nutting and H. W. Deyo, none is a local man.

The Kresge stores have their headquarters in Detroit, but Sebastian S. Kresge makes his principal home in Manhattan. He was born at Bald Mount, Pennsylvania, and inaugurated the business in Memphis. Samuel H. Kress and his brothers of the S. H. Kress Company, originated in the village of Cherryville, near Slatington, Pennsylvania, and came to New York from Wilkes-Barre. The other officers, John T. Parkhurst, Charles T. Green and Paul B. Scarff, were born, respectively, in Gorham, Maine, England and Burlington, Iowa.

The J. C. Penney stores, third in magnitude in the 5-and-10 group, originated in Kemmerer, Wyoming, where store No. 1 still is in operation. Headquarters were moved to Manhattan from Salt Lake City in 1914. James Cash Penney, founder and chairman, was born in Hamilton, Missouri, and two of his principal executives, J. M. McDonald and J. I. H. Herbert, are Missourians. The president, Earl C. Sams, was born at Simpson, Kansas.

Again, there are no New Yorkers among the six executives of the W. T. Grant Company and only one among seven principals of the Metropolitan Chain Stores. E. W. Livingston, president and treasurer of the latter, is from Jamestown, New York. L. R. Desmarteaux, vice president, is from Montreal. W. T. Grant, chairman of the chain bearing his name, is another Pennsylvanian, born in Stevensville, who came to New York from Salem, Massachusetts. The president, C. E. Freeman, is a native of Essex Junction, Vermont. The other four executives are from Lee, Massachusetts; Chicago; Warren, Rhode Island, and England.

William Childs of the restaurant chain was one of a large family in Bernardsville, Somerset County, New Jersey. Of seventeen executives two were born locally, one in Providence, Rhode Island, and fourteen originated in small towns. The automats and other Horn & Hardart restaurants are emigrants from Philadelphia. Frank G. Shattuck, head of the Schrafft candy and tea shops, was born in Durhamville on the banks of the Erie Canal and was a candy salesman out of New York until he tasted the chocolates manufactured by a German, William F. Schrafft, in his little shop in Boston. Shattuck switched over to Schrafft, sold his candies on the road, and in 1898 opened a retail store in New York under the German's name. The store lost money for three years until his sister, Jane, came down from Oneida County and took charge.

The founder and president of the United Cigar Stores, now launching a drug-store chain, Charles A. Whelan, is one of the large Syracuse colony, and there are only two local men among the twenty principals. Two of the executives were born in the West Indies—George Wattley, treasurer, in St. Kitts, and C. W. Rattray, vice president, in Nassau. Five were born in Europe.

The other great tobacco chain had its origins in a cigar stand in French's Hotel, where the World Building now stands, operated by Anthony Schulte. David A. Goldberg, born in Georgia and reared in Riverhead, on the far end of Long Island, went to work in the shop as a boy. To carry on the name, and out of regard for his dead employer, Goldberg changed his name later to David A. Schulte. It is he who has built up the present nation-wide chain, though the stores continue to be operated under the name of A. Schulte.

Cleaning Up in Soap

The Liggett drug chain is a retail outlet of Louis Kroh Liggett's United Drug Company of Boston. George M. Gales, president, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, coming to the city from Washington. There isn't a New Yorker among the principals. New York's only national mail-order house, the National Bellas Hess Company, is a reorganization of the National Cloak & Suit Company, founded by Solomon G. Rosenbaum, of Raleigh, North Carolina. A Philadelphian, H. B. Hess, who came to New York from St. Louis, is president, and eight of the other fourteen executives are outsiders.

Thomas Fortune Ryan is a Virginian. William Boyce Thompson's home town is Virginia City, Montana. William H. Todd, shipbuilder, is a native of Wilmington, Delaware, and that other shipbuilder, Lewis Nixon, came from Leesburg, Virginia. Mr. Todd once worked as a riveter on a steam yacht being built for a New York jeweler. The yacht belongs to Todd today, rechristened the Saelmo for his mother, Sarah Elizabeth Moody. August Heckscher is a German from Hamburg, who once was in the coal trade at Pottsville. Benjamin F. Yoakum, former head of the Frisco lines, was a farm boy in Limestone County, Texas, and that other former head of the Frisco, Benjamin L. Winchell, now head of the Remington companies, was born in Palmyra, Missouri. Frank R. Ford, president of L. C. Smith, is a Philadelphian. H. H. Vreeland, who, among many jobs, is chairman of Royal Typewriter and a former surface-car magnate, is from Glen, New York.

A native son, Robert W. Kelley, is chairman of American Ice. The president, Charles C. Small, is from Kennebunkport, Maine, and there is only one New Yorker among the next five officials. William M. Flook, president of American Brown Boveri, is a Canadian from Ingersoll, and Maurice L. Sindeband, next in line, was born in Russia. Benjamin N. Duke, philanthropist and tobacco man, is a North Carolinian, Charles R. Crane a Chicagoan.

Another son of Iowa, Thomas H. McInnerney, of Dubuque, is president of National Dairy Products. John H. Towne, secretary of Yale & Towne and chairman of the Fifth Avenue Association, is from Philadelphia. William Hamlin Childs, chairman of Bon Ami and director of many others, was running a hay-and-feed business in Manchester, Connecticut, when he had to take over the cleaning-powder business of a bankrupt tenant. Thomas Robins, inventor of the conveying belt and head of the company named for him, was born at West Point. His general manager and vice president, Thomas Matchett, is a native of England, coming from Youngstown, Ohio, to the city.

The New Yorker

Curtiss Aeroplane is headed by C. M. Keys, former financial reporter, native of Chatsworth, Ontario. The vice president, Frank Russell, was born in a parsonage in Mansfield, Ohio. Casey Jones is a Vermonter and was physical instructor in Montclair Academy when the war broke out. William H. Coverdale, chairman of Pierce Oil, and J. Spencer Smith are two more Canadians. David T. Abercrombie, founder of Abercrombie-Fitch, is from Baltimore. Hiram Roy Mallinson, silks, came from Utica by way of Detroit. I. Miller, was born in Poland, came from Paris and made his start as a specialist in theatrical shoes.

A. G. Spalding & Brother is a small-town firm. Both the late A. G. and his brother, J. W. Spalding, chairman, were born in Byron, Illinois. The president, J. W. Curtis, is from Fairfield, Connecticut. S. E. Summerfield, of Lawrence, Kansas, heads the Gotham Silk Hosiery Company, with R. E. Tilles, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, as next in line. French R. Bissell of International Portland Cement is from St. Louis; John R. Morron of Atlas Cement from Peoria. Beverly L. Worden of Cutler-Hammer is a Chicagoan. Philip T. Dodge was born in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. William Frye Cutler is a Washingtonian, Franklin B. Kirkbride a Philadelphian. Robert A. C. Smith, chairman of White Rock and other corporations, was born in Dover, England. Alfred P. Walker, head of the $40,000,000 Standard Milling Company, is relatively new to the city.

There are, despite the evidence, large corporations in New York operated by New Yorkers. Edward T. Bedford and most of the other officers of the Corn Products Company are Brooklynites. All of the Tiffany firm are native sons. Louis Sterling and H. C. Cox, chairman and president of Columbia Phonograph, are the city's own. H. B. Tremaine, president of Æolian, was New York born. Albert L. Salt, president of Greybar Electric, who rose from office boy for its predecessor, always has lived in the city. Daniel E. Woodhull, president of American Bank Note, is a Newark man.

The three greatest banks in New York are the National City, the Chase National and the new Bank of America National Association, in that order. The historic National City has just increased its capital

(Continued on Page 143)

Is this tobacco a part of every college education?

Pipe-smoker still enjoys the same tobacco he learned to smoke fifteen years ago at college

Considering the age-old discussions pro and con on the value of college education, it is interesting to hear from an old graduate who found at least one subject useful in later life.

When a group of "old grads" gets together some member of the party often brings up the subject of what his alma mater did for him. The good results mentioned are apt to range all the way from good fellowship to the development of brain power.

But here's a letter that brings to light an entirely different advantage of college education. Pipe-smoking is one of the things Mr. Wilson learned at college. He still enjoys his pipe, though he has given up football playing and the study of the dead languages.

Furthermore, he states that Edgeworth is the tobacco which he learned to smoke fifteen years ago, and that it was traditional for each fellow, at the proper time, to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate.

This gentleman seems to have brought to light an entirely unsuspected college chapter of the Edgeworth Club.

* * *

To anyone who has never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Put Edgeworth in your pipe and smoke it. If you like the samples, you will like Edgeworth no matter when or where you buy it because Edgeworth's quality never changes. To get the free samples, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 30 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

131 Germania Place,
Chicago, Ill.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

It was at college that I learned to smoke Edgeworth. Of course I also learned a few other things at college. One was to play football. Another was to study the dead languages. Now, fifteen years later, I have given up playing football and studying dead languages, but have not yet given up smoking Edgeworth Tobacco.

It was a sort of tradition for each fellow as he threw off the toga of boyhood and put on the cloak of young manhood to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate. At the right time, each one followed the example of his predecessors and bought a pipe and a tin of Edgeworth.

Being fortunate enough to enjoy the surpassing mildness and sweetness of Edgeworth right at the threshold of his smoking career, each young fellow as a general rule found any other tobacco unsatisfying, and adhered to Edgeworth year after year. When I have met some of them many years after and have seen them light up their pipes, I have often inquired:

"Still smoking Edgeworth?"

Almost invariably the answer has been "Yes; I still like it better than any other; it's got a very pleasant flavor. And it's mild; it never burns the tongue."

Cordially yours,

FRANK H. WILSON

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

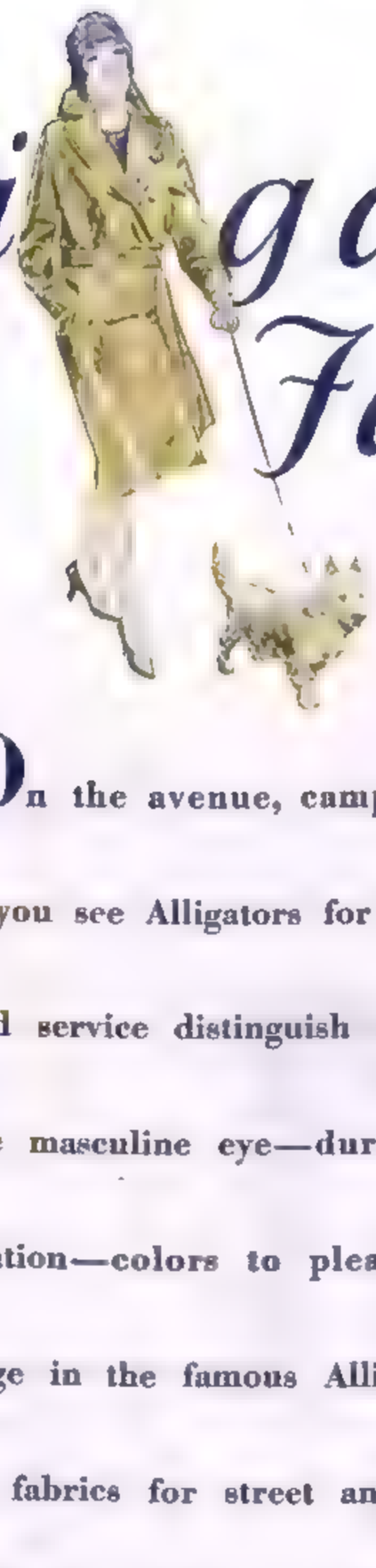
On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wavelength 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

Alligator Featherweights can be rolled or folded compactly to fit in pocket without injury to fabric. The semi-transparency of Alligator Featherweights adds style and smartness to the carefully tailored models.

Left) Men's Raglan Featherweight, $15.00. Girls' Aviation Featherweight model with all-wool flannel lining, $20.00. Same model in lightweight cloth with plaid lining, $10.00. (Above) Featherweight Golf Shirt, $6.50.

Alligator Famous Fabrics

FEATHERWEIGHT · WATER · PROOF



On the avenue, campus or golf links—wherever life is active and colorful—you see Alligators for every outdoor occasion. Ease and freedom, smartness and service distinguish all Alligator models. . . . Expert tailoring that appeals to the masculine eye—durability approved by a man's judgment—variety of styles for feminine gratification—colors to please good taste and ensemble requirements—all combine to best advantage in the famous Alligator fabrics. . . . Alligator Featherweight Balloon Cloth, Alligator Silk and Alligator slicker fabrics for street and sport wear. Smart models with all-wool linings, light and snug for stormy weather. All Alligator fabrics feel soft, are strong, drape smartly and are made absolutely waterproof by the exclusive Alligator process. . . . The Alligator label gives authority to modern rainwear. Their reputation has placed them in the most famous shops and in the better stores in your own town.

The Alligator Company, St. Louis; Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Portland, Ore., and Los Angeles

ALLIGATOR

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LIGHT AS A FEATHER FOR ALL KINDS OF WEATHER

Alligator Aviation Featherweight model with all-wool lining—swagger for the street—ideal for motoring, $20.00. Same model in service cloth, unlined, $10.00.

Now . . . *at a fraction the cost* . . . you can have the beauty of aristocratic hand-modeled plaster

CEILINGS are decorative opportunities!

But in most homes these opportunities have been neglected.

Hand-modeled plaster—the highest form of ceiling architecture—is so expensive it can be used only where cost is not a paramount consideration.

The New Upson Relief Treatment shown here is the first method to bring the beauty of these hand-modeled relief ceilings within the reach of *every* home owner.

Distinctive ceilings—with just enough relief to eliminate the monotony of flat plaster—contributing more beauty to your room than the furnishings themselves—

Aristocratic ceilings—even more beautiful than paneling—adding lasting value to property—

This new Upson achievement makes them available—*at a cost you can afford!*

Upson Board comes to you in big panels. Your lumber dealer should have it or can get it—upwards of 9000 of the most discriminating lumber dealers in America carry Upson Board in stock.

Any good carpenter applies Upson Board. In new homes, direct to joists. In old homes, over furring strips laid right over the old plaster. Upson Fasteners (patented) eliminate disfiguring nail-marks in the center of the panels.

There is a wide variety of ceiling designs for these new Upson Relief Ceilings—ranging from the very simple to the most elaborate—and covering living rooms, dining rooms, bedrooms—every type of interior in home or public building.

We invite you to write and let our Decorative Department submit simple, clear directions and full-sized blue-prints to guide your carpenter.

Like all Upson Board interiors, the exquisite beauty of Upson Relief Ceilings is *permanent.* Certified tests prove that genuine *Blue*-Center Upson Board or Upson Fibre-Tile excels in resistance to jars, blows, heat, cold, moisture—even ordinary leaks—as compared with heavy, brittle boards.

Painted a rich ivory or delicate cream, an Upson Relief Ceiling takes a satiny texture with high lights of graceful relief against shadow—and its beauty should last as long as your building stands.

Try an Upson Relief Ceiling for just one room—then you will want to Upsonize your whole house.

LOOK UP AT *YOUR* CEILING

UPSON BOARD

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THE UPSON COMPANY, 908 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.

Enclosed find 10 cents for samples of Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile, literature describing the New Upson Method of Relief Paneling, and folders showing how Fibre-Tile builds colorful kitchens and baths.

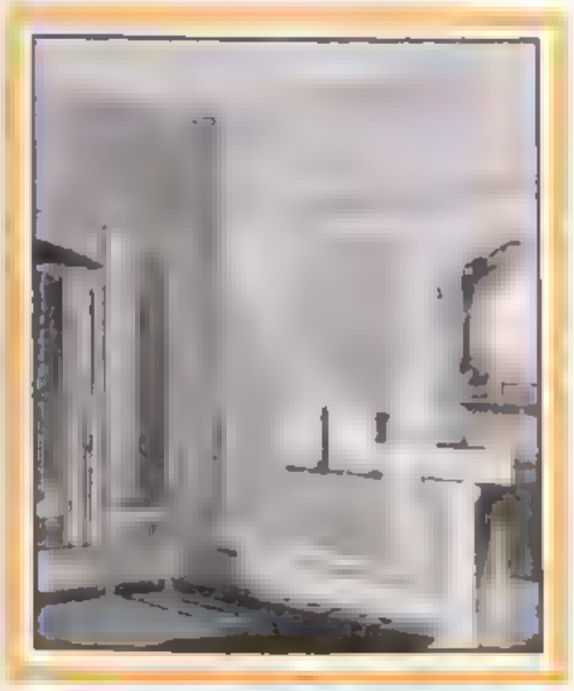
I am interested in ☐ New Ceilings ☐ Office use ☐ Kitchen or Bath

Name

Address

GOOD OFFICES ARE GOOD BUSINESS

Your office can be made attractive—and at moderate cost—with Upson Board. Identify genuine Upson Board by the famous Blue-Center in each panel edge.



COLORFUL WALL-TILING AT LOW COST

Transform that strange-eyed bath, kitchen or sunroom—with Upson Fibre-Tile. Easy to decorate in bright and alluring tints—at less than the cost of ceramic tiling

(Continued from Page 138)

from $75,000,000 to $90,000,000, and that of the National City Company to $45,000,000. With a surplus of $50,000,000 and undivided profits of $21,500,000, it has a total of $161,000,000 of invested capital funds, far in excess of any other American bank and topping the largest in Europe.

Charles E. Mitchell, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, via Chicago, is president of both the bank and the investment company, and twenty-two out of twenty-eight senior officers of the bank are adopted New Yorkers. The proportion of natives among the junior officers is not much higher. Out of 100 junior officers, the birthplaces of nineteen were not reported. Among the remaining eighty-one, fifty-one were born outside the greater city. Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Indiana, upstate New York, Vermont, Connecticut, Missouri, Alabama, Kentucky, Hong-Kong, Scotland, Germany, Ohio and Iowa are represented among the seniors, with three from the latter state. Many of the officers of the National City Company also are bank officers. Of the nine vice presidents of the company who are not officials of the bank, seven are outsiders.

The Chase National, which has just increased its capital from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 and its surplus from $40,000,000 to $60,000,000, is more nearly manned by New Yorkers than any other large bank in the city, though two of its three chief executives are from a distance. Albert H. Wiggin, chairman, is from Medfield, Massachusetts. John McHugh, chairman of the executive committee, was born in Belleville, Ontario, and once was president of the First National of Sioux City, Iowa. Robert L. Clarkson, a New Yorker, is president. The head of Chase Securities, Halstead G. Freeman, was born in Lockport, New York, and routed himself via Chicago. Mr. Wiggin and Mr. Freeman are officers of the new $10,000,000 Anglo-American finance company, which Imperial Chemical Industries, the chemical, dye and explosives trust of Great Britain, and the Chase bank have joined in. When the bank was organized in 1877 and named for Salmon P. Chase, its capital was $300,000.

Better Than the Fruit Business

In 1904 in San Francisco two fruit dealers of Sicilian stock, Amadeo Giannini, thirty-four, and his stepfather, Lorenzo Scatena, fifty-four, organized the Bank of Italy to cater to the Italian colony and more particularly the fruit commission dealers. That bank has more than 300 branches in California today, a capital of $80,000,000 and resources of $115,000,000. Several years ago the Giannini interests entered New York, taking over the Bowery & East River National, then the Commercial Exchange, and this year the 116-year-old Bank of America. When Wall Street learned that Giannini was buying the latter, its shares jumped to $1400. The three were combined in May under the name of the Bank of America National Association, with capital funds of $62,000,000. The chairman is Amadeo's brother, Dr. Attilio Giannini, who formerly practiced medicine in San Francisco. Edward C. Delafield, born at the fashionable Long Island beach of Westhampton, who had headed the Bank of America for many years, continues as president of the consolidation. The first vice president is John E. Rovensky, who was born in Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and came to New York from Pittsburgh. C. W. Banta, vice president of the Wells Fargo Bank of San Francisco, was brought on to the new bank.

George F. Baker, born in Troy eighty-eight years ago, and now that James Stillman is dead, the silent man of Wall Street, is chairman of the powerful First National, whose stock is quoted at $4400 bid, $4500 asked. Jackson E. Reynolds, the president, is a native of Woodstock, Illinois, who taught law at Leland Stanford and Columbia, and was the Jersey Central's general counsel prior to 1917.

A Fortunate Accident

Half of the ten New York partners of J. P. Morgan & Company are New Yorkers only by adoption. The newest and youngest, Harold Stanley, was born in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and was graduated to New York from the National Commercial Bank of Albany, an institution which also numbers Charles H. Sabin, James H. Perkins and Joseph R. Swan in its alumni. Mr. Morgan, of course, is a New Yorker, though none of his ancestors was Charles Steele is a Baltimore man. Thomas Cochran was born in St. Paul. Thomas W. Lamont was born in the village of Claverack, Columbia County, and was a reporter on the Tribune in the 90's. Dwight Morrow, now on loan to the Government as ambassador to Mexico, is a native of Huntington, West Virginia. William Ewing is a Missourian. Martin Egan of the Morgan staff, an old Associated Press man, comes from Martinez, California.

Kuhn, Loeb & Company are similarly divided, Otto H. Kahn and Felix M. Warburg being natives of Germany, Mortimer L. Schiff and Jerome J. Hanauer New York born. Felix and Paul Warburg are from Hamburg.

Clarence Dillon was born in San Antonio, Texas, son of a Polish banker. After Harvard he went to work for the gas company in Milwaukee. Standing on a railroad platform with his fiancée, Miss Ann Douglas, near her Wisconsin country home, an express train struck a St. Bernard dog, hurling the animal against Mr. Dillon, who, in turn, was precipitated against Miss Douglas and then a lamp-post. Her arm was broken and he suffered a brain concussion. On their recovery and payment of damages by the railroad, they were married and went to Europe, where he studied art and architecture for two years. Returning to Milwaukee, he organized, with a brother-in-law, the Milwaukee Machine Tool Company. The Youngstown Sheet and Tube consolidation of 1919 first carried his name to the front page. The Goodyear and Dodge Motors reorganizations and other coups followed, the latest the merger of Dodge with Chrysler.

Charles S. McCain, president of the National Park Bank, was born in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and is one of the recent accretions to Mr. Reyburn's Little Rock society. His vice presidents all are from afar. General Samuel McRoberts, chairman of Chatham Phenix, is a native of Malta Bend, Missouri, and former Armour attorney in Chicago. Louis G. Kaufman, the president, was born in Marquette, Michigan. The first vice president, Richard H. Higgings, comes from Louisville, and seven of the eleven others were born well west of the Hudson.

From Working on the Railroad

Old Bullion, the Chemical National, is headed by a Southerner and relative newcomer, Percy H. Johnston, and its ranking vice president, Frank H. Houston, also is freshly from the South. Stevenson E. Ward, president of National Bank of Commerce, used to be cashier of a bank at Mansfield, Ohio, came to the city in 1912 and worked his way up from assistant cashier.

The American Exchange-Irving Trust, which is about to build a forty-six-story home at No. 1 Wall Street on land assessed at $576 a square foot, the highest valuation in America, has Harry E. Ward, of New Haven, as president and Lewis E. Pierson, of Metuchen, as chairman. Chellis A. Austin, president of Seaboard National, has one of the most unusual histories of New York bankers.

Born in West Berkshire, Vermont, he was a practical railroad man for twelve years, trainmaster of the Jersey City terminals of the Lehigh Valley when he quit in 1911 to become a solicitor of new business for the Columbia Trust Company. Stephen Baker, president of the Bank of Manhattan, is from Poughkeepsie. William E. Knox, head of the Bowery Savings Bank, was born in Strabane, Ireland.

The greatest of the trust companies is the Guaranty. Out of 172 executives in the Guaranty Trust and the subsidiary Guaranty Company, 102 originated outside the greater city. Charles H. Sabin, chairman, is from Williamstown, Massachusetts, and came from Albany in 1907. William C. Potter, president of the trust company, is a Chicago mining engineer, formerly in the Guggenheim employ. The president of the Guaranty Company, Joseph R. Swan, was born in Utica.

Of twenty-one vice presidents of Guaranty Trust, three are locals. The other eighteen were born in Winnemucca, Nevada; Paris; Macon, Georgia; Cleburne, Texas; Cornwall, New York; Sea Bright, New Jersey; Mt. Vernon, Ohio; Logansport, Indiana; Davenport, Iowa; Pittsburgh; Oakland; Chicago; Ravenna, Ohio; Jackson, Mississippi; Galesburg, Illinois; Hawkinsville, Georgia; Philadelphia and Germania, Pennsylvania. The New Yorkers muster five among the twelve vice presidents of the Guaranty Company and four among the seventeen managers.

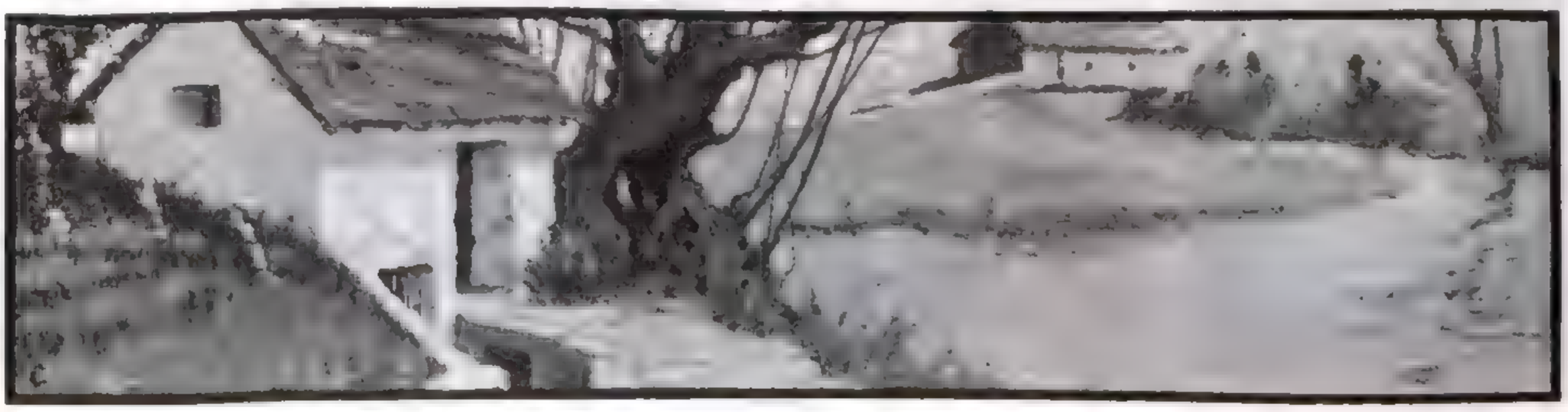
Alvin W. Krech, chairman of the Equitable Trust until his death in May, was born in Tom Sawyer's Hannibal, Missouri, and was a flour miller and railroad contractor in Minnesota. Arthur W. Loasby, president, is from Rochester, and fifteen of twenty-three major executives are outsiders. Seward Prosser, chairman of Bankers Trust, was born in Buffalo and was a life-insurance agent. The president, A. A. Tilney, is a Brooklyn man who lived long in Boston. Eleven of seventeen vice presidents were born outside the city. Although it is headed by Nathan S. Jonas of Montgomery, Alabama, local men predominate in the Manufacturers Trust. Col. James H. Perkins, president of the Farmers Loan & Trust, whose building stands incongruously on Fifth Avenue across from the library, is from Milton, Massachusetts. Edwin G. Merrill, president of the Bank of New York & Trust Company, is a Maine man, from Bangor.

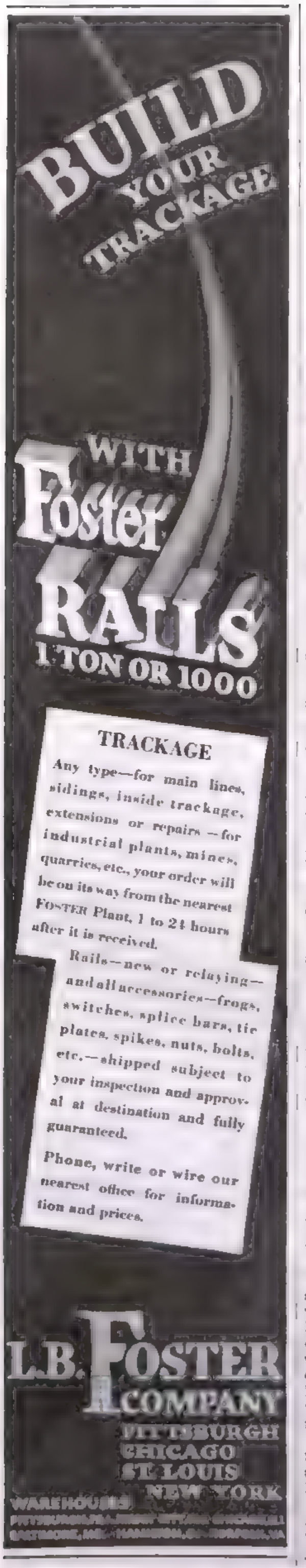
Bankers From the Hinterlands

James G. Blaine, president of Fidelity Trust and grandson of the Maine man who missed the White House by fewer than 2000 New York votes, was born in the city, but lived most of his life in New England, returning to New York only in 1919. A Canadian, John W. Platten of Port Perry, Ontario, who spent many years with the Erie and Lehigh Valley railroads, heads the United States Mortgage & Trust Company. Mortimer N. Buckner, chairman of New York Trust, is from New Orleans, and the president, Harvey D. Gibson, is a New Hampshire man, formerly of the American Express Company and Raymond & Whitcomb, tourist agents.

There are two New Yorkers among the fourteen chief executives in the Manhattan offices of S. W. Straus & Company. The founder of this bond and investment banking house, which came from Chicago, was born in Ligonier, Indiana. Mr. Straus' vice presidents, Nicholas Roberts and Walter S. Klee, came from Springfield, Illinois, and Pittsburgh, respectively. Local men predominate in the Prudence Company, Inc. Frank Bailey, chairman, is from Chatham, New York. The president, William M. Greve, always has lived in New York.

Francis A. Goodhue, president of the International Acceptance Corporation, is from Brookline, Massachusetts. Fred N. Shepherd, executive manager of the American Bankers Association, was born at Ottumwa, Iowa, and used to be cashier of a Lewiston, Idaho, bank. Arthur J. Morris, founder of the Morris Plan banks, was born in Tarboro, North Carolina, and was a Norfolk lawyer. Frank A. Vanderlip, ex-Chicago reporter, was born in Aurora, Illinois. Howard L. Wynegar, president of the Commercial Credit Corporation, is from Greenville, Indiana. The head of the Seamen's Bank for Savings, Herbert K. Twichell, is a Vermonter from Weybridge. Samuel R. Bertron, president of Bertron, Griscom & Company, was born in Port Gibson, Mississippi. J. Horace Harding of Barney & Company, is a Philadelphian. Harry A. Kahler, president of the New York Title & Mortgage Company, born in McConnelsville, Ohio, used to be a mortgage broker in Dallas. Clarence H. Kelsey, chairman of the Title Guarantee & Trust, is from Bridgeport; the president, Clinton D. Burdick, from Smyrna, New York.

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ELSPETH COMES OUT

(Continued from Page 4)

The driveway made a steady ascent and gradually the whole Sound stretched out before us. Then it was that I got my first glimpse of the house itself. Wonderingly I looked at that stone building copied exactly after one of the famous châteaux of the Loire. To think I had ever thought the Cuttle home big and imposing!

Admitted to the house by a footman, I walked into a living room that stretched almost the entire length of the château. The walls were wainscoted in English oak and in this expanse of loamy brown wood numerous deep windows paneled the larkspur water with its swarm of white-winged boats. At one end of the hall was a balcony done in the same English oak and at the other a few charred logs lay in an enormous fireplace.

As I entered, a great Dane rose from the rug before the fire and, walking over to me, sniffed apathetically, as one enslaved by some dull and useless function. For a moment I imagined him the only living creature in the room, but as the bored animal turned away I discovered my mistake. Even more lazily than the great Dane had risen, a young girl of fifteen got up from the recesses of a big couch.

"How-do-you-do," she drawled. "I suppose you're Mrs. Pemberton. Mother's expecting you."

As she spoke, a pair of insolent turquoise eyes set very far apart over the bridge of a short straight nose traveled over me exactly as though I were part of the flora and fauna of Labrador. I on my part showed a scarcely warmer type of curiosity. For Elspeth Lyken, only child of new-found millions, was to me purely a specimen.

There were undoubtedly possibilities of beauty in Elspeth, but her present effect was almost grotesque. Although very tall, her waist was short and those long slim legs combined with a small head to make one think of a clothespin. This resemblance was heightened by the fact that she was all in beige. Shoes, stockings, simple crêpe frock, hair and skin were this same neutral tint of the homely clothespin.

As she spoke, the door opened and Mrs. Lyken herself appeared. Greeting me with effusive cordiality, she shot a nervous look at her daughter.

"Well, darling, what is it this morning?" asked she, staring at the book in Elspeth's hand.

"Vanity Fair."

"Now isn't that just like you," beamed her parent. Then, turning to me, she added, "Elspeth never wastes a second on anything trashy. They tell me at Barrett—we've just started her there, you know—that they never knew a girl with such wonderful taste in literature. Of course, though, that's in my family. My father, Doctor Bannister, is the most scholarly old gentleman—I don't believe there's a single one of Dickens' works he hasn't read."

Until the mention of her grandfather, Elspeth had never looked at her mother. At this point, however, her glance fell upon Mrs. Lyken with a light so fiercely playful that I positively started.

"Dear little muddy," she breathed, "how prejudiced you always are!" Here she took a step toward Mrs. Lyken, and with a gesture quick and maliciously voluptuous as that of a cat, that long beige-colored arm encircled the other woman's waist. "Do you know," she purred, looking down at her mother's smartly bobbed locks, "I was thinking of you, mummy, all the time I was reading. How much you do remind me of dear Becky Sharp!"

The mother met this tribute with a raised forefinger of coy depreciation. "Tut-tut," she admonished. "Elspeth mustn't flatter her poor old mother."

Suddenly then the girl's eyes met mine. At the moment they were so hard and blue that in her tanned face they glinted like jewels in some rocky quarry. I could not get away from that look, and a few moments later, as I followed Mrs. Lyken upstairs, I found myself wondering sharply about this devilish girl who had so deliberately exposed her mother's ignorance of the Victorian classic.

I had expected that my rooms would be on the second floor. But when we arrived at the hall above, Mrs. Lyken led me to another stairway.

"I think you will enjoy the third floor better," she commented over her shoulder as she began to mount. "The view up here is simply too gorgeous."

The affected lightness of her tones warned me. So did the militant cheerfulness with which she threw open a door on the third floor. I was, in fact, entirely prepared for the first glimpse of that small and miserably furnished room which Mrs. Lyken intended for my use.

I was too angry to speak, and I was about to turn on my heel when I heard light, running footsteps on the stairway. Turning around, I found Elspeth including her mother, the shabby room and my indignation with a grin of malicious amusement.

"Oh," cried she, pushing past me into the center of the room, "didn't they leave everything in good order?"

Her mother, who had looked nervous the instant she caught sight of that tall, beige-hued figure, shot her a warning glance. Elspeth, however, was blind to this signal. "Dear, yes," she reflected smilingly, "they certainly were nice chambermaids—Patsy and Mary."

There was an instant's silence so intense that one could fancy hearing the little waves in the larkspur Sound. It was I who finally broke it.

"Your daughter has told me nothing I didn't realize," I announced coldly. "And really, Mrs. Lyken, that you should think of putting your social secretary into such rooms—well, you can hardly blame me for considering any relationship between us absolutely impossible."

I thought that this would be enough. Yet I had hardly turned toward the door before Mrs. Lyken was at my side

"Wait a moment—oh, please wait!" she pleaded, laying her hand on my arm. "Believe me, you don't understand."

"Oh, I think so," I returned icily. "I understand many things about you, Mrs. Lyken. For one, that you yourself are not quite so big as your fortune."

Even that did not finish her. Pressing those stubby, manicured fingers into my arm, she looked up at me with abject entreaty.

"But I tell you it's all a mistake," she whimpered. "I hadn't meant you to stay here at all. The very idea! As if anyone would dream of insulting you like that! I was only waiting until I had your real suite on the second floor—well, you know—renovated and refurnished."

At the end she floundered desperately, but now that she had invented her explanation her whole face underwent a change Gradually I became conscious that she was staring at me with all the patient, saddened appeal of some reformer trying to find the one vulnerable spot in an armor of criminal propensities.

"Can't you try to be a little reasonable, my dear?" she urged gently. "Oh, of course I understand it so well myself—that hot Southern temper. It's something I've had to struggle against my whole life. But now at last I think I can say I've conquered it completely."

At this point Elspeth, who had been surveying her mother with eyes of sardonic amusement, uttered a shrill whoop.

Like magic faded then that holy smile of one trying to lift another human being from those treacherous bogs of the lower nature from which she herself had risen so triumphantly.

"Leave this room instantly!" she cried, and I could see that only fear of my opinion restrained her from more drastic measures of expulsion.

"*Avec plaisir,*" retorted the girl with perfect French accent, "*mon petit chou.*" Then with a gesture of demoniacal archness she placed her forefinger under her chin and dropped her mother a deep curtsy.

"Don't you dare use your French against me!"

This time the infuriated woman took a step toward the curtsying figure. Elspeth did not delay in reaching the hall, and immediately afterward we heard her laughter—a thin, granulated ribbon of sound—rolling upward from the stairs.

For a moment Mrs. Lyken peered after her. Then, with a swiftness paralleled only by the manner with which she had flown into rage, she flew into calm. When next her eyes met mine every vestige of wrath had left her face.

"Well, you have found it out," she sighed. "But"—with a gentle sigh—"how could I keep it from you for long—my one great sorrow? Elspeth is not—no, Mrs. Pemberton, why pretend after this?—Elspeth is not a lady."

I stared at the woman disbelievingly. At the time I attributed her words to the most stupendous effrontery. Later on, however, I was to discover my mistake.

As a matter of fact, Matilda Lyken succeeded always in hoodwinking herself. Always she saw herself not as a human being but as the leading character in a series of pretty sentimental tableaus. One of these tableaus was "Mrs. Lyken, simple and unostentatious possessor of millions." Another was "Mrs. Lyken, self-effacing and devoted mother of an unregenerate child." Dazzled by these affecting captions, she herself was blinded to all those qualities—the lying and the penuriousness, the ignoble ambitions and more ignoble fears—which made up the real Mrs. Lyken.

Secure now in one of her great rôles, she went on in the same melancholy tone: "And if you only knew how I've sacrificed myself for that child! Why, I've simply had no life of my own. And here I am at this very moment thinking of nothing but how to make her debut a success."

"Well," I returned dryly, "you have taken a good preliminary step. You say you have her at the Barrett School. That, you know, is considered almost equivalent to a social passport."

Mrs. Lyken shook her head mournfully. "That's exactly what I thought at first," she sighed. "But you wouldn't believe it—how that school is filled with the most awful climbers."

"Not really!"

Deaf to the sarcasm of this response, she went on breathlessly: "But it is. Why they let these upstarts in I'm sure I don't know. But there they are, and the worst thing about it is that they are the very girls Elspeth seems to prefer. There's that little Doris Knaben, for example. She simply dotes on her."

"And who is Doris Knaben?" I repeated wonderingly.

"Oh, you know. Her grandfather has a great big chain of hotels. That's why they call Doris herself the missing link. And, do you know, I simply can't break off Elspeth's friendship with this girl. In fact there's never any good trying to argue with Elspeth. She's too much like her father. Both of them are just as hard and cynical as they can be. Oh, how can people be like that, Mrs. Pemberton? I'm sure I don't know, for I myself am just all heart."

I did not take up the matter. I allowed Mrs. Lyken to think that she had made a satisfactory diagnosis of her trouble. And at this point I went back to a former issue.

"And now, how about this room?" I began.

She gave my arm a playful squeeze. "Now don't you worry about that," she flashed back with a gleam of her perfect

(Continued on Page 146)

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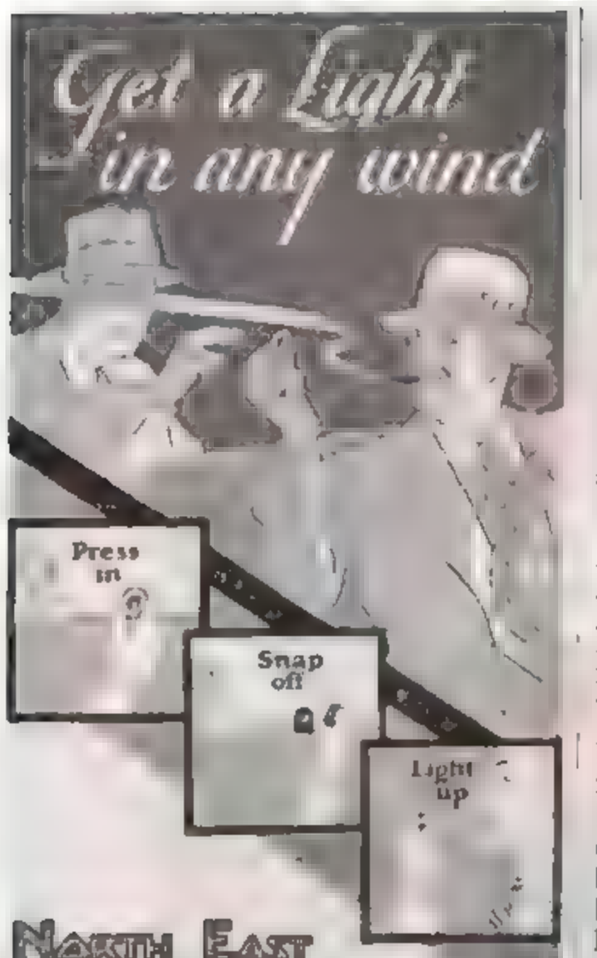

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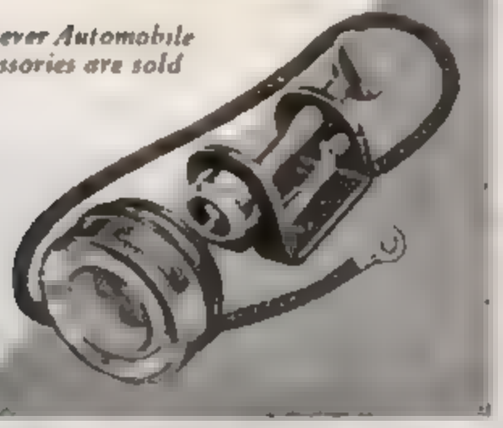

NORTH EAST

Rochester New York

STARTERS · GENERATORS IGNITION · HORNS SPEEDOMETERS CIGAR LIGHTERS

(Continued from Page 144)

teeth. "Of course I never meant to put you up here permanently."

Here I looked at Mrs. Lyken and Mrs. Lyken looked at me. From that one glance I gathered the full significance of our future relationship. I knew that Mrs. Lyken disliked me as much as she needed and feared me.

III

WHY was it that I consented to enter the Lyken household? I cannot explain it except on the ground that I had opened a book and could not bear to lay it down. Mrs. Lyken herself would have inspired no such curiosity, but I must admit that from my very first glimpse of Elspeth I had begun to wonder. What was there under the mask of mocking dislike that she wore in her mother's presence? What would be the future of this heiress to millions—this brilliant, unpleasant, yet absolutely arresting schoolgirl?

Whatever my motives, I went to Lyken Hold permanently just two weeks after my first entrance. Elspeth was still at school. Mr. Lyken, whom I had not yet met, was on a business trip to Europe. Mrs. Lyken had not yet moved from her New York hotel and, save for a few servants, I was left alone in the great châteaulike house.

At first I found so much to do that I did not mind my solitude. For Mrs. Lyken had commanded me to reorganize the entire household, and my first week was spent in engaging servants.

"Now, Mrs. Pemberton," my employer had admonished me, "I want you to be very particular—especially about the butler. Don't engage anybody unless he has—well, background."

She was equally explicit on the subject of her personal maid. "I want an English girl. No more of those French maids." This was her unexpected command.

"But," I protested, "they are so convenient to brush up your French."

She stared at me with incredible loftiness. "Mrs. Pemberton," she retorted, "the truth of it is that French is entirely too light-minded for me. You see, my dear father brought me up on Greek and Latin and I'm completely spoiled for these modern languages."

The thought of Mrs. Lyken lingering austerely on her classic summits far above the cheap distractions of French verbs was almost too much for me. But I managed to keep a straight face. Subsequently I hired as her personal maid an English lass called Lucy. She was easy enough to get. So were the footmen, maids and launderesses. Not so, however, the butler.

The first man whom I sought for this position had been with Mrs. Cuttle's friend, Mrs. Armington Squibbs, for a number of years. Now, when I informed him who were his prospective employers, he surveyed me with mute reproach.

"But how should I be able to explain it to my friends if I came to these Lykens?" he asked plaintively.

In vain I tried to tempt him with fifty dollars more a month than he had ever received. Shaking his head stubbornly, he left me to reflect once more upon the innate snobbery of these pundits of the backstair world.

Just as emphatic was Bolling, another famous butler of New York's haughtiest circles. "Indeed no, Mrs. Pemberton," he protested; "at my time of life you can't expect me to break in these new people."

At last, though, I came upon Harleigh. He arrived at Lyken Hold by way of Bond Street, and so perfect were his clothes that ever afterward I had an uneasy feeling that I should be left with a mere prince on my hands. Who knew what trivial happening—prick of pin or word of stranger—might release him from the wicked enchantment that had turned him into a butler?

"I understand," began Harleigh, "that these Lykens are not—well, what one might call established socially. However, I myself am quite inured to that sort of thing after my shocking experience with Viscount Bockton."

"Ah, your last place, I see," commented I, glancing at his references. "What position did you occupy there?"

"I was groom of the chambers, madam," he returned with much dignity.

"Oh, indeed! And exactly what does that mean?"

"Well, you see, madam, it was my duty to oversee all of the rooms, and sometimes when Lady Bockton wanted a bit of sleep I would be stationed in the hall to see that no one disturbed her. The position itself was well enough, had it not been that the people were so shocking. You see, Viscount Bockton had started out as a mere manufacturer of soap and he got his title too late ever to do much about it."

In the end Harleigh promised to come to me, and he chanced to arrive on the very day when Mrs. Lyken herself returned to her estate. When I told her that I had engaged a butler fresh from a titled English family, I did not deem it necessary to add that the title was what one might call flippantly either a soap bauble or a wash-out. Ignorant of this fact, she radiated the most perfect bliss.

"Oh, how perfect," she cooed. "And what did you say he was on the other side—groom of the chambers, was it? Oh, I never heard of anything more quaint and ideal. Why, just that he's English is enough. Weren't we lucky to get him before he was spoiled by America?"

To Harleigh himself her manner was almost obsequious. "Of course," so I heard her saying to him, "this is all very different from England, isn't it? No tenantry, nor deers, nor any of the really worth-while things."

"Oh, but I assure you, madam," retorted Harleigh, "Viscount Bockton and Lady Bockton would quite open their eyes were they to see Lyken Hold. Their own place is quite humble in comparison."

Mrs. Lyken's short upper lip lifted into an arc of sugary contentment. "But," she reflected soulfully, "isn't that the way with aristocrats the world over? Everywhere you find them, they are just simple, unaffected people with just one thought—getting away from all this silly show. But, as for me, I don't dare be selfish much longer, Harleigh. No, for my little girl is growing up and she needs more gayety than we can give her at Lyken Hold. Next year, Harleigh, we'll be taking you either to Newport or Bar Harbor."

I made no comment upon these final words at the time, but several days later I said to my employer, "Did I understand you to say that next summer you were going to Newport or Bar Harbor?"

"Yes," she replied, "our plans are all made. Naturally we shall always keep this place, but it was a great mistake to build here, so far away from all my friends."

"And who are your friends, Mrs. Lyken?"

She gave me a quick, startled look. "Oh, I don't know," she returned. "Mrs. Van Feder Nest for one."

I hesitated for a second, and when I finally spoke, a real wish to give my employer conscientious service was back of the apparent cruelty of my words.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Lyken," said I slowly, "that you are too trusting. Mrs. Nest is no real friend of yours. Neither is any other society leader that graciously permits you to give ten thousand dollars to her pet charity."

I had interfered with one of her favorite tableaus—that entitled: "Mrs. Lyken, accepted member of New York's most exclusive coterie"—and how she hated me for it!

"Come!" cried I, fronting that long sullen glare. "Why shouldn't we be honest with each other, Mrs. Lyken? Don't you see that's the only way to be if I am to help you? Now you and I both know that New York society is not—well, not exactly at your feet. There's a long battle ahead before it ever will be. That's why I advise you not to go to Newport or Bar Harbor before four or five years have gone by. I've seen the way they treat outsiders there and I know that you'd be snubbed right and left."

I had stripped her now of all her psychic finery and for a moment her stark, defeated eyes met mine in silence.

"Then where shall I go?" she muttered sullenly.

"To Southampton," I answered promptly. "There you'll find a younger crowd, and one much more friendly to newcomers. And with this young daughter of yours at Barrett—after all, Mrs. Lyken, your best weapon is bound to be Elspeth. By the time that she makes her debut——"

"Her debut!" cried my employer, and she struck her fist on the little Provençal table at which we sat with such violence that the vase of roses jingled. "Do you suppose she'd ever do anything to help me?"

At this moment Reynolds, one of the tall handsome footmen whom I had engaged, came into the room. At sight of him, Mrs. Lyken's rage changed swiftly to terror. What would Reynolds think of the outburst he had interrupted?

The footman had brought me a letter. It was from a New York newspaper that wanted to run a Sunday story about Lyken Hold and asked permission to send out a reporter and photographer.

Mrs. Lyken's short upper lip described a radiant arc. "Well," she reflected smilingly, "I guess now they'll find out a thing or two about this place. Why, they haven't any idea what a palace it really is. Mr. Verlaine says there isn't a finer estate in America, and he's seen them all."

Following her instructions, I wrote the newspaper that very day to the effect that we should be glad to have their reporter and photographer come down the following week. From that time forth Mrs. Lyken was wrapped in deep thought. She was trying to decide what to tell the reporter about her ancestors.

At last she shared this natural perplexity with me. "Do you think it would be all right," she ventured, "to tell him about the Bannisters being descended from William the Conqueror? We really are, you know. That geologist we got to look up the family said so."

I did not correct her mistake. Somehow "geologist" seemed to sum up better than the normal term the patient scientific spirit of that gentleman who had undertaken to trace the prints of regal ancestors on this stony surface before me. Smiling at the image, I shook my head.

"No, no, that won't do. It's much too common."

She stared at me with indignant stupefaction. "What! You call being descended from William the Conqueror common!"

"Oh, indeed yes! According to authorities, poor old William has millions of descendants in the world today."

"You mean to say it isn't going to be any use to us," wailed she—"and after we spent five hundred dollars to find out."

"I'm sorry," answered I quite gently, "but you've fallen into the same error so many strangers in New York society make. As a matter of fact, these society people are not impressed one iota by any remote European ancestry. The only thing they recognize is Colonial or Revolutionary. But," I added somewhat mischievously, "that oughtn't to be a bit hard for you. How about a general or a judge? Can't you think of one in your father's Virginian family?"

She looked down at the toe of her pump. "Oh, I haven't a doubt there are hundreds of them," she murmured. "Father would know of course."

"Then write to him at once."

Again she looked down. When she lifted her eyes, it was to confess everything by one imploring glance. "You think of somebody, Mrs. Pemberton," she begged. "Think—think! Who could the Bannisters be related to?"

"Well, how about General Lysander Bannister—wasn't he one of Washington's staff?"

"That's the one!" cried she in jubilant relief. "That's the very one—General Lysander Bannister—Cousin Lysander. If

(Continued on Page 148)

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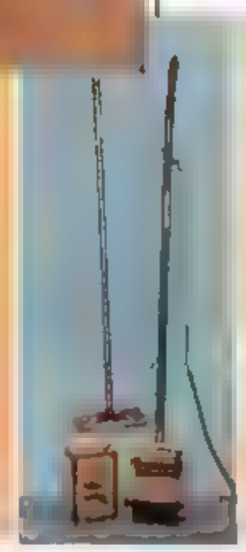

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LINOLEUM · AND · AUTOMOBILES

FOR SAMPLE AND VALUABLE BOOKLET . . . MAIL THIS COUPON

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. W-10, Racine, Wis.

Send me enough Johnson's Liquid Wax to finish my dining room table or the floor of a small room. Also your beautifully illustrated booklet on the care of floors and furniture. I enclose 10c in stamps for postage.

What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Polishers? ☐

NAME ADDRESS

CITY STATE

"In this next scene you are escaping from the villain when one of your tires blows out."

"Then I ought not to use this car—you want to make the thing look reasonable."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, this car has Kelly-Springfield tires all around."

Continued from Page 146

you only knew how often I've heard father talk about him! And to think I would forget!" She hesitated for a second and then she stared at me with childlike appeal. "Couldn't I—don't you think it would be possible to get a portrait of Cousin Lysander?" she asked. "Something to hang up before the Gadfly sends its men down? Suppose I call up Mr. Verlaine right away?"

I did not reply; but as she reached the door on her excited quest of the telephone, I called after her, "May I make one suggestion, Mrs. Lyken?" She wheeled about with widened eyes. "It's simply this," said I dryly. "If I were you I wouldn't refer to General Bannister as Cousin Lysander. That sounds as if you were a contemporary of his. In fact I'm sure that if you refresh your memory a bit you will recall your father saying 'My Great-granduncle Lysander.'"

IV

DURING those first weeks Lyken Hold lay under an enchantment of calm. Could anything have been more different from Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's establishments, flurried constantly by their house parties and balls, their dinners and excursions, than the even surface of these spring days? And what served to intensify the contrast was the very similarity of mechanism.

Here, as at Mrs. Cuttle's, the same wagonload of flowers drove up every morning for distribution throughout the house. Here, as at my former employer's, the rooms were meticulously and invisibly cleaned each day. Now, as of yore, stately footmen moved over the soft rugs. And even more impressive than Parrins had ever been was the princely Harleigh as he served Mrs. Lyken her solitary meals in the great Jacobean dining room.

But the lonely château with its perfunctory servitors—why, it was like the palace of Sleeping Beauty. There was no life in all this mechanical routine. We all seemed waiting—waiting for some vivifying touch.

My own life, as compared with the feverish activity demanded by Mrs. Cuttle's social program, was indeed trancelike. Instead of the myriads of invitations, regrets and acceptances incidental to a social leader, correspondence here was limited to a few business communications. A social secretary at Lyken Hold was, in fact, quite as ironic a touch as a sunshade at the North Pole.

Coming into possession of such leisure, I looked around at once for some books. I found exactly six in the whole great château, and these were selected with such discrimination that I have always suspected our butler's predecessor left them there.

"I thought your daughter was such a bookworm," I remarked to my employer one day.

"So she is," was the retort. "But I've packed away all her books in the cellar. They just ruined the looks of her rooms."

One day, however, she entered my suite with a book in her hand "I've found something for you!" she cried. "It's called Huckleberry Inn."

"Huckleberry Inn?" I repeated.

It was not until I looked at the volume with my own eyes that I identified it with Mark Twain's masterpiece.

As for Mrs. Lyken, her one resource was fancywork. She knitted and embroidered with a kind of fanatical intensity that betrayed the whole force of her checked ambition. Had Samson been allowed knitting needles at Gaza, he would have handled them in precisely the same way.

The single interruption in our calm stretch of days was the visit of the reporter and his photographer. Before this event, however, Verlaine, the famous New York decorator, now at work on the Lykens' New York home, had sent us down a portrait of "Cousin" Lysander Bannister. This hand-picked ancestor did not turn out very well. His face was the kind that Swiss mountaineers carve on salad forks. But this fact did not influence my employer. She had the portrait hung in the great living room, and when the press representative came in, almost her first words were: "And here, you see, is my cousin—I mean, of course, my great-granduncle, General Lysander Bannister."

As May progressed other large homes in the unfashionable vicinity of Lyken Hold began opening up, and nowadays when we went out for the afternoon drive that was part of our somnolent routine we met dozens of cars rivaling our own in splendor and equipment. With a few of the inmates of these Mrs. Lyken exchanged a perfunctory nod, but for the most part we passed our neighbors in glacial stiffness.

"Who are the people that live around here?" I asked one day.

"Oh, my dear," replied she with a curl of the lip, "they're just millionaire tradesmen, that's all. Of course lots of them called on me last summer, but I think it's wrong to encourage them just for company out here, when I'd have to drop them all the minute I get back to town."

But one day as she spied a big foreign car approaching us on our daily drive her face lighted up.

"There comes Isobel Torrence," she breathed excitedly and, taking up the speaking tube, she directed the chauffeur to stop.

The other vehicle stopped almost simultaneously, and from it stepped a slim and elegant figure in the smartest of sports clothes. She descended to the road to meet Mrs. Lyken, and as she did so, eyes that were like the most velvety of brown pansies shot at me a glance so incisive in its impudent inquiry, so full of a dare-devil alertness, that I was absolutely electrified.

"Who is Isobel Torrence?" I asked my employer after we had resumed our course.

"Isobel! Why, of course, you must have heard about her. She was Isobel Dercum, daughter of the man that was always called the millionaire scholar. Isobel was brought up abroad, and always in the most expensive way."

"But who is she now?" I persisted.

Subsequently I found out all that I wished to know. Mrs. Torrence had been married four times and, as each of her tandem of husbands had been recruited from one class at a certain university, she was known variously as "The lass motto of 1908" and the "declass-eight." That she was *déclassée* was indisputable. This fact was due, however, not so much to the variety of her husbands as to the variety of her adventures. Everybody remarked that with Isobel Torrence marriage was both the prologue and epilogue of a scandal.

But, although banished now from the circles in which she was brought up, Mrs. Torrence retained one of her girlhood friends. When I heard that she still continued to see Mrs. Percival Squiffen Van Cleft, member of Mrs. Cuttle's group, I began to understand the Christian leniency of Mrs. Lyken's attitude and why, in Isobel's case, she departed from the contemptuous indifference displayed to the neighborhood in general. I was not surprised to hear her say, soon after this encounter in the road, that she was going to give a luncheon for Mrs. Torrence's imminent house party.

She was much excited over this, the first of her social adventures, and two days beforehand she began to plan the menu.

"I think we'll start with a cream soup," she announced to Harleigh and me one morning as we were both consulting with her. "And, Harleigh, I want you to use those wonderful bouillon cups we had made for us at Sèvres."

Harleigh's jaw dropped and his blue eyes grew wild. For a second neither of us spoke. It was I who finally voiced our joint protest.

"But, Mrs. Lykens," I murmured, "you're surely not thinking of bouillon cups for a formal luncheon—and with a thick soup too!"

For an instant the old familiar fear of self-betrayal peeped out of her eyes. Then

(Continued on Page 151)

Hospital superintendents throughout the country say . .

"Insist on three qualities when you buy toilet paper"

THINK what it means when the medical director of a great hospital buys toilet tissue. The safety and comfort of thousands depend on his judgment.

When such an authority says it is unsafe to buy "just any" toilet paper, every wife and every mother must listen.

In 213 hospitals, in all parts of the country, they recently told us how they select toilet paper. "For safety," they said, "we make sure of these three qualities: Complete absorbency, great softness, chemical purity."

Yet today many papers are glazed. Harsh. They can cause injury. They are especially dangerous for children and elderly people to use. Every housewife should know these plain facts and should know as well that there are two tissues she can choose with perfect safety.

Two tissues that doctors themselves approve

You take no chances with inferior, unsafe toilet papers when you ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf.

"I regard ScotTissue," says the former head nurse of a famous sanitarium, "as an ideal form of toilet tissue. It causes no abrasions and always leaves the surface perfectly dry."

A national authority, Dr. J. F. Montague of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, in his book, "Troubles We Don't Talk About,"* recommends a "tissue, such as ScotTissue, which is soft and free from alkali bleaching material. By its gentle use," he says, "we can accomplish cleansing without damage to the skin."

* * *

Scott tissues are *special* tissues. From the standpoint of comfort—as well as of health—their superiority is apparent. Feel their astonishing softness, like old linen . . . Drop them into water and notice how instantly they sink: proof of their greater absorbency . . . Yet they are strong tissues. They tear evenly—surely. They contain no impure by-products; no acids, nor alkalis.

From now on—when you buy toilet paper, ask for these safe tissues, tissues that your own doctor would approve for your family's use—ScotTissue or Waldorf. More than 107,000,000 rolls are being bought this year by careful housewives. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Buyers of hospital supplies say from experience:

"Inferior toilet paper is a decided menace. There is no doubt it can cause injury to mucous membrane."

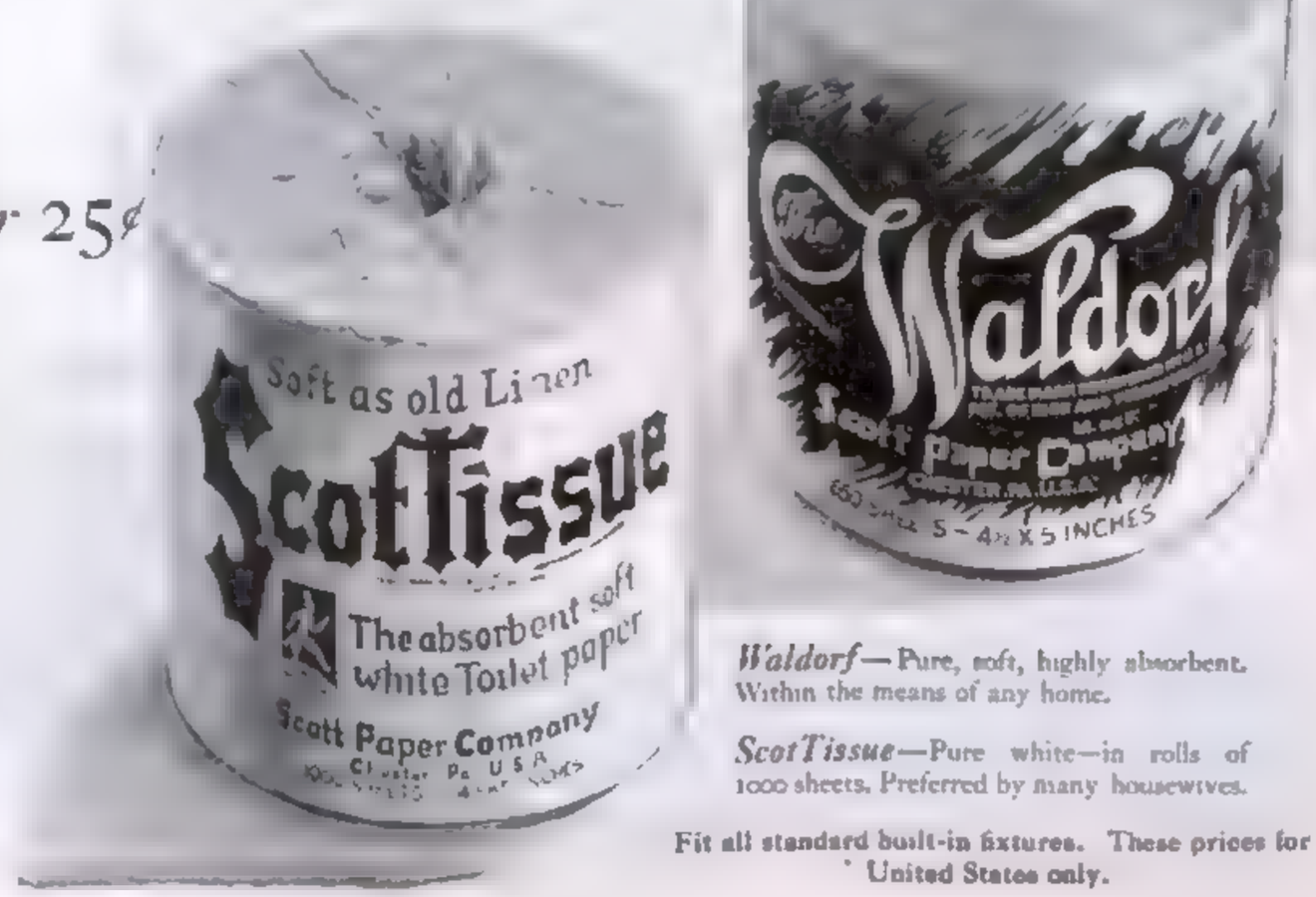
"I should be cautious in accepting just any toilet paper that might be offered to me."

"I always look for a paper that is neither alkaline nor acid, and that is absorbent and soft."

"Twice I have had occasion to refuse shipments of toilet paper on account of harshness."

"I take the greatest pains in purchasing supplies of toilet paper for my hospital; my choice is governed by absorbency, softness and strength."

Warning to Careful Housewives—Everywhere the story is the same. The records of 213 hospitals, the experience of 580 practising physicians recently questioned, the testimony of noted surgeons and specialists all point to the fact that inferior toilet papers are an actual menace to health. Certainly your family and your guests should be protected. Provide them with ScotTissue or Waldorf.



Waldorf—Pure, soft, highly absorbent. Within the means of any home.

ScotTissue—Pure white—in rolls of 1000 sheets. Preferred by many housewives.

Fit all standard built-in fixtures. These prices for United States only.

*Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

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Said a SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper

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The Council had approved plans and estimates for two parks in the country, totaling 1,790 acres. The city needed them. They were intended as country retreats for city workers. They cost nearly a million dollars.

The President got the plan ready to submit to the voters of the city. But *first* he came to the local SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper for its support.

The plan was sound and the measure progressive. The editor was delighted. Promptly and vigorously, he presented the advantages of these parks to the public. As energetically as his paper had once fought every move of a corrupt administration in this same city, it now concentrated the full force of its columns on the passage of this bill.

And the entire program went through exactly as planned. The public was ready for it, and knew the facts about it through a newspaper that had already established a reputation for fair dealing.

News . . . local, state, foreign, financial, political, sport . . . To seek and print all kinds of news is the primary purpose of the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers. But they prefer good news to bad. And nothing pleases them better than to throw their weight on the positive side of every movement that can justify itself. Their sign is plus, not minus . . . which does the advertiser prefer?

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PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*

AKRON *Times Press* YOUNGSTOWN *Telegram* KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* FORT WORTH . . *Press* EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
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(Continued from Page 148)

suddenly her jaw set. "You heard what I said," she replied sullenly.

We said nothing more. But Jean, the famous French chef whom I had engaged, was less reserved.

"*Sacré!*" he screamed. "I weel not make eet—ze tick soup! Me, I am artiste!"

"Nonsense," said I curtly. "Nobody is going to blame you. Make her flour paste if she wants it."

The guests at the luncheon were each significant of this changed world with which I had now cast my fortunes. Here, in place of the groups that used to gather together in the living room of Mrs. Cuttle's estate on the Hudson, were some eight women representing the loneliest outposts of New York society. Several of them, like Mrs. Torrence, were *déclassée*. The others could not even aspire to that insult. They had never had any class from which to be exiled.

First of all, there was the Comtesse de Brouat, an American show girl who had divorced two Americans to take shelter under one of the most weather-beaten titles in France. Next, there was a tall blond woman who looked absolutely wasted on such peaceful pursuits as our cream soup and our compotes. With her Valkyrie-like physique and the war whoops that she substituted for laughter, Mrs. Sigmund would have made an excellent rapid-transit system to Valhalla. This latter, known to me because of the newspaper prominence she had gained when a widely known banker had willed her a substantial part of his fortune, served as a wonderful foil to young Miss Seton, daughter of an English actor with social aspirations. Here was a girl who looked as if she had stepped straight from the hollyhock beds of an English rectory, and certainly her conversation did not violate this appearance. Throughout the afternoon she kept speaking of "the dear little goldfish" she had left behind her with the gardener.

But if one demanded the climax to that contrast drawn so sharply between Lyken Hold and my former *milieu*, one sought it in the hostess herself. Where were the fearlessness of public opinion and the complete self-expression which had made Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle leader for so many years of New York and Newport? One looked vainly for those old impressive qualities in poor Mrs. James Lyken, inhaling her vowels, acting in her tableaus, fearful lest she should not impress her guests with her importance.

She had pointed out to everybody the portrait of General Lysander Bannister. She had made not less than six references to the English butler who had been groom of the chambers to Viscount and Lady Bockton. But it was not until her guests were ready to leave that she betrayed the real purpose of that luncheon. Then, with a ponderous lightness, she turned to Mrs. Torrence.

"Now, my dear," said she, laying her stubby, manicured fingers on the slim arm of the "lass motto," "you'll be sure to let me know about that young violinist Mrs. Squiffen Van Clef is so much interested in. Tell her that I shall be so glad to meet her next autumn and talk over plans for helping him."

After that luncheon Harleigh called upon me in my office, and Harleigh shook his handsome head mournfully. "In my opinion, madam," he vouchsafed, "Grade B is alike the whole world over. This afternoon I might have fancied that I was at one of Lady Bockton's teas."

This criticism, the most blasting which our butler had to offer, did not set apart Harleigh from the other members of our household. As time went on, those eighteen servants at Lyken Hold became progressively dissatisfied with their employer. For this phenomenon I was utterly unprepared. For, savage or indifferent as Mrs. Cuttle might have shown herself to her vassals, she always claimed their respect. I fear that no spiritual values were involved in this difference. Mrs. Cuttle's better fortune was due simply to the fact that all the rungs were below her instead of above her.

The first of a series of complaints registered with me came from Lucy, the English girl whom I had engaged as Mrs. Lyken's personal maid. One day she came into my office with her blue eyes snapping.

"I've had enough of this," she announced curtly. "I leave tomorrow."

"Why, what is the trouble?" inquired I solicitously.

"Simply this: I was engaged here neither as a nursemaid nor a stewardess. And that's what she expects me to be."

"What do you mean by that?"

"And don't I have to dress her and undress her every day as if she were something a year old?" answered the maid fiercely. "I'm tired of it; and so last night, when I unhooked her frock and took off her boots, I just says 'Good night,' says I, and leaves her to her lingerie. Well, then, and what do I find this morning when I go into her room?"

I shook my head.

"No," stormed Lucy, "and you'd never hit upon it if you should live to be a thousand. Believe me or not, she had got into bed exactly as I left her—stays and stockings and everything still on—precisely as if she had been taken bad in the Channel. She's up there now in her bath, and I'll wager that her clothes are still on. And that's exactly where they're going to stay if it rests with me. I'm used to real ladies and I can't stick it a moment longer."

There was only one thing to do. Tactfully as possible I explained to my employer that she had overstepped the boundaries of a personal maid's dignity and that Lucy was only a minister to the exterior. She met this announcement with the same sullen look that had greeted my suggestion regarding the bouillon cups. It was not until a day afterward that she located an explanation for her conduct.

"You know," she said to me then, "I suppose it's very hard for us Southern women to adjust ourselves to a different type of servants. Here am I, for example, just so used to being dressed and undressed by my old mammy that I don't know how to behave up here in the North."

I had been at Lyken Hold almost a month and in that time Elspeth had never spent a week-end with her mother. One morning I asked Mrs. Lyken when she expected her.

"Friday evening," retorted she gruffly. "She would have come long ago if I had let her bring that little climber Doris Knaben along with her. Why does that girl have to be so much like Jim Lyken?"

We were standing in the sitting room of her suite, and at this moment my eye fell upon a large photograph standing on the Louis Quatorze desk. Many times before I had scrutinized this likeness of James Lyken and had tried to read something of the character back of those light, widely spaced eyes. Today I was moved to ask my first question concerning his whereabouts.

"When do you think your husband will be back from Europe?" I asked suddenly.

She turned upon me sharply, as much as to say, "Heavens, why do you have to bring up all these unpleasant subjects at the same time?" Audibly she replied, "Hmph! And do you suppose he'd ever let me know? Not he."

Friday afternoon about four one of our big limousines deposited Elspeth at the door. I happened to be alone in the great living room when she entered and I was surprised by the friendliness with which she greeted me.

"How-do-you-do, Mrs. Pemberton," said she. And then, after she had shaken hands, she looked at me with the most mature of quizzical smiles. "So they've committed you to Lyken Hold, have they?" she added.

Meanwhile the Great Dane which had greeted me so apathetically had abandoned himself to real emotion. His tail was waving furiously, and just as she last spoke he jumped up to put his paws on the girl's shoulders.

"Nice Fafnir," said she caressingly, looking into his eyes and stroking his head with her slim, gloved hand. Then again she turned to me. "Don't you think it's a nice name I've given him?" she asked. "Fafnir, you know, because he guards the golden hoard."

Before I had time to reply, she had given a whoop so loud that Reynolds, the footman, then on his way upstairs with her bags, turned around. Following the direction of her eyes, I discovered the cause of this sudden outburst. Elspeth had seen for the first time the portrait of her mother's ancestor.

"Who's the old nutcracker in the uniform?" she cried.

"That," said I gravely, "is your grandfather's great-granduncle—General Lysander Bannister."

She clapped her palm over her mouth to stifle another war whoop. Then she began laughing—that thin granulated laughter which made derision gain some extra edge. "Oh, what a whopping lie!" she cried as her mirth subsided.

She was not allowed to finish this revelation, for suddenly her mother spoke from the balcony at the end of the living room.

"Elspeth Lyken, don't you dare say that isn't your ancestor!" commanded my employer, who, unobserved by either of us, had emerged from an upper door leading to the balcony.

In an instant the girl's face changed. Again the wideset turquoise eyes filled with that light of cruel playfulness I remembered so well. At first she neither moved nor spoke. Then with quick steps I saw her cross the hall and stand by the balcony steps.

"*Ma pauvre chère maman,*" cried she, looking up at her mother's irate figure, "*comment tu as exaltée aujourdhui!*"

As she heard that voice mocking her with its caressing French intonations, Mrs. Lyken started down the stairs. Her daughter, thoroughly aware of the meaning of this advance, waited until she had descended. Then, with incredible swiftness, she darted past her mother and in an instant she had gained the balcony. Here she paused for a second and, throwing kisses with the lavish grace of a prima donna, backed toward the door.

I did not see her after this for some hours. She retreated to her own suite, where Reynolds served her dinner. Mrs. Lyken also absented herself that evening, and for three hours the Great Dane and I kept lonely vigil in the living room. It had been a hot, sultry day and just after nine a high gale came up from the Sound. There was no rain, but lightning tore through the black sky and the thunder was so terrific that I trembled with each fresh clap.

Now, in this storm the great house seemed more leaden than ever; its sense of some sleeping palace more ominous. Finally I could bear it no longer. Throwing down the novel just sent me by a friend, I went up to my own rooms. Hardly had I entered, however, before a timid rap sounded on my door. I opened it to find Harleigh outside, and I knew from his face that something had happened.

"If you please, madam," said he, "there's been an accident. Captain Endicott has just rescued three boys almost drowned in the storm. Now I've come to ask your permission to give them hot tea and bouillon."

"Ask my permission?" I repeated almost indignantly. "Why, you wouldn't hesitate, would you—not in the case of three drowning boys?"

Harleigh shrugged his shoulders. "Well, madam," returned he, "I was only thinking of Lady Bockton when I asked."

I was about to reply when Elspeth opened the door of her own suite far down the hall. She was dressed now in lounging pajamas, and as she came toward us I had an impression of turquoise crêpe and silver cloth.

"What in the world has happened?" asked she of Harleigh. "I happened to look out of my window, and there was Captain Endicott carrying a man into the kitchen."

As soon as Harleigh had explained, her brows knitted. "How about some warm clothes?" she asked.

"Oh, that's all attended to. Between Reynolds and me, we've got them all in dry things."

"But maybe there's something else we can do. . . . Come on, Mrs. Pemberton," whispered she, "let's go down and see."

"Oh, no; no, no, Miss Lyken," protested Harleigh with a worried glance at Mrs. Lyken's door. "I'm sure your mother would not approve of that. It's really not a sight for your eyes."

"Rot!" said she curtly. "Anything in this world's a sight for my eyes. . . . Come, Mrs. Pemberton. I'm going," and linking her arm in mine, we followed the horrified butler down to the kitchen.

As we opened the kitchen door we came upon a scene that has never since left my memory. Three men were stretched on the floor in front of the big gas range, and over them stooped Reynolds and Mr. Endicott, the captain of the Lyken yacht. One of the parlor maids had evidently put a kettle of water on the range, and beside her a frightened-looking chambermaid stared with drooping jaw at those three figures on the floor.

"Humph," said Captain Endicott, looking up at our entrance. "I can tell you that was a close shave. I thought sure I'd never get to these boys in time."

At first sight of the rescued boys Elspeth had drawn back a step. Then, with curious, fascinated eyes, she walked slowly nearer. Stopping close in front of them, she stared down at the white swollen faces without saying a word. As she did so, the boy in the center slowly opened his eyes. Gropingly those eyes found the turquoise ones above him. Having found them, his gaze steadied. With the solemnity of one coming back, after many years, from long distances to something he had always known, this stranger claimed Elspeth Lyken.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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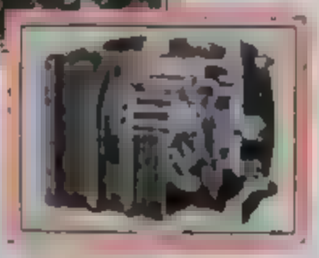

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"PANAMA—3000 MILES AWAY"

(Continued from Page 9)

"Say, I ain't thought a real thought since I been away. These bozos ashore don't give ya nothin' to think about except how foolish they are an' how rich they c'n git by talkin' wise. Ya gotta have somethin' more. I useta think it was somethin' to work your imagination, but imagination ain't thinkin'; it's sort of grousin' about somethin' you'd like the world t' be. Thinkin's sort of diff'rent. Thinkin's trying ta find out what the world is."

"I guess you're right. Yeah. But that don't do you no good either, because anybody who's wise knows that the world is three squares a day and work that you like to do an' a woman for a wife you like to have around an' time to rest up in for more work. I guess that's all there is to it, Think-Tank."

"Well, maybe you're right at that, only a guy can't go on being a clam all the time."

"No, that's the point. If you got what I said, an' you know you got it an' you know why, then you ain't a clam, though. You're a wise guy."

Think-Tank's brow wrinkled. "An' if ya got it an' don't know ya got it, ya got to hustle around getting somethin' else, until ya got what ya know ya got an' are sure ya want it."

"Sure. That's it. You goin' out with us?"

"Yeah. Mr. Purdee said I could."

"Where you ridin'?"

"Here, ya big slob! Where'd ya think I'd ride—on deck in a chair? I'll show ya how ta run these kickers. This is an availability, ain't it? Yeah? Well, ya better have a good motor machinist on a job then."

Miranda slid down the river with her exhaust pipes puffing greasy black smoke into the summer air. Bowry and Fenton, with the sweat larding their faces, sat under the hatch and watched the throbbing Diesels.

"Maybe they're right!" yelled Fenton. "Maybe pig boats ain't much good no more 'cept against merchant ships an' that!"

"I dunno!" Think-Tank bellowed. "Stick a fish inta a battle wagon an' she's pretty well smashed, ain't she?"

"Yes, but they all got aeryoplanes to spot us now."

"That's true, but ya c'n spot aeryoplanes, too, can'tcha? Every time they git somethin' new in fightin' gear, somebody else gits somethin' newer than that."

"I guess you're right at that."

"Sure, I am. It's like playin' cards. Ya git a straight an' the other guy flushes ya, see? That's life."

They banged down the hatch presently and stood waiting for the crash dive to come. It came with a rush. Through the passage Bowry could see Mr. Purdee straddle the ladder down into the C. O. C., with Jacobson after him.

The Diesels came off in a howl of silence that throbbed in the drums of their ears, and the purr of the electrics started.

"Crack A vent!"

"A vent cracked, sir."

"Secure A vent!"

"A vent secure."

"Crack B vent."

Miranda dipped her nose slightly and that blind empty sense of lost headway spread through her from stem to stern. Above the purr of the electrics Think-Tank could hear the trimmer's hands thumping on the brass rims of the depth gauges in the C. O. C.

"Well, might's well get comfortable," said Fenton. "We got a long run." He picked up a gadget from the bench. "Makin' a windmill for m' kid. He's eight years old next month."

It happened at one A.M., but the news missed the first morning editions. There were extras on the streets by ten o'clock, giving the sketchy details that were known—details that glib reporters had dramatized and padded into heart-rending drama, that the workaday world might think seriously for a moment on the transitoriness of life in this vale of tears and buy the same paper, with fuller details, at four o'clock.

Past stories of disaster were dug up from morgues. Terminology was dragged out in handfuls, to be smeared through new stories. Families were interviewed, officials quoted and criticism given blandly, backed by the authority and the immunity that desk jobs give against everything but diabetes and nearsightedness. Rescue ships were photographed and glorified. Men spoke to other men about it with a solemn shake of the head. Press boats sped out at the apex of white, foamy wakes. People talked in short, low snatches. Folly it was—insane folly. A nation didn't need this sacrifice in peacetime—shouldn't make it necessary. What was the matter—equipment, men, chance? For that is the way of the world. If one man is killed, that is merely the hazard of living—too bad. But if thirty men are killed—that is folly. Unless, of course, one can erect a monument above their bones and tread softly with bowed head to lay a wreath thereon and glorify the circumstances of their death in one's next campaign speech.

Tight-lipped men, with weighted feet to their rubber suits, slipped helmets over their set faces and stepped clumsily down ladders until the waters hid everything but air lines and bubbles.

Men with free educations, who got two or three thousand a year for what the civilian calls easy work, racked their brains and knowledge to do a job in six hours less time than it takes to do it, while the man in the street called upon them mightily to do it in twelve hours less time. Funny that—how the man in the street suddenly remembers that his taxes make the service possible, when he wants something done. People in churches knelt and prayed God to be on their side once more—the side of mercy, because now in this crisis they wanted mercy.

Think-Tank raised his head and shoulders from the cold plates and stared into the icy darkness. He listened to the hollow clanks for a moment; then he moved wearily to one side and touched Fenton's sweaty face. His hand traveled on to Swede Larkin's. Slowly and with a terrible dragging sensation pulling back at him, he rose to his knees and tried to keep his head from spinning by pressing his thumb and finger into his eyeballs.

Fenton was saying, "Too bad, Think-Tank. You didn't have to get into this."

No, that was hours and hours ago. Nobody had said anything for hours and hours now. They'd just been lying there side by side, breathing slowly, with great stabs of pain under their ribs—pain that pressed with sharp steel fingers—pressed and held on like death. His hand moved on to Jacobson—"old Hash-Marks," his mind said, and spun off again.

There was something—something. He fell across Larkin's great legs, but the hand moved on and touched Mr. Rawlins' hand. Was it? He groped among the fingers.

Mr. Rawlins had said, "Men, maybe our numbers are up. Maybe they aren't. Maybe we'll never know. . . . For God's sake, keep a grip—no screaming, no banging around. Just lie quietly and take it like men. It's the Navy!"

The finger groped on and clamped around the Academy ring. Yes, Mr. Rawlins.

"Mr. Rawlins! Mr. Rawlins!" He tried to scream it out, but there was no sound left in him. His voice squeaked thinly, like a dream shout that roars in sleeping ears, but sounds off a mere gasp when it reaches the lips. He fell across Mr. Rawlins' hips. "Oh, fer Gawd's sake, sir! It's hammerin' again! Can't ya hear me? I can't take code!" He touched Mr. Rawlins' lips and crawled up beside him until his own lips were close to the officer's ear.

"Come on, baby; ya gotta hear me, I tell you! Mebbe they're tellin' us they got the slings on, Mr. Rawlins."

The ensign's lips fluttered and puffed outward. He tried to smile, for he was tearing up a dance card in Bancroft once more—tearing it up and letting the pieces drop into a potted palm while blue eyes smiled upon him.

"Mr. Rawlins, they're hammerin'!"

He stirred and tried to breathe deeply. He was tied hand and foot, but somehow he must get on his feet. His face touched the cold plates and he got an elbow under him.

"Where? Who is it? Oh, tell him I haven't got the duty!"—tired, petulant.

"Hammerin', sir—the slings maybe."

Mr. Rawlins listened.

"The deck, sir—it's listing."

Mr. Rawlins listened again.

"Can do—can do—fifteen minutes."

He collapsed suddenly and lay with the tears streaming across his temples. "They've got—us."

Think-Tank fell across him, sobbing in great, ugly convulsions. Slowly the deck listed, sliding them downward until they lay in an inert mass against the C. O. C. bulkhead, with spanners and loose gear pelting down on them and oil puddles forming around their feet.

When the light came, and the air, as the oxy torches bit into the hull, Think-Tank and Mr. Rawlins were hanging onto the bulkhead bolt heads, with hands that oozed thick dark blood.

Feet came through the hole, and legs. Slings were let in.

"In—here," gasped Mr. Rawlins. "The C.O.C. Purdee and seven others—get 'em."

Swede Larkin, his head lolling like a knot in a wet towel, was being hauled up through the hole. Jacobson went next and the two others followed.

They were laid out under pulmotors when Mr. Rawlins and Think-Tank were hauled up. They couldn't stand or keep their eyes open. Mr. Purdee came next, about gone, with six of the men from the C. O. C. They carried them into the improvised sick bay. The seventh, with a blanket over his face, was taken carefully below.

Presently Swede's lips parted.

"Tricks—ban—fine," he muttered.

It was a long empty night of floating on nothing, with bodies puffed like balloons, but anchored somehow by clanks and poundings and frightful dreams that clutched at brains and tore them with dirty finger nails. But in the morning there was sunlight and a cool breeze and great blue bowls of corn flakes in cream, with steaming cups of coffee, and nurses in crisp white to light cigarettes afterward.

Four days later Think-Tank read all about it in the papers. He saw pictures of his old liz standing on the wharf, empty and deserted, read the heartbreaking story of his last ride in it and in Miranda. He chuckled and passed the paper to Jacobson.

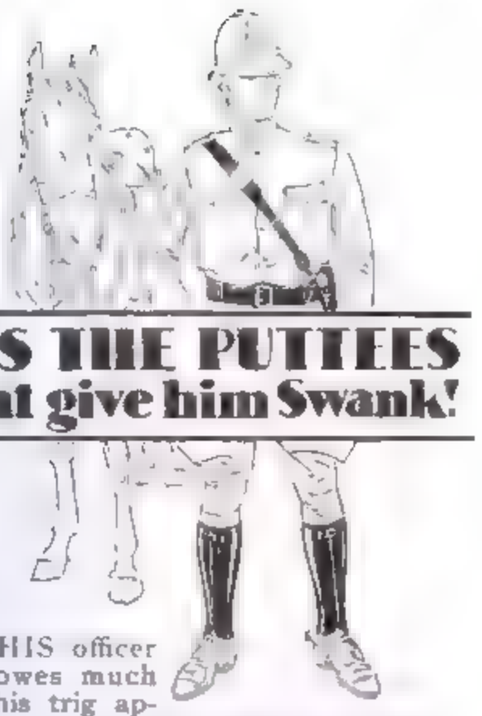
"Say, them newspaper guys sure can write, can't they?"

"Yeah," said Fenton on the other side of him. "If my kid could read all them big words about hisself he'd git such a swell head I'd have to lick him."

"But looka here," said Think-Tank. "This here guy says that nobody would care to move my liz offen the place I put it—that it's sort of sacred an' nobody would want ta touch it or use it again. Say, listen: I'd like ta show that guy somethin'. I worked on that car, I did. It's the best liz I ever seen. I bet I could get four hundred for it offen a blind man, just lettin' him hear how sweet the motor runs. I got her all painted up too. Ain't had any trouble outa it for about a thousand miles, since I went over her, an' two spare tires too."

"Ain't you ever run it into an anvil?"

"No, I ain't—whadya think of that? I ain't like these big boobs. Say, they was



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COMIN' DOWN THE RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 19)

the apple sauce in bucketfuls. The explanation generally amounted to this: If the French roads were in America, they would undoubtedly run as fast as American trains.

In 1897, to cinch the championship, so to speak, the Philadelphia and Reading put on a train between Atlantic City and Camden—on the Atlantic City Railroad—that literally knocked everybody's eye out. Between the above points this train maintained a speed of 66.6 miles an hour, and it was the fastest scheduled train in the world. It's still running—it's known as the Boardwalk Flyer—and all you have to do to ride it is to pay your fare.

The contest for more and better speed continued through the years, and after many arguments we arrive at somewhere around 1912. The six trains shown below were taken from records of approximately that date and are shown here for comparison, because these trains are all operated over fairly long distances. The Boardwalk Flyer and other runs of from 50 to 150 miles are not shown, because it's not fair to compare a short run with a long one:

Twentieth Century Limited, N. Y. C. R.R., 965 miles at 53.61 miles an hour.
Empire State Express, N. Y. C. R.R., 440 miles at 53.33 miles an hour.
East Coast Express, Great Northern & Northwestern—England—393.5 miles at 50.77 miles an hour.
Pennsylvania Special, Pennsylvania, Railroad, 905 miles at 50.22 miles an hour.
West Coast Express, London and Northwestern—England—401.5 miles at 50.18 miles an hour.
Sud Express, Orleans Railroad—French—488.1 miles at 49.30 miles an hour.

Frankly speaking, the above records mean little if anything. There is nothing analogous between French, English and American railroads except the fact that they are all railroads. Operating conditions are different, the weights of cars and locomotives are different, the service rendered varies—you can't compare two or more things unless you have some common denominator, and you haven't got it here. So the arguments in the London Times, and the competitions in speed, end in exactly the manner in which they started. They don't amount to a row of empty ginger-ale bottles with the necks busted off.

This article is not written for the purpose of discouraging high-speed trains. Far from it. But you can't judge a train by its speed. On many railroads it is a greater feat to maintain a forty-mile-an-hour schedule for a passenger train than it would be for another railroad to keep one on the sixty-mile mark. Why? Because of physical reasons, grade lines, curves, the number of stops, the amount of traffic—almost an indefinite number of reasons.

The Pay Load

The public doesn't realize the havoc fast trains can play with freight schedules. If you'll stop and consider for a moment, you'll realize that what holds true for a four-track system through the congested East isn't going to work out any too well on a single track across a desert or a mountain range—not any too often. Many railroads derive only about 10 per cent of their gross income from passenger train revenue; some don't get that much. They make their money from tonnage—freight tonnage. The only commodity a railroad really deals in is freight. And the faster they move the tonnage, the less they spend and the more they make. And as a result of this very obvious fact, which the competitions in speed seemed to obscure for a number of years, the railroads have turned to the task of raising the average speed of a box car rather than of a Pullman.

Common-Sense Railroading

There may not be so much romance in gondolas and flats and dumps and box cars as there is in the other, but there's a good many more nickels and dimes and two-bit pieces. These paragraphs are written because some of the readers will want to know why the speed of passenger trains hasn't increased. The answer is freight. The freight comes first.

This doesn't mean that a passenger train has to take siding, go in the hole, for a freight train. Absolutely not. A passenger train is a first-class train; it has rights over the freight train. But a fairly intelligent railroad operating head is not going to handicap his freight movement by engaging in more or less senseless contests to settle the burning question as to who has the most fearless engineers. What the railroad operating head is going to do is to move his loads off the system as fast as he can, keep his own cars as near his own system as practicable, and move empty cars just as few miles as the traffic department will let him. He'll keep his passenger trains on the money because it's good railroading to do so, and because he's proud of these trains, but he won't cut off his nose to spite his face. Neither would you if you were in his shoes.

As a concrete example, take two great Eastern competitors. These two railroads compete for most of the passenger traffic between Chicago and New York and both roads operate twenty-hour trains between these two points. Some years ago these two trains ran on eighteen-hour schedules, and both roads were daily expecting the other to bump a few minutes off the time. As a matter of fact, both roads had a tough time maintaining the schedule, although neither would ever admit it. They finally got together, decided that eighteen hours was unnecessarily fast, and by mutual agreement increased the time to twenty hours, and that's the way it is today. Now either company could have dropped the time to seventeen and a half hours and by herculean effort probably could have made good records for on-time runs, but they had better sense than to try it. It wasn't the practical thing to do, not even for four-track systems—and it certainly wouldn't have been good railroading.

Every passenger train you ride on, it doesn't matter if it's on a jerk-water branch line or whether it's automatic train control all the way, is operated under a speed limit. High speeds—unreasonably high speeds—are prohibited. An engineer will have no difficulty whatever in losing his job if he exceeds the speed limit. And in the cab of most passenger engines is a mechanical device known as a speed recorder, and for every mile of track traversed it writes exactly what happened and why. They have these interesting little objects in a good many freight engines too. No engineer has ever yet admitted that they come within twenty miles of being accurate.

Speed Within Limits

Speed limits vary. They may vary in different divisions on the same system, but each division has printed on the time card the speed permitted for passenger service, for freight service and for special occasions. If a dead engine, with the rods down, happens to be in a freight train, the speed of that train is restricted to less than fifteen miles an hour, because a locomotive with the rods down is out of balance, and it will knock the rails out of shape if run at even a fair rate of speed. One railroad within the last year had more than sixty miles of main-line steel battered into worthlessness simply because they had a dead engine in the train and failed to restrict the speed accordingly. Lots of trouble came of that. You aren't permitted to move a pile driver, or any other top-heavy piece of machinery, more than fifteen miles an hour.

On most Western roads the passenger-service speed limit is fifty-five miles an hour, and the engineer is permitted a ten-mile variation. The ten-mile variation means that if a train is late the engineer can whoop it up to sixty-five. On some Eastern roads the passenger limit is seventy-five miles an hour, and a limit of eighty-five miles an hour is the fastest the writer has knowledge of. In freight service slower speeds are generally enforced, but many box cars aren't unfamiliar with fifty miles an hour, and some are acquainted with even higher speeds—quite a large number of them in fact.

There are other elements that keep the speed of trains within the bounds of reason. One of them is the desire of the railroads to maintain regular arrivals and departures. But the attention of the reader is called to the fact that should passenger trains be constantly off schedule freight movement would be seriously handicapped. This, surely, is not difficult to comprehend. Freight and passenger traffic must move in conjunction, smoothly and quickly, without stand-by losses. And the railroads know that the best way to accomplish this is to keep passenger schedules within reasonable limits.

Another point: The weights of trains, of locomotives and cars, have increased enormously and yet the track has remained, fundamentally speaking, a constant. And high speeds are destructive, even to the heaviest of rails and the deepest and most carefully set ballast. For the track of today, as of years gone by, was adopted upon the acceptance of the following principle: That track must give, must be elastic, otherwise the impact of drivers and car trucks would prove ruinous. This principle was all very well for days gone by, but it works out poorly in the present, and the railroads are now engaged in learning a lesson from the highways. Concrete, or some material the equal of concrete, instead of gravel and stone, is what the railroads will probably eventually turn to. This doesn't mean that all the railroad has to do is to go out and pour a couple of miles of concrete a day and thus solve their problem. Not by a long shot. Nor does it mean that when the railroads do find this material, after experimental tracks—some now constructed—and endless tests, they'll do away with trackwalkers and maintenance-of-way men. For the highways of this country would do well to take a lesson from the railroads and maintain properly what has been constructed at so much labor and expense.

Riding in a Vacuum

To get back to the days gone by: Before the advent of the six and eight drivered passenger engine of today and the seventy-ton Pullman you rest so peacefully in, they used to sit up nights trying to figure out how to make 'em go faster. They tried out all kinds of novel ideas, and anyone who thinks the railroads never tried anything new kindly cock an ear in this direction. One of the ideas was that under certain circumstances a man could stay even with a train on a bicycle. Don't laugh—it's the truth. The man on the bicycle would get right behind the train, right behind the rear vestibule. The idea was that he wouldn't have any wind resistance to overcome because the train had taken all the air away and left a vacuum. I don't savvy how they figured the guy was going to breathe if there was nothing but a vacuum there, but they tried it.

The result of these and other tests was the windsplitter. The inventor claimed it would make traveling at 120 miles an hour as feasible as using ham with fried eggs. Somehow the idea didn't work, but not because it wasn't

(Continued on Page 162)

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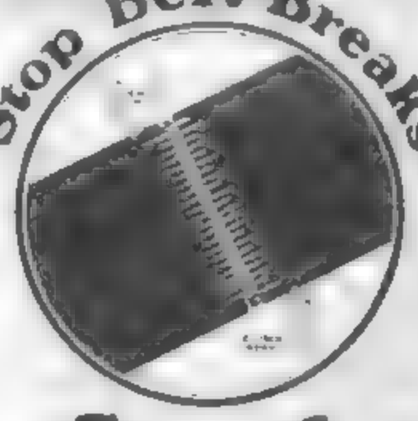

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(Continued from Page 158)

given a hearty tryout. The accouterments made a train look like a huge cigar; there was a shield that split the wind for the engine, and there were trappings that kept the coaches free and uncontaminated. The whole arrangement bore a faint resemblance to the horse of some noble knight of old off on a pilgrimage or groomed for a joust for the hand of the fair Arabella. Yeah.

Racing for High Stakes

But all of it came to naught and the railroads had to content themselves with just pushing the wind out of the way—which wasn't so bad after they got used to it.

If you care to and are interested, you can turn back a few pages in history, long before the wind-splitter and allied ailments were heard of, and all through the book you'll find references to railroads. You'll find quite a bit about the B. & O., the first of all American railroads. The B. & O. celebrated its centennial not long ago. I wonder what the shade of Peter Cooper thought when he saw locomotives from Canada, England and many United States roads, mammoth contraptions of modern railroading, parked alongside his little old Tom Thumb. His remarks were probably on a parallel with what the grasshopper said to the elephant.

One of the first, if not the first race, that a locomotive took part in was staged between the Tom Thumb and a horse. And the horse won, by gosh! Peter Cooper couldn't seem to keep the old kettle hot. But it wasn't many moons before Pete had added a few nuts and bolts and found a better way to blow on his fire, and he announced he was rarin' to go and would take on any four-footed beast on the open market—including camels, if one could be procured. Furthermore, he'd put cash on the barrel head to back up his iron steed. Strange to relate, because of the improvements the resourceful Peter had tacked on his engine, all the race horses in that neck of the woods developed strained tendons and frozen hoofs, so Peter never made any money gambling. Which is just as well, for we've got enough laws against racing horses, and one prohibiting horses from competing with locomotives would be just one more blot against the sport of kings, or whatever they call it.

During the Civil War the railroads were very active. When they weren't engaged in hauling troops and supplies from one place to another, they were being torn up. And when neither of the above was going on, they were staging races. The most famous race in the annals of railroading took place during this war, and the man that ran the Union engine put his life up as a stake to make it interesting. He lost. The General was the name of the engine the Unionists had their dimes on; you can find a detailed account of a very courageous action in any good history book. It's well worth looking up. I believe the General is now the property of the N. C. & St. L. R.R., and is on display at Chattanooga.

The Burlington puts out a yarn about Civil War days that is not so well known as the race the General took part in, nor so spectacular, but the stakes were assuredly as high. The old Hannibal and St. Joseph is part of the Burlington, and during the first year of the Civil War had plenty of tribulations. Many of these tribulations were hand-outs from private interests known as bushwhackers. The Federals took the road over and built thirteen blockhouses at various streams to protect bridges, which the bushwhackers showed an aptitude for burning. But these blockhouses didn't always seem to do the business, as witness: James McIntosh, an engineer, and the engine Chickasaw—they named all engines in those days—had a special run, headed for St. Joseph with officers of the road as passengers. As they came to the Platte River bridge McIntosh saw smoke rolling up from the structure, and a man came out on the track and signaled for McIntosh to hold up the parade. They were rambling down on the bridge at a good rate of speed, and McIntosh, instead of stopping, yanked her wide.

The conductor crawled over the tank and yelled at the engineer to stop before they were all drowned or had their necks broken—ordered him to stop. The conductor was an ardent conservative, you might say. McIntosh refused to be persuaded. He had no desire to be entertained by the bushwhackers, whose hospitality he'd heard tell of, and the burning bridge looked like the best of a rotten bargain. The enemy playfully shot out all the windows in the coaches and bounced a few bullets off the worthy Chickasaw, but everybody hugged the floor and there were no casualties except the conductor, who had a nervous breakdown. They were going so fast they crossed the bridge before the bridge was aware that liberties were being taken with it, and Mr. McIntosh brought his train into St. Joseph in good shape except for the broken windows and some peeled paint. As a sort of grand finale to the run, he sought out the highest convenient official and resigned. He joined up with the Ninth Missouri Cavalry and served through the war. He said afterward that it was a damn sight less exciting than railroading.

A Private Engineer

When Jay Gould was in his prime and all the other railroad magnates were wondering which tree would be the easiest to climb, Gould did most of his traveling, particularly through the West, behind an engineer named Kid Hadlock. Kid Hadlock took Jay Gould around the world, is the way you'd hear it expressed. At any rate, Kid Hadlock had one engine he showed a particular fondness for, numbered 264. If ever there was an engine that held a candle to the famous 999, it was the 264. As a matter of fact, according to Hadlock, the 264 extinguished the 999—made the Gold Medal Engine look like a wash bucket. There was no comparison between the two engines when it came to mechanical perfection. The 264 could leave the 999 back in the bushes on any stretch of double track in creation—absolutely. The 264 was a ten-wheeler, and she'd ride like a wild bronco on the finest stretch of track ever built, but Hadlock swore she rode like a Pullman—and to him she did.

Hadlock is dead now—been dead several years—but in his time he was as fine an engineer and as good a mechanic as could be found anywhere. He was Gould's engineer because he was the best. And this story is told of Hadlock and his engine, and the story is true. I used it not long ago to bolster up a short story and had the pleasure of getting a number of indignant letters from readers asking me to quit telling such awful lies. So it's written again to give some background to my imagination.

Gould was out on an inspection trip on one of his Western lines, and for some reason, on account of the stock market—so the story goes—his presence was required in the city. He was more than 100 miles from this city, and he told Hadlock, upon the receipt of the message calling him back, to get back to town and get there fast. Because Gould was what he was, they literally owned the railroad. They were on a mountain division. All Hadlock had to do was use his head, keep the train from falling off a cliff, and other such small items.

Staying at the Top

So they lit out. To maintain a speed of between fifty and sixty miles an hour over a mountain range is a little better than remarkable, but that's what Hadlock did And on the last stretch of the run, while roaring down a mountainside at sixty or more miles an hour, an engine truck box ran hot.

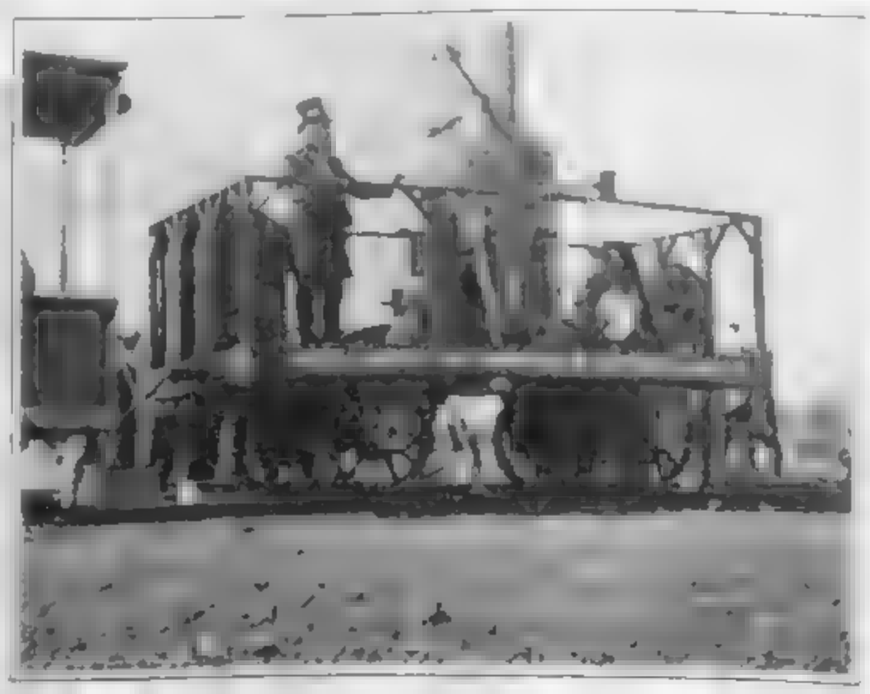
The engine truck is under the front end of a locomotive, and on some engines the leading boxes of this truck can be reached from above—the waste boxes, oil boxes, that lubricate the journals. This particular type of box was held in place by a slot and a heavy bolt, with a split key—big cotter key—to retain the bolt. It's barely possible to take one of these boxes out from above, but it takes a man with an iron nerve and extraordinary ability to perform such an operation. But Hadlock did it, upside down, on the front end of the 264! He got it out, repacked it, soaked it in oil and replaced it! And he was going down a mountainside and around dangerous curves at better than sixty miles an hour when he did it! The story further tells that Gould arrived in the city in time to prevent some of his financial playmates from swiping everything but the switch stands off one of Gould's pet railroads.

There are innumerable instances of splendid feats requiring courage and skill in train and engine service. The wildest flights of imagination can't equal what can actually happen. Twice, to my knowledge, firemen have run out on the running board and down on the pilot, and there, leaning forward and holding on by their teeth, have picked small children up from between the rails when the engineer couldn't stop in time. And here's a yarn that for strength and resourcefulness, not to mention impossibility, I've never heard equaled:

We'll call him Jake. Though he's alive today and in regular service, I don't think he'll mind. He came off the farm and got a job in a roundhouse, cleaning out cinder pits. Later he wiped engines, later became a machinist's helper, then a helper apprentice. He was always trying to do his job a little better than it had ever been done before, and make it a little better job. The foreman took an interest in him and put him out on the road. He became one of the best firemen on the division. He plugged along and eventually became an engineer.

He was the most active man on the railroad, bar none. The muscles he'd developed in the cinder pit and behind an eighteen-pound sledge, not to mention the coal scoop, he kept in the finest of condition. He was a gymnast of ability; he could chin himself with one hand—things like that. He never allowed himself to become soft. It was a good thing he didn't, or he wouldn't be alive today.

He was on the right-hand side of a ten-wheeler one day, coming around a bend at



The Tom Thumb

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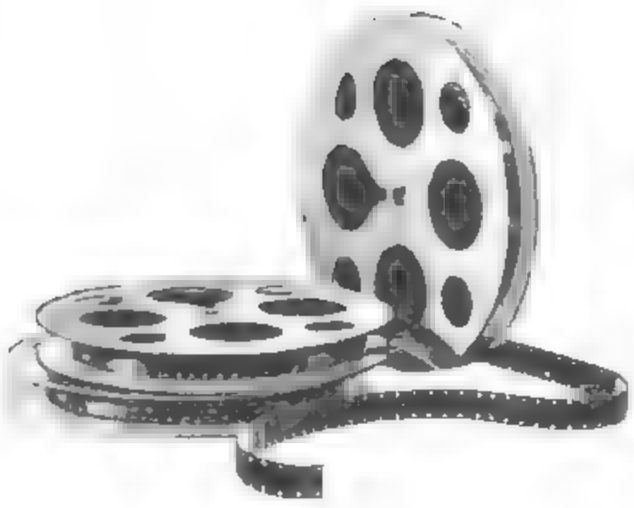

The "high spots" of my life are in those reels

La Salle Military Academy

"THE thought first came to me years ago . . . one day as I sat in a movie theatre watching a news reel. A mayor threw out the first baseball of the season; a governor laid a cornerstone; a president addressed the multitude; boxers signed up for fights; runners broke records; foreign celebrities came down gangplanks.

"If I were one of these much-filmed people, I said to myself, I'd arrange to get a copy of all the shots they took of me. Then I'd put them together in one reel and call it 'The High Spots of My Life.'

"Just a week later, a real coincidence came about. For my birthday, my father presented me with one of the first Ciné-Kodaks. At once it occurred to me that even though News Reel Feature cameras should never be aimed my way, I could now make my own film of life's high spots.

"Not long afterward, Commencement Day arrived, the climax of a wonderful four years at prep school. That was indeed a high spot, and my Ciné-Kodak got every bit of it. I left college to be married, another of those events that usually occur but once in a man's life. My wedding made another thrilling reel

"I was out on the Coast when our baby was born, and it was months before I could leave. You can imagine how impatient I was to get back home, and what that one moment was like when, for the first time, I held my baby in my arms. But, of course, that big moment doesn't have to be imagined. I can turn on my Kodascope and show it to you on the home screen. You can see me, the youngster on my knee, almost bursting with pride."

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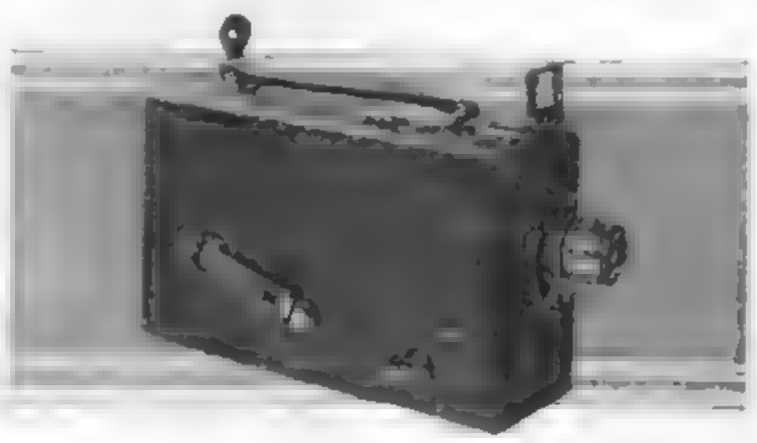
Thousands of Ciné-Kodak users are now having that very experience. Home movies have been made as simple as snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you. The result is that the Ciné-Kodak is the simplest home movie camera.

As for Ciné-Kodak Film, it is extremely inexpensive because *the cost of developing is included in the price.* Projection is just as easy as photography. That, too, has been simplified by Eastman methods. It takes no more skill to operate a Kodascope than to run a phonograph, and the pictures on the screen are so distinct and lifelike that you marvel at having taken them yourself.

You will find a demonstration of home movies extremely fascinating. Stop in at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and ask him to tell you about the Ciné-Kodak. Or send for interesting booklet.

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras



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No longer do you have to worry about thieves every time you park . . . . no longer need you gamble your investment against an ever rising total of automobile thefts . . . . merely make sure the car you select has a *genuine* Hershey Lock.

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HERSHEY
Steel Bolt Locking of the Steering

(Continued from Page 162)

a place called Canyon. There was a good-sized mountain over his head to the left and a gorge almost under his feet to the right, and he had about fifty loads on his tail. He saw a sun kink just as they came up on it. A sun kink is a warped rail. The rails warp because of the expansion caused by the heat of the sun.

Jake wanted to save his train, or as much of his train as he could, and he wiped the face of the air gauge—gave her the wash-out—the emergency air. If he hadn't done this he would have had time to make the left-hand side and jump. Over she went. The fireman heard Jake yell, felt her hit the ties, and he joined the birds, but Jake couldn't jump from his side because of the gorge below, and he didn't have time to make the high side. He made the gangway on the left as the engine turned over for the first time and started rolling down into the gorge, and because he couldn't jump then—a grasshopper might have been able to bound over the engine, but not Jake—he went around her! As she rolled, he went around her! She turned slowly, over and over, but always Jake stayed near enough to the top side to keep from being squashed. He never could get far enough toward the top to jump to safety; he couldn't climb her any faster than she rolled. It was a miracle that he could stay even. Jake says he was perfectly content with that arrangement. She turned over four times before she smashed into the creek bed and he scaled her four times—scaled her as a monkey would scale a rolling barrel! Whenever I see a gymnast on a vaudeville circuit I think to myself, "Brother, you ain't got a thing on a guy I know of!"

Back in the old days they rolled them right along; every railroad has some record of which it is particularly proud. Merely to mention them all would require a volume that'd make an encyclopedia resemble a farm weekly. So why try? Here's a sample or so:

The Burlington and a rival road went to the mat in days gone by as to who could run the fastest, and the prize at stake was the United States Mail. The two roads certainly warmed up the rails between Chicago and Omaha. The dew was afraid to drop on the ties for weeks afterward. The Burlington won, and any Burlington man will tell you that whenever they slowed down to 100 it was done to permit the rival to catch up so the race could be more interesting. The Burlington won, but the rival road is still open to argument.

Getting it Through

The Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia & Reading tossed a good race back in the days when writers described an engine as "a great metal monster that when roused belched black smoke at its rival, and thundered a challenge as it swept past," and so on. The race was advertised and they had a flock of scribblers aboard, and I happened to run across one of the masterpieces that resulted from the clash between "two mighty mammoths endowed with the will to win" and I'll tell the universe that it was a sure-enough race. On account of the adjectives, I never could figure out who won, but I was convinced that it must have been a race. If they'd just waited seventy-five or eighty years and put a radio on each train, it would have had it all over any prize fight especially if the guy who wrote about it had done the announcing.

One Saturday in the year of our Lord 1905 a miner named Scott, walked into the office of the Santa Fe in Los Angeles and wanted to know how fast he could get to Chicago. If the Santa Fe couldn't get there in forty-six hours, Mr. Scott said he didn't want to go. On Sunday he left on the Death Valley Coyote, minus a number of thousand-dollar bills previously his, and forty-four hours and fifty-four minutes later he landed in Chicago. It's about 2265 miles between the two points. Not bad for 1905. The Santa Fe didn't have a wind-splitter either.

In the present day and age there are many splendid passenger trains throughout the East and the West, with on-time records not to be sneezed at, but the way a commodity known as silk goes over the railroads is something really to pop your gum over. I remember when I saw my first silk train. It was at New Laguna in New Mexico. We were stuck on the New Mexican desert because a connecting rod had broken in our high-powered auto. I was to take the rod into Albuquerque and trade it off for one that'd do more good, and about two in the morning I was hanging around the station waiting for a train. I saw a headlight coming around the bend to the west and I stepped out on the platform to be the first to get aboard. I took about four or five steps and the headlight was up even with me and the blast nearly put me back inside the station.

Ready for Use

"I don't think I'll get on," I said to the agent.

"That was a silk train," says he.

"Some socks for Barney Oldfield?" I asked.

"Nope," says the agent, "for some guys in New York."

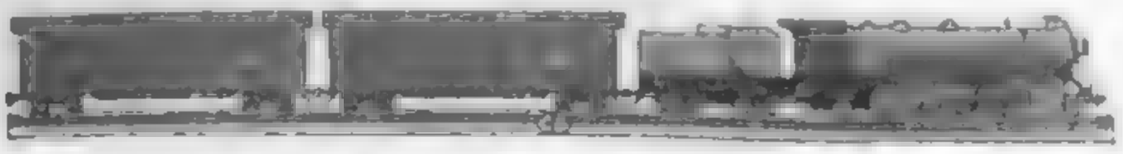
Silk trains are high-balled stuff. The fresher it is, the better it is, so they bring it right along to taw. Also, the money tied up in silk comes to more than three or four nickels, and the faster the silk goes from the Pacific Coast to the mills in the East, the more interest certain stockholders take in Teddy bears and slip-ons. I don't know all the roads that handle the silk, but from the coast east the Burlington, the Santa Fe, the Southern Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Canadian Pacific, the Great Northern and the Milwaukee get their share. If you're ever out West and something goes past you at about the same rate of speed Lindbergh is in the habit of using, you can say, "Aha, another pair of step-ins." But don't try to get on.

They railroaded in the old days, and they made records, many of which endure down to the present time, but what has been done before can be done all over again And as proof of this, about a year ago, a railroad entered into direct competition with aeroplanes, and by gum, the railroad won! And here's how:

When Lindbergh went to Washington for the official reception and recognition of his achievement, the theaters of New York were very anxious to get the movies of the event at the earliest possible moment. So in addition to chartering planes to bring home the pictures, the news company that did the work chartered a special train over the Pennsylvania lines. They wanted to know who could do the job best, and they didn't fail to find out.

There wasn't any doubt but what a plane could get from Washington to New York faster than a railroad train, but there was a drawback to the air route. They couldn't develop and print the negatives en route in a plane. They could on a railroad train. They equipped a baggage car as a dark room, hung a day coach behind the baggage car for good luck and let her go.

The cameramen got aboard at 12:14 P.M., and there was no hesitancy shown in leaving inside of three or four ticks of a standard railroad watch. The train covered the 224.5 miles to New York in 187 minutes, stopping twice. That's an average of about 72 miles an hour. For 66.6 miles this train averaged 85 miles an hour and for 216 miles the speed was 75.8. So far as the writer knows, this is the highest



sustained speed ever made by a steam locomotive over such distances.

The train was regular equipment, one Atlantic type engine, one standard baggage coach, one standard day coach. The Atlantic type—4-4-2—is very adaptable for extremely high speed with light trains. The engine crew came out of regular service, and, except for the interior of the baggage car, there were no variations from standards.

This record may not seem so much, but if the reader will consider that the schedule of no other train was interfered with, and couple that with the fact that the last ninety miles of the trip was over the busiest stretch of railroad in the entire world, you may get some idea of the coöperation that put this train through without a hitch. And while they were knocking the miles off like a rocket, the camera and dark-room men were calmly going about their business with no more discomfort than if they were doing it in their own laboratories.

When the train pulled into New York ten films were ready for delivery to the theaters, and these films were shown to New York audiences less than four hours after the events had taken place in the Capital City. It was more than an hour later that the pictures brought in by air were ready to be shown.

The aeroplane is here to stay—no one in his right mind questions that—but the railroads haven't gone to seed just yet—not for some time to come. If the public continues to clamor for higher speed, the railroads will have to provide it, and it won't be many moons before the railroad and the aeroplane will be working in conjunction, particularly for passenger service. The railroads aren't asleep as to the possibilities of this new form of transportation. Several railroads have already tied up with air. And if you happen to be in a particular rush to cross the continent, you can go by air during the day and rail by night. Speed with safety—what more do you want?

Eight Wheels, No Brakes

There have been all kinds of races since the B. & O. put on the epic with the horse, locomotive versus locomotive, trains versus Indians, trains versus aeroplanes—all kinds in all parts of the country. The Illinois Central put on a heartbreaker of a race with none other than death not long ago—tried to bring a girl into Chicago in time to save her life. The railroad lost, but it wasn't because it didn't try. Ever since the first water heater came down the railroad, there have been races, but one of the greatest ever staged was between a box car and a caboose. It's one of the best races I ever heard of and is the story of a brakeman who had a cast-iron nerve and was willing to try anything once. Here you are:

It was at the top of San Gorgonia Pass on the Southern Pacific that a freight train pulled a rear drawbar, or coupling, out of one of the leading cars. They had to set this defective car out on a passing track, which track was right alongside when the accident happened. So they did. A brakeman climbed up and tied her down with hand brakes, but the hand brakes wouldn't hold. The conductor got up to help him, but they couldn't hold her. They were on a 3.25 per cent grade. The car kept picking up speed, and the brakeman took to the air. The conductor left his lantern on top and unloaded. He figured that leaving the lantern there might do a little good and it certainly couldn't do any harm. There was a train, Number 244, coming up the hill below them, and the conductor hoped the engine crew might see the lantern come shooting around a curve and have time to take to the woods.

The Fastest Thing on Wheels

When the runaway car passed the caboose of the freight train a half mile below and broke through the switch and entered the main line, a brakeman named Kammerling, acting as rear brakeman, saw the lantern on top of the car and thought someone, probably the head brakeman, was on the car and couldn't get off on account of the speed. He pulled the pin, uncoupled the caboose—the automatic air was cut off because the caboose was behind the helper engine—and he lit out after the runaway car. He opened all the doors and windows to cut down the air resistance and let her roll.

The cars were on a 3.25 per cent grade all the way, and for twenty-five miles down the side of that mountain, around hairpin curves, Kammerling pursued that elusive runaway. They passed one telegraph station on the way down and the operator swore they were doing not less than 125 miles an hour.

Twenty-five miles from where they started, Kammerling caught up with the car, coupled on, tied down the caboose with hand brakes, stopped both cars and prevented what would have been a collision to go down in history.

It took nerve. Kammerling had no idea where 244 was except that she was coming up the hill, and he might have met her on any one of the multitudinous curves that go to make up San Gorgonia Pass. It all occurred at night. Kammerling would have been killed had he stayed aboard in the event of meeting 244, and he would have had to be picked up in a basket had he jumped. But he kept after that runaway until he caught it because he thought there was a man aboard who couldn't get off—on account of the lantern the conductor left on top.

Incidentally—I know this will break the heart of the New York Central and the 999—there's a box car and a caboose on the Southern Pacific that made 112.5 miles an hour look like last semester's pole-vault record. The S. P. ought to get hold of that caboose and put it on display at the top of San Gorgonia Pass—put a sign on it, thus:

"The fastest thing on wheels. Has made a bum out of every locomotive from Watt's teakettle to the new three-cylinder compounds! Kindly don't whittle!"

BEHIND THE TIMES

(Continued from Page 37)

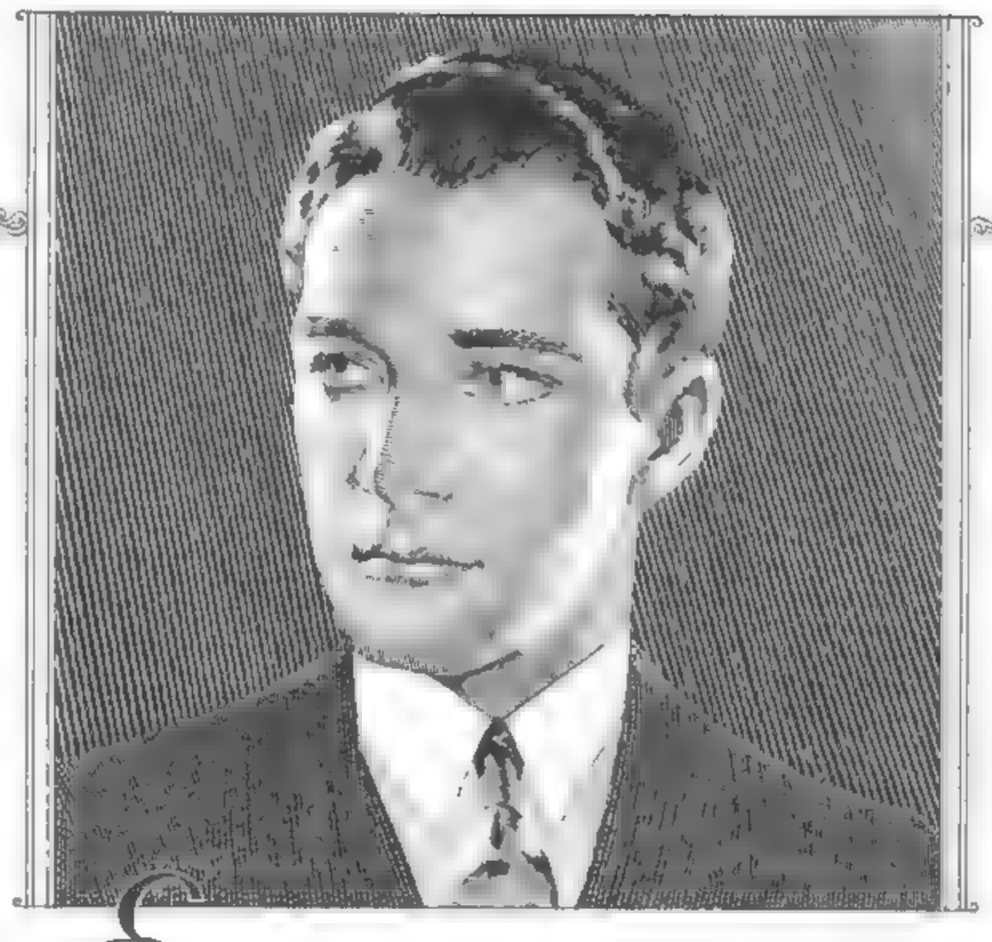
of mankind while living impudently doubtful lives themselves seems to me to take all the ginger out of the movement.

The point with me was to find some back eddy of civilization where Time was a quiet old circumstance with a long beard who changed his mind only according to the seasons. I was tired of the bright young face of "the spirit of modern times" as an old person wearies of the restless antics of a precocious child. As for the people, I hoped to find them in a state of happily arrested development—poor, healthy and strong, with a pioneer stride to their minds, but properly embedded in the Scriptures, seeking God as usual according to the perversities of their human nature and the contradictions of their creeds. For I could not imagine settling down among men and women who had forfeited their legitimate spiritual faculties for some rational illusions of themselves.

I found the place far out in the backwoods behind the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. I have written too many times of my own experiences there to waste more words on them now. It is enough for my present purpose to say that living in this old cabin on a hidden hill above a green valley has been like living in the archives of pleasanter memories than some of us collect now.

And I am admitting before somebody makes the accusation that it does smack of cowardice the way I have sneaked back

(Continued on Page 168)



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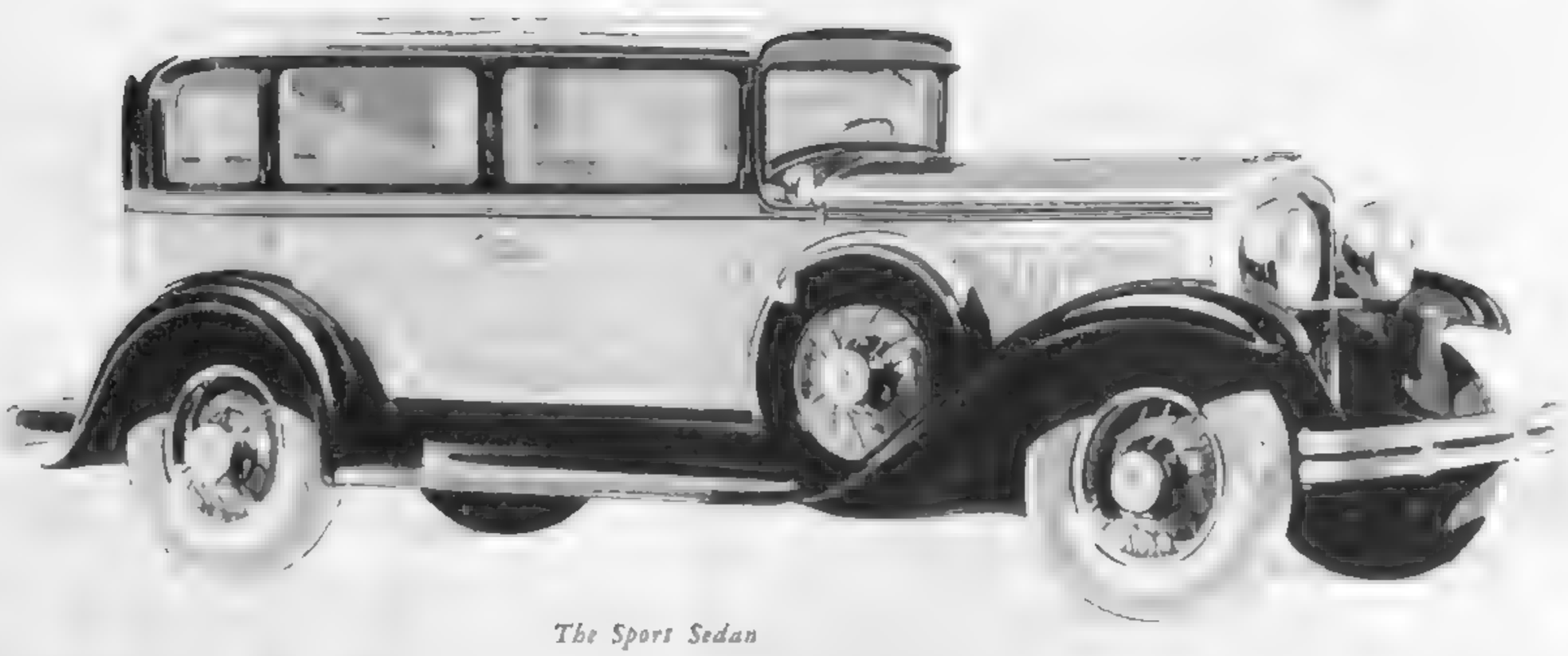

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Bigger - Finer - Faster

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Its long, low, sweeping lines reveal a freshness of conception—a touch here, a curve there—that captures the very spirit of tomorrow.

Moreover, the New Senior is bigger, faster and in every detail finer than its worthy predecessor. The car is longer and roomier; the seats are wider; the interiors more luxurious and comfortable; the appointments and color effects more captivating. And complete fine car equipment is provided.

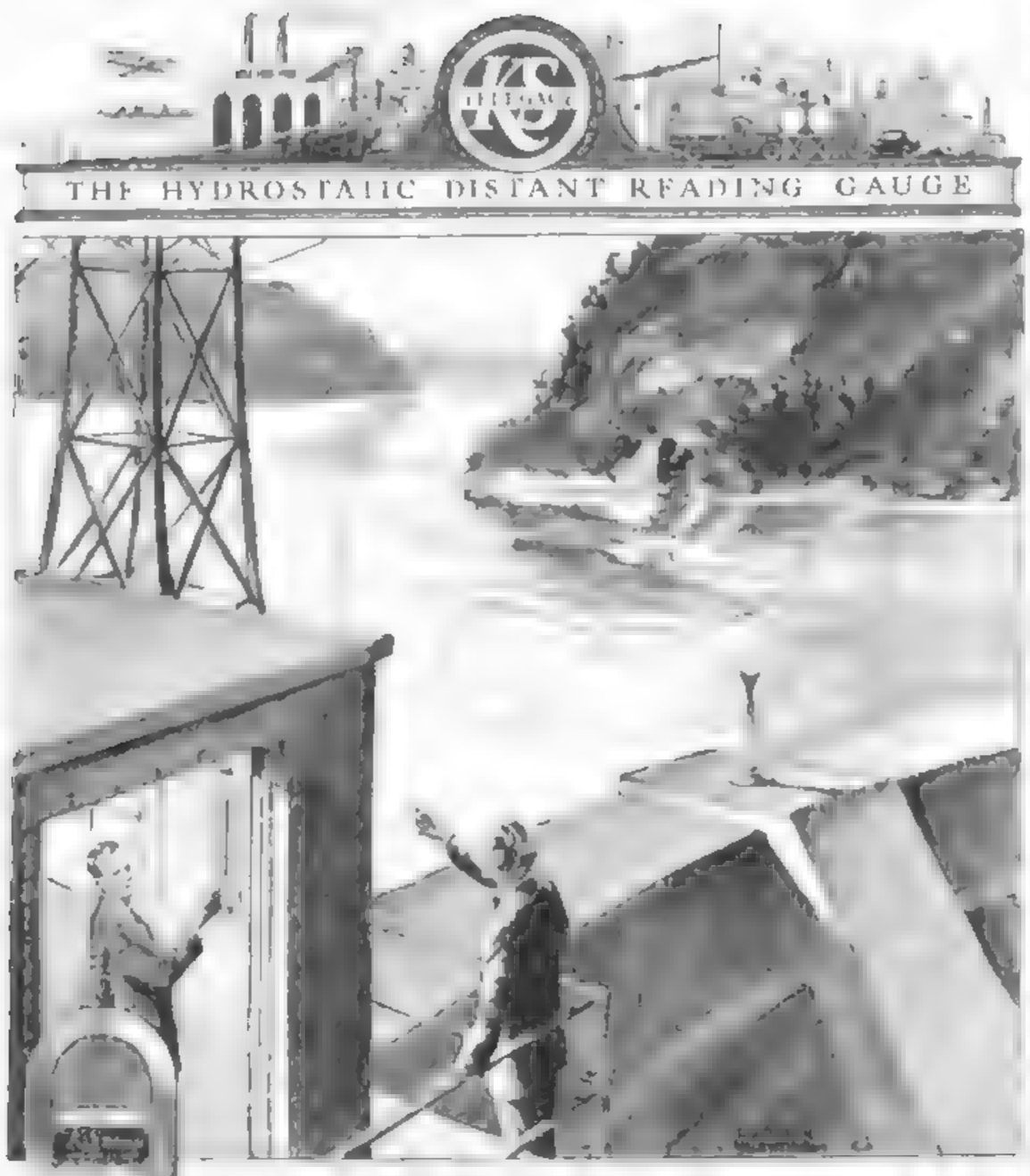
Quality standards of a very high order are further revealed in the smoothness, the silence and the velvety flow of New Senior power, in the car's amazing pick-up and dependable ruggedness.

See it today and drive it. Your Dodge Brothers Dealer will be proud to have you test it for getaway, flexibility, pull on the hills, and every other vital phase of quality performance. And you will agree with him that the New Senior is Dodge Brothers masterpiece!

Available in six distinguished body types—The Sport Sedan, $1795—The Sport Coupe with Rumble Seat, $1795—The Landau Sedan, $1845. These prices include six wire wheels and six tires.

The Victoria Brougham, $1575—The Sedan, $1675—The Coupe with Rumble Seat, $1675.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit—front and rear bumpers included.



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Chicago Branch . . . . . 467 Wrigley Building
British Representatives: . H. M. Hobson, Ltd., London
French Representatives:
Société Des Accessoires Veritas, Asnières, Seine, France

The K-S Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE *K—S TELEGAGE*

Adopted as standard factory equipment on three-fourths of the cars selling for $700 or more.

(Continued from Page 165)

fifty years behind my times in order to slack my gait without being noticed, when so many brave men and strong women are pressing forward beneath the bright banners of progress. But let them have the praise. Sunk deep in these hills, I use my mind like a clever old periscope to observe what is going forward farther out for the comfort and peace of the world, and it seems to me the kind of natural poverty and original peace we have, undisturbed by the ideas and ideals of the world-savers, is more satisfactory and will last longer.

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(Continued on Page 172)

"Mama dear, did Father rob a bank?"

"No, darling, the poor dumbbell only neglected to have our brakes lined with RUSCO, and the kind policeman is just telling him that it is wicked to block traffic during rush hour on a busy street."

Holds in WET Weather as Well as in Dry

Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special, RUSCO secret compound, so that water has no effect on its efficiency.

Rusco repair men pay more for RUSCO than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They use special mechanical equipment that insures expert adjustment and application of RUSCO. Have your brakes inspected, adjusted or relined today at the nearest Rusco Brake Service Station. Send for free booklet. The Russell Mfg. Co., Middletown, Conn.

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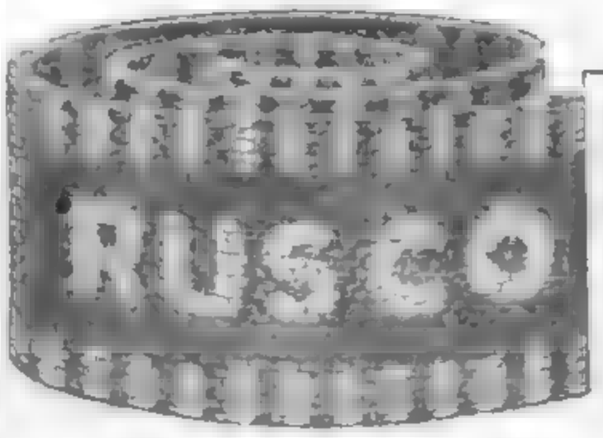

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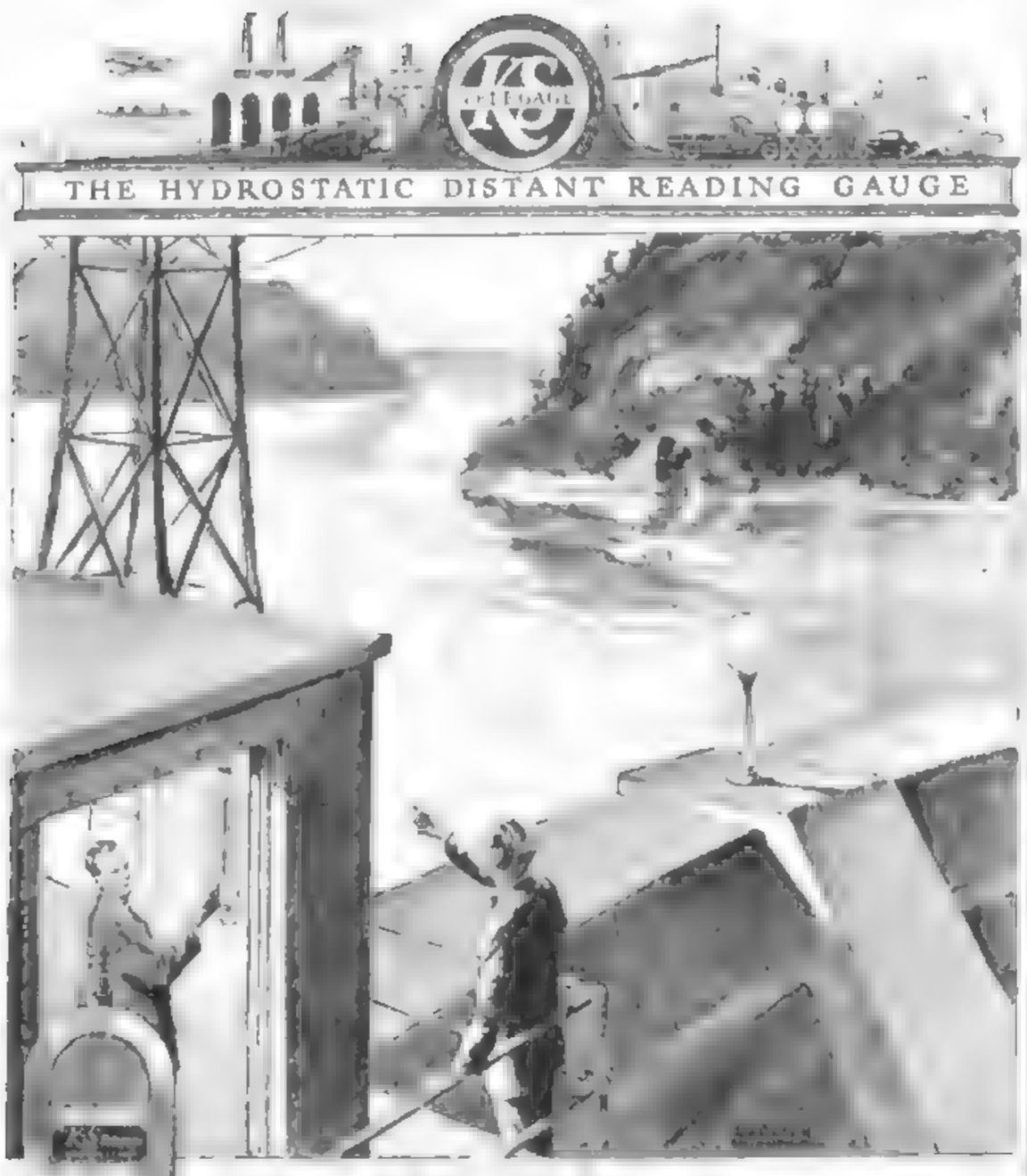

No Lake Too Large —No Tank Too Small

When engineers ask "How deep?" the Telegage supplies the correct answer

THE same accurate scientific instrument that tells the motorist on two million motor cars how much fuel is in the gasoline tank also tells the hydroelectric engineer the elevation of water held behind the dam.

Here, too, absolute accuracy is required. The operating engineer must maintain a full head of water, without spilling over the dam. Where water is used during the day for power, and is then allowed to fill up over night, he must know at any hour, day or night, where his water level stands, to insure the proper rate of use, and the proper rate of refilling.

On every sort of tank between these extremes, the K-S Telegage serves in scores of ways, wherever liquid depth is to be measured at a distance. It guards the fuel supply of thousands of homes where furnace oil is used. It serves industry in many fields, measuring water, oil, chemicals, milk, etc., always with the same dependable accuracy. Placed on the instrument board, whether the tank is near or far, its red column of safety tells the exact level of the contents of the tank.

Write us for full information. Be sure to give the Baumé or Specific Gravity of the oil or other liquid you wish to measure, depth of tank, and distance from tank to location of gauge. Descriptive circular sent on request.

Makers of Distant-Reading Gauges for Automotive, Domestic and Industrial Purposes

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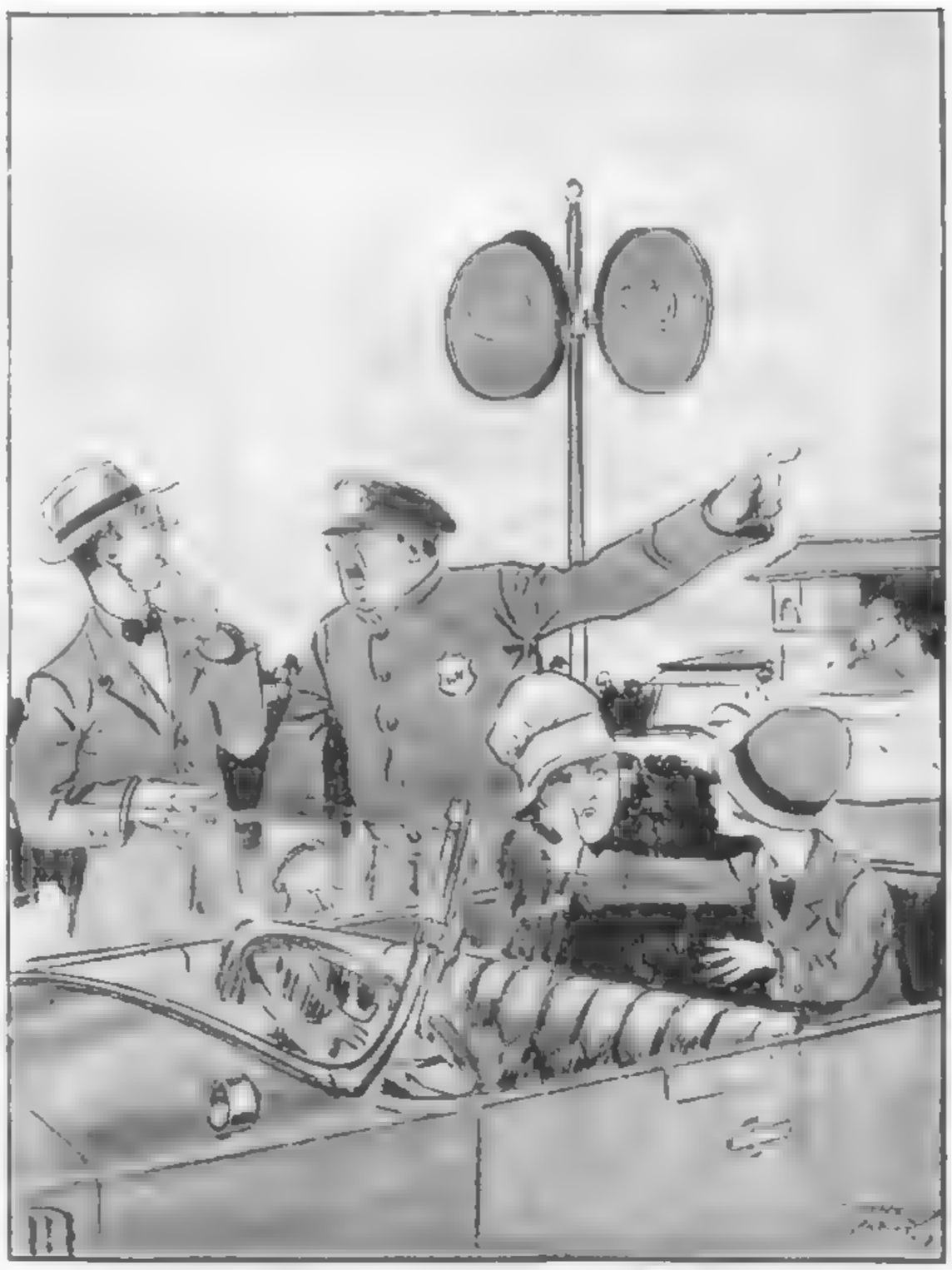


"Mama dear, did Father rob a bank?"

"No, darling, the poor dumbbell only neglected to have our brakes lined with RUSCO, and the kind policeman is just telling him that it is wicked to block traffic during rush hour on a busy street."

Holds in WET Weather as Well as in Dry

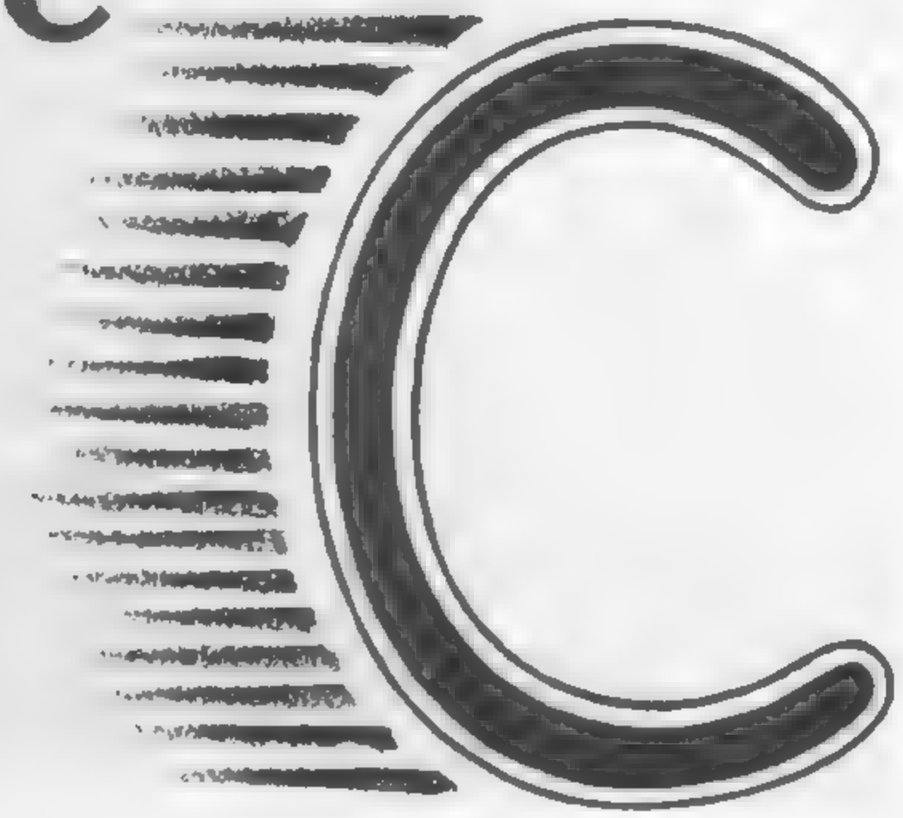
Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special, RUSCO secret compound, so that water has no effect on its efficiency.

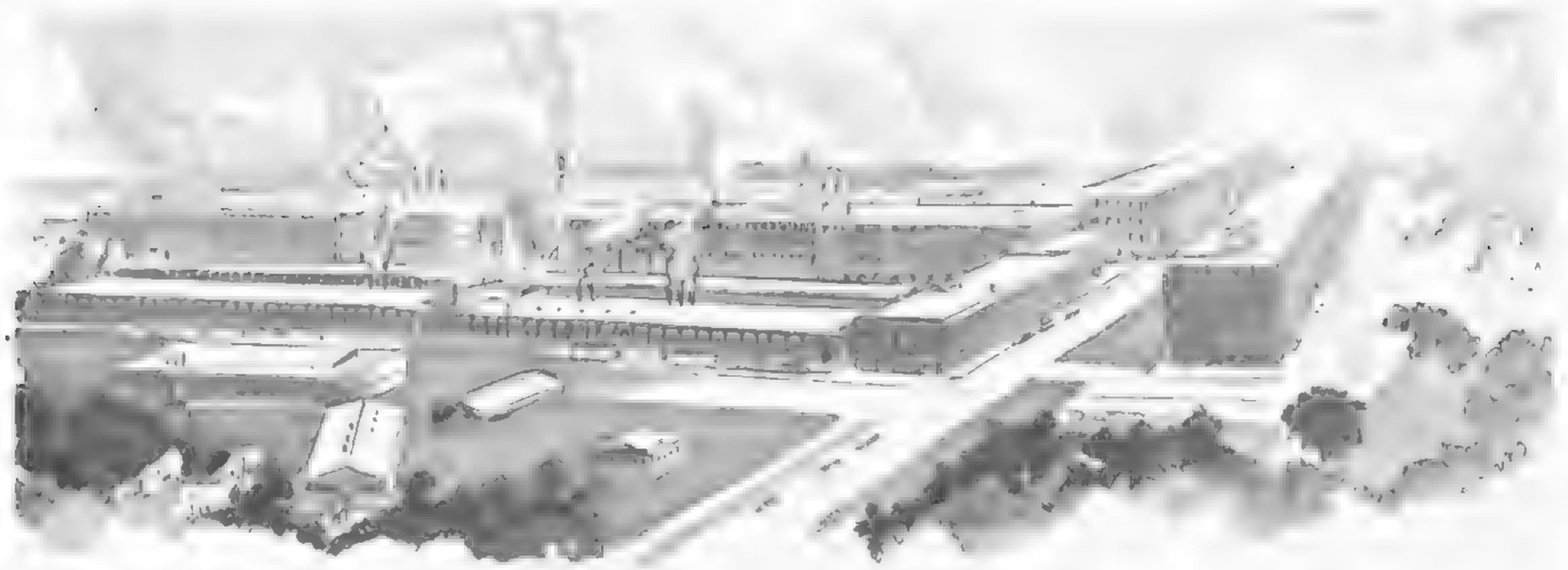
Rusco repair men pay more for RUSCO than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They use special mechanical equipment that insures expert adjustment and application of RUSCO. Have your brakes inspected, adjusted or relined today at the nearest Rusco Brake Service Station. Send for free booklet. The Russell Mfg. Co., Middletown, Conn.

Garagemen: Send today for famous Rusco proposition to the trade

RUSCO BRAKE LINING

Out of this great $10,000,000 plant come these new sixes and eights that are sweeping the country by storm





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THE sweetest, speediest, most powerful automobile ever built for less than twelve hundred dollars. Beautifully smart and richly appointed. Its acceleration is breath-taking. Its power on hills is remarkable. And it does a good 65 and more! An inexpensive car with the style and luxury of an expensive car.

A New Royal Eight "75"

TWO-DOOR SEDAN

$1295

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A New Big Six

Four-Door Sedan

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All Prices f. o. b. Factory

A New Royal Eight "85"

Four-Door Sedan

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CHANDLER

Week-End Sense
-over the fence

"What are you doin', — neighbor?"

"Tac-Ezying my house."

"Come again?"

"Weatherstripping doors and windows with Tac-Ezy."

"What's the big idea?"

"Bill Downstreet sold me on it. Remember how he used to beef about his coal-bills? He showed me the other night where Tac-Ezy saved him 20% on fuel last winter And his wife told mine that her house had never before been so clean and comfortable. Since then, no rest for father!"

"Easy to put on?"

"Cinch! I started it; my kid's finishing Com'on over and look! All anybody has to do is cut and tack. And the makers guarantee Tac-Ezy will *save its cost within two years*, or your money back!"

"Well, if it's like that, darned if I don't do some Tac-Ezying myself!"

Most hardware stores sell Tac Ezy If yours doesn't, we'll supply direct $1.30 for ordinary windows; $1.80 for average doors. Mention size.

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Please send sufficient Tac-Ezy to weatherstrip doors and windows as noted below. I will pay correct charges upon delivery, plus postage.

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BUY Boott Towels at your store in packages of 6, or singly.

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(Continued from Page 169

his eyes and beard were and that she gave him a lock of his hair to be sure he could make no mistake; but when the picture came, embedded in a richly embossed gilt frame, she screamed at the sight of it. Although it was the image of her husband to the very life line of every feature, he had a flaming red beard and blue eyes. She said it was like being the widow of a stranger, and all the more upsetting to her feelings because he seemed to regard her with her husband's own look, only the color of this look was blue and missed by that much the vim of his coal-black eyes. "Vim" was the word she used, and a good one, because he was at times even vehement in his family life.

Unfortunately, she had paid for the thing in advance and could never locate the agent afterward, which was the first time we realized that the same agent did not come twice to enlarge and tint our photographs. In time, however, she became reconciled to the dyed whiskers and blue eyes. Maybe they were softer and corresponded better with her tenderly expurgated memories of him. Some people might have criticized her for hanging the thing over the mantel in the front room, but we never did. We are all poor and cannot afford to lose money. We agreed that she had done well and thriftily to make the best of a bad bargain. Not only that but it has become the custom with us when we visit her to look up admiringly at this too-brilliant portrait of her husband and remark what a wonderful speaking likeness it is, which is gratifying to her. And at least the prevarications we make are more worthy than the malicious wit and meanly critical faculty imparted by modern humor and a strictly cultural sense of art.

Honest Transgressions

The further you turn back the pages of time, the less humor and the more dignity you will find in the minds of men. Yet those were the ages that produced the Scriptures and masterpieces in poetry, pastorals and art. The scenes we produce here in living surpass anything to be found on the stage in the way of comedy, if you have that kind of cynical wit for translating the serious into the absurd. But we still keep the faint tune of the singing minds of the ancients and recognize the majesty of living by faith according to the rules of poverty and thrift. Only an Old Testament prophet could deal sonorously with the sins of these people. They are such honest plain transgressions. Only a great poet could lift their simplicities into the rhythm of ballads. There is no place here for splendid deeds, but Nature and necessity develop endearing gifts for performing small blessings.

There is Mrs. Pinson, for example. She is a great woman who the world would never suspect existed. In addition to keeping her own house, bringing up a family and working in the fields, she finds time to nurse the sick. She is large and strongly built, with a beautifully homely face and a sort of staunch bedside manner. Good gray eyes, kind hands, very skillful in the exercise of her authority over distracted nerves

This community has been her patient for forty years—convalescent, but never quite well. She merely professes the hope of its complete recovery. If, however, we should all get well at once, and continue in good health, that circumstance would deprive her of a vocation and leave her mind without an orbit. She will take up a child whose mother is dead and impound him until his clothes are mended and washed and the vagrant himself thoroughly scrubbed. She looks for his stone bruises and rarely sends him home without comforting him with at least one toe wrapped in a clean rag. It seems to rest her after a hard day's work to walk a mile and sit up with a sick neighbor. If she had been a sensible woman she might have made a handsome living at this business; but as I said before, she is only a great woman practicing the fine art of mercy and has never received a cent for her services.

A Pool of Common Interests

Life in a remote community like this is a sort of pool of common interests. We do not know what is going on in the world beyond these hills. We have no more interest in it than the world has in us. Many of us live and die without seeing a town, much less a big city. Few have ever seen a motion picture. We do not read books or papers, but we keep up with what is going on around us. We memorize one another and recite the lines. We always have more to tell than we can afford to talk about. People whose minds have been trained and reduced to the printed word are less acquisitive mentally because we must always make our copy out of one another for entertainment. Therefore it has a better flavor, is more vivid and vital than if we read it in a paper or found it among strangers.

We know that somebody saw a deacon laying by his corn on a hot July day with a crocus sack drawn up to the very eyes of his mule to keep her from biting the corn. We have talked and talked about that cruelty until old man Haley told him to his face one day that "Folks would never know how mean a good man could be until his poor old mule got back the speech of Balaam's ass and told what he knowed about him."

But if it is a joke, we try to keep it from the victim. One day Miss Polly Smart rode horseback down to the crossroads store to do a little trading. She carried a basket of eggs on her arm and her riding skirt billowed elegantly behind her. But Miss Polly is round and plump and dignified and a famous church worker. We have to take her seriously at her own valuation. When she finished trading, Tom Walker, who keeps the store, wanted to be very polite. So he set an empty sugar barrel just beyond the porch and led Miss Polly's horse up to it in order that she might step on the top of the barrel and then into the saddle without straining herself. But the moment she set both feet on the head of the barrel it gave way and she went down into it as perfect a fit as possible.

I do not suppose Miss Polly has ever heard the true or apocryphal version of how Tom got her out of that barrel. What I mean is that we can laugh when there is anything to laugh at, and do it all up our sleeves rather than hurt a fine woman's feelings.

We put a good deal of emotion into our religious life. Shouting during a revival is a form of spiritual relaxation and recreation with us. Men and women must let go occasionally and expel the noise they have accumulated in the course of a hard life Maybe it is a trifle uncouth way to behave to the Lord, but we only mean to be complimentary to Him. In any case, it is not nearly so bad as ranting on rationalism or becoming intoxicated and carrying on at a banquet.

I am bound to admit that we are warped some spiritually by our doctrines and creeds, but you cannot cling to a rock in a stormy sea and look graceful at the same time. We are always clinging to the rock of our salvation in these parts, and life certainly is a bad-weather experience in the open elements of human nature. But we do retain our Ten Commandments, generation after generation, better than some people I know. There are fathers around here barely able to read the Word who could teach smarter men how to raise their sons in spite of the sons.

Old Man Ramsey is one of them. He is a good Christian and makes no bones about practicing his paternal duties. The only peculiarity he had that excited some criticism was that when the young Ramseys were yearling boys he would never allow them to go beyond the sound of his voice on the Sabbath day. If he went to the door of his house and yelled "Whoopee!" and one of them failed to answer, he licked that one as soon as he could catch him. One son, Buck, made a preacher.

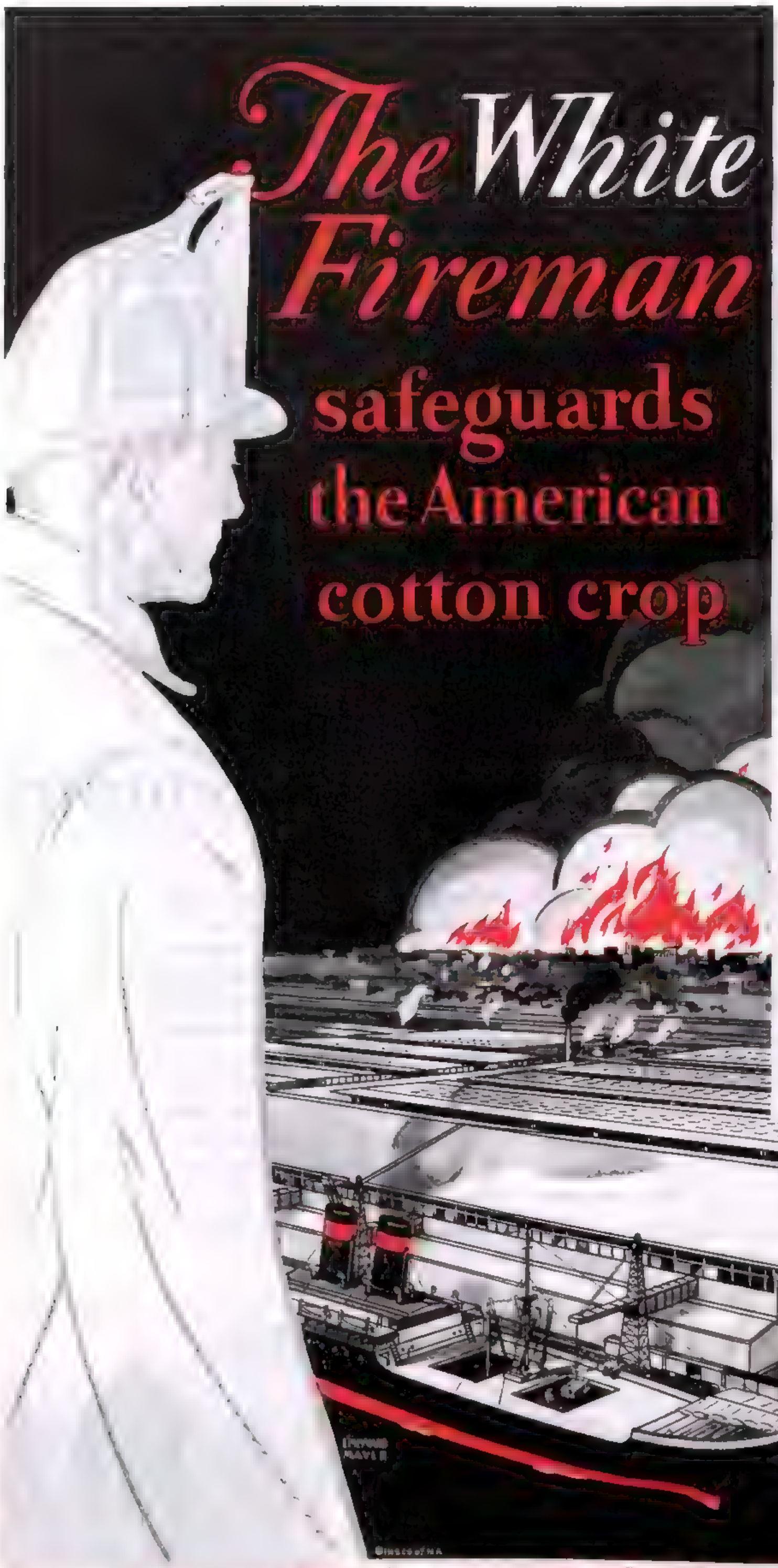
The Sheep Tends the Shepherd

Years passed and Buck was out in the sinful world preaching baptism, election and the foot-washing gospel like a house afire before Old Man Ramsey made up his mind to take the longest journey he had ever made, more than thirty miles, to visit Buck and hear him preach.

The next Sunday, Preacher Ramsey walked down the aisle of the church accompanied by a very plain old man dressed in clean blue overalls whom no one in the congregation had ever seen before. He let him down on the front seat, went back to where these people kept the tokens of their foot-washing humility as Christians, girded himself with a towel, poured water in a basin, came and knelt before the old man and washed his feet, though this was not the day set aside for that ceremony. When he had finished, he stood up and said:

"Brethren, this is my father. He was the shepherd of my wayward youth. I have washed his feet to praise and honor him."

It was a grand-stand play and some of them shouted. I do not think much of Buck as a preacher, but as a son there is a touch of effulgence about his simplicity that cannot be written in words.



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In the last decade he has effected improvements in the fire-safeness of a thousand warehouses at cotton concentration ports. 44,000,000 square feet of sheds have been constructed to reduce the hazard of fires from sparks. 48 miles of fire walls have been erected to minimize the number of bales subject to a single fire. 140 miles of water mains, 75 miles of fire hose, thousands of hydrants and hundreds of automatic sprinkler systems have been added to fire-fighting equipment.

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Wanted– men seeking opportunity

Somewhere east, there's a broad-shouldered, ambitious young doctor. He longs to go where life is real and interesting, where the country is growing and prosperous, where the air is invigorating and men snap into their work.

There's a place waiting for him in The Milwaukee Road's West—and the right sort of a man soon will find he's an important figure among the friendly folks of his chosen field.

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Chicago - St. Paul - Minneapolis

The Columbian
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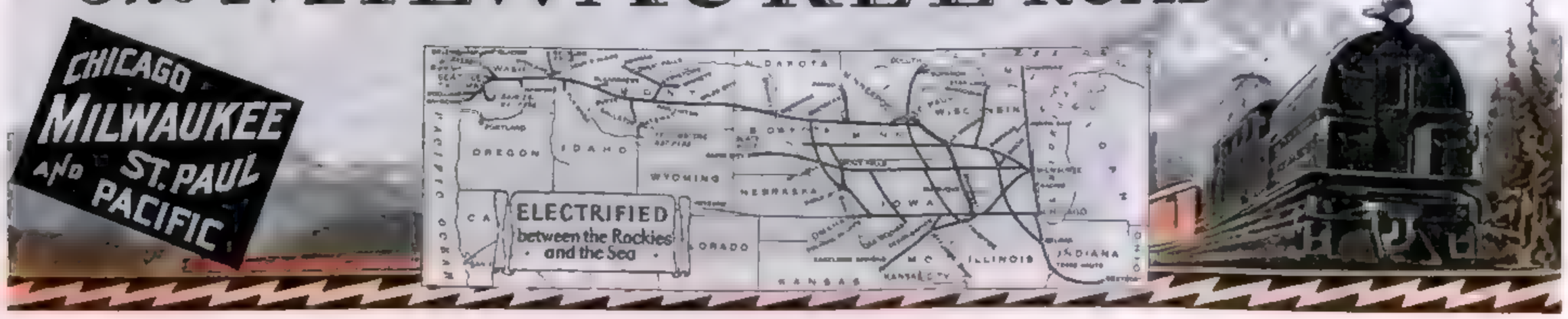
Twin Cities

The Southwest Limited
Chicago { Excelsior Springs - Kansas City
Milwaukee

The Arrow
Chicago { Des Moines - Omaha - Sioux City
Milwaukee

The MILWAUKEE ROAD



GLASSHOUSES FOR STYLE

(Continued from Page 47)

many fashionable people around. In the old country we didn't mix up like that. I noticed a little gallery upstairs that was empty. Thereafter we always made for that.

At first I could hardly understand him, he would talk so fast. He would say a whole page in a breath and quote Scripture and the Greeks and Romans and the poets in a way to make an uneducated chap's head whirl. Yet every word would be as distinct as though from a machine. It was wonderful, I can tell you.

Well, my brother and I were better read than most workingmen. My father had been a man of importance in England, as all men were who knew enough to be head gardener on a great nobleman's estate. Father had a wonderful memory and could recite whole sermons of the great English divines by heart and he had taught us, so that we knew a good bit of Shakspere and Milton and Bacon and much of the Bible. Consequently after a couple of Sundays I got used to Doctor Brooks' speed and began to get the good out of his sermons. But many people wouldn't. I took some buddies with me sometimes—young working fellows—and they couldn't understand it because they had never read anything.

So, in 1892, at the Pittsfield flower show, Phillips Brooks, who had been recently made the Bishop of Massachusetts, came in with Dr. W. W. Newton, a clergyman whom I knew very well. Like Henry Ward Beecher, both these men were as interested in horticulture as boys are in killing snakes. Phillips Brooks was really a magnificent man. He was actually six feet, four inches, tall and so finely proportioned that, as a lady once said of him, it was not he that looked large but others that looked small. Sometimes in a boyish way he would cut up a bit in order to make fun of his height. For instance, when he and Doctor Newton came into my cottage, Phillips Brooks in casual offhand way put his hat on a shelf that was so high that a medium-sized man like myself would have to take a ladder to reach it. And they say he would often stop and light his cigar at a street lamp.

I told him how I had gone to hear him preach that first Sunday in Boston and how my brother and I sat up in the little gallery, and I said:

"And salvation must have been free there, because the collector's plate never came up there, which suited us both."

A Small Estate in England

He laughed, and blamed if he didn't remember us! He said that he remembered very well two red-faced young English fellows sitting there every Sunday without fail.

We had plenty to talk about. He had preached in St. Paul's in London and in Westminster Abbey. He knew John Bright and Gladstone, and he had been to the Gladstone estate, Hawarden Castle, which I knew so well. And he knew the gardens at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire and one of the noblest private residences in England.

He said that in England some leading divines suggested that he—Brooks—talked too fast in his sermons. But Dean Stanley, the Dean of Westminster and the leading liberal churchman of that time; had declared that this speed was one of the reasons for Brooks' power; his subject seemed to take possession of him and to rush out with overwhelming speed and heat and power. He was "like an express train going to its appointed terminus," Dean Stanley said.

That evening, in the little house where I lived, the two clergymen and I discussed the difference between English country gentlemen and American country gentlemen. Generally speaking, this is what the Americans of great means do: They go to some locality like Lenox or Tuxedo and buy what, in England, we would call a small place of 300 or 500 acres. But because they all flock to the same place, that place becomes fashionable and the land goes up to a terrific price, and the original investment is so steep that a man cannot hope to run it except as a luxury.

But an old-fashioned English nobleman would take the same money and buy some cheap remote land, thereby probably getting a whole county for the same price. He would not go into fancy farming at once, but he would try to make his land pay, as an ordinary farmer does, and then, with his grandchildren and great-grandchildren in mind, he would strive gradually to make handsome and valuable woods, fine lawns, hedgerows, park, where scraggly and cheap waste land had been. A century ago the fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury was one of the great noblemen who did this. Out of bog and disorderly waste land he created Alton Towers, one of the most stately and marvelously beautiful places in England. It was his hobby. And because of it he is a sort of saint now to British landowners and gardeners. In America, with the exception of Biltmore, developed by the late Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, and a few other great estates, fashionable Americans content themselves with a few hundred acres in select neighborhoods.

The Kitchen Garden

In Massachusetts I began to have such bad quinsy that the doctor told me to work in the South for a few years. Peter Henderson's in New York found me a job in Petersburg, Virginia, on the estate of Mr. William B. Cameron. He was a tobacco magnate and also such a devout Scotchman that he would never take out his citizenship papers, for he told me he couldn't bring himself to raise his right hand to swear allegiance to anyone but his Queen. He had been born in the Highlands, near Balmoral Castle, Queen Victoria's favorite residence. He has built one half of his own mansion like Balmoral Castle and the other half like Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's country seat, which has as a prospect the lovely Tweed, with a beautiful haugh, or meadow, beyond.

At every place that I have worked I have tried to introduce new vegetables and other things, but I have always found it is uphill work to get the family to use them. In the South I would send globe artichokes and vegetable marrow and such delicacies up to the mansion, but nothing would persuade the colored cooks to learn how to cook them; they'd pitch them out. Besides, the Southern ladies won't pay much attention to their housekeeping the way Northern ladies do—businesslike women like Mrs. Stokes, for instance.

Mr. Cameron and his family went abroad one year, and when he returned, the first thing he came out to find me and he spoke to me almost sharply. Why couldn't he have vegetable marrow and broccoli and artichokes the way they have them in Paris? Such delicious things!

"Why, bless my soul," I said, "I have whole gardens full of them, but I can't get the cook to use them."

Most great and fashionable people had French chefs, and these knew about the most rare and exotic vegetables and herbs, and how to prepare them. If there was a French chef at the mansion, there would be the devil to pay if the gardener did not have fennel, marjoram, garlic, sorrel, thyme, marigold—the flowers of which were dried and put in soups—mint and rosemary—which was not used in cookery but was grown in every kitchen garden, because a decoction of it was used to relieve headaches and it also was considered very efficacious in promoting growth of hair and in curing baldness. There was rue, sometimes used as a garnish, but usually administered to poultry affected with the croup; scurvy grass, a powerful antiscorbutic, was much used in salad in the old days. But it took years for even fashionable people to learn to eat some things.

About thirty years ago a young English gardener came to work at Elmcourt, the place of W. D. Sloan in Lenox. He brought with him about thirty seeds of a famous hothouse tomato developed in the Royal Frogmore Gardens of Queen Victoria; the most toothsome and best flavored I have ever tasted. I got from him three seeds, and thereafter for years, wherever I was, I grew a few plants every year, selecting one or two nice specimens yearly for seeds.

Water for the Trees

In the greenhouses of the late Mr. John D. Crimmins, who had a place on Long Island Sound near Stamford, I had some of these wonderful tomatoes, but the family were not interested in them. Mr. P. A. B. Widener used to come there often on his yacht, the Calypso, and one day one of Mr. Widener's guests—a fashionable young lady who had traveled a lot—came into the greenhouse with the others. She no sooner saw the tomatoes than she began to eat them right off the vine, and certainly smacked her lips. After that I could never grow enough of them.

For four years I worked at Claymont, which had once belonged to Bushrod Washington, the nephew of George Washington. This was in the Shenandoah Valley; beautiful, rolling country as rich and salubrious as any I have ever seen. Frank R. Stockton, the novelist, had owned Claymont, but he had died only a short time before and it was Mrs. Stockton who hired me.

Now that country, with its warmish climate and plenty of rain, was wonderful for trees.

Scientists have estimated that an average-sized elm or oak has 5,000,000 leaves. Patched together, these leaves would cover five acres, and they are continually giving off moisture—perspiring, you might say. On a fairly hot dry day, for every 1,000,000 leaves about a ton of water will be given off. Therefore, you can see what need trees have of water. Water, air and a few minerals that are in the ground—which minerals the tree imbibes, thinly diluted in its water—are what build a great tree.

And here is a thing to remember, for it is essential in knowing how to prune a tree: The roots of almost all trees extend as widely and as deeply as the branches and leaves: to have a certain amount of leaves and branches you must have a corresponding amount of roots to nourish them.

One summer I did some extensive pruning at the Cornelius Vanderbilt place in Newport. This was the famous Breakers on Ochre Point. When it was built of brownstone, it was believed to be the grandest mansion imaginable, and then, shortly

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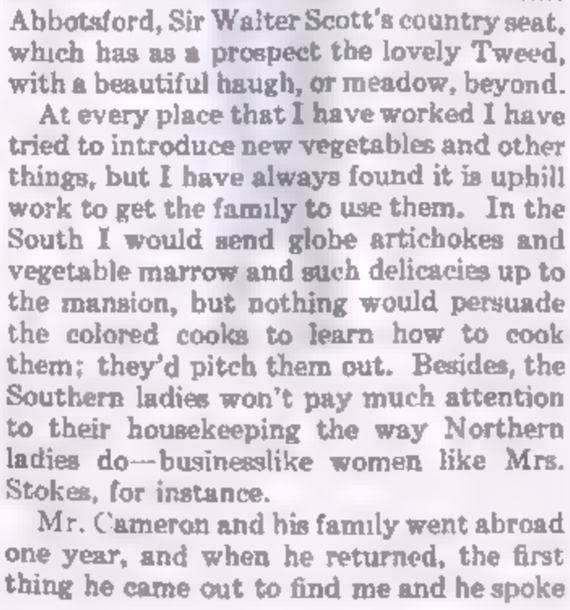

Figure 5

What Every Bride-to-Be is Waiting For!

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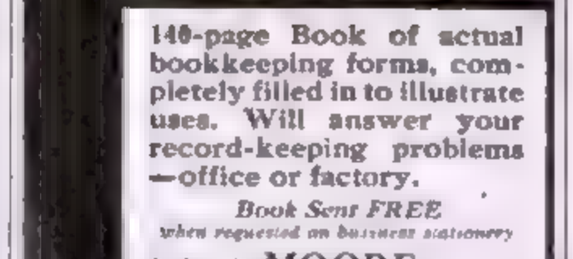

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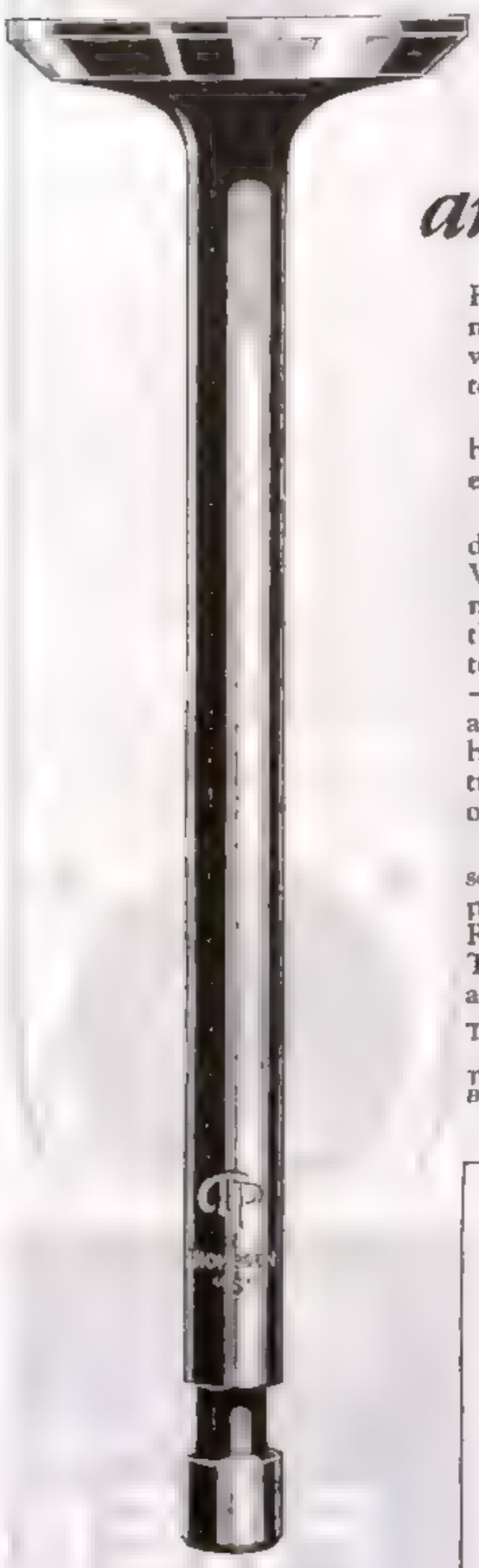
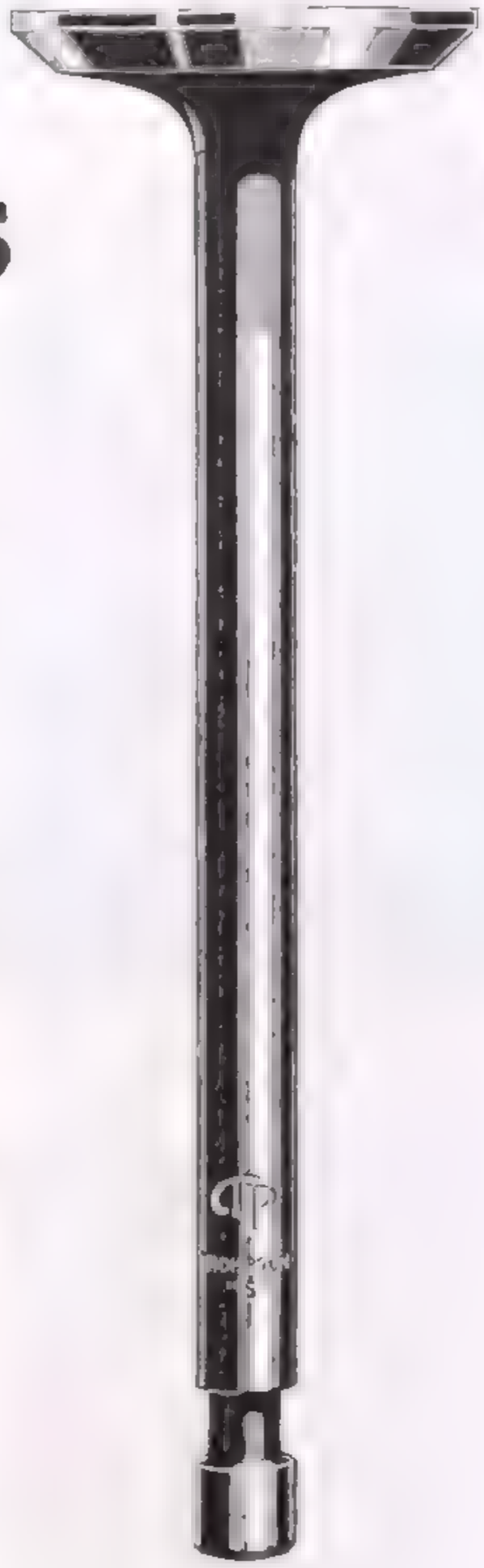
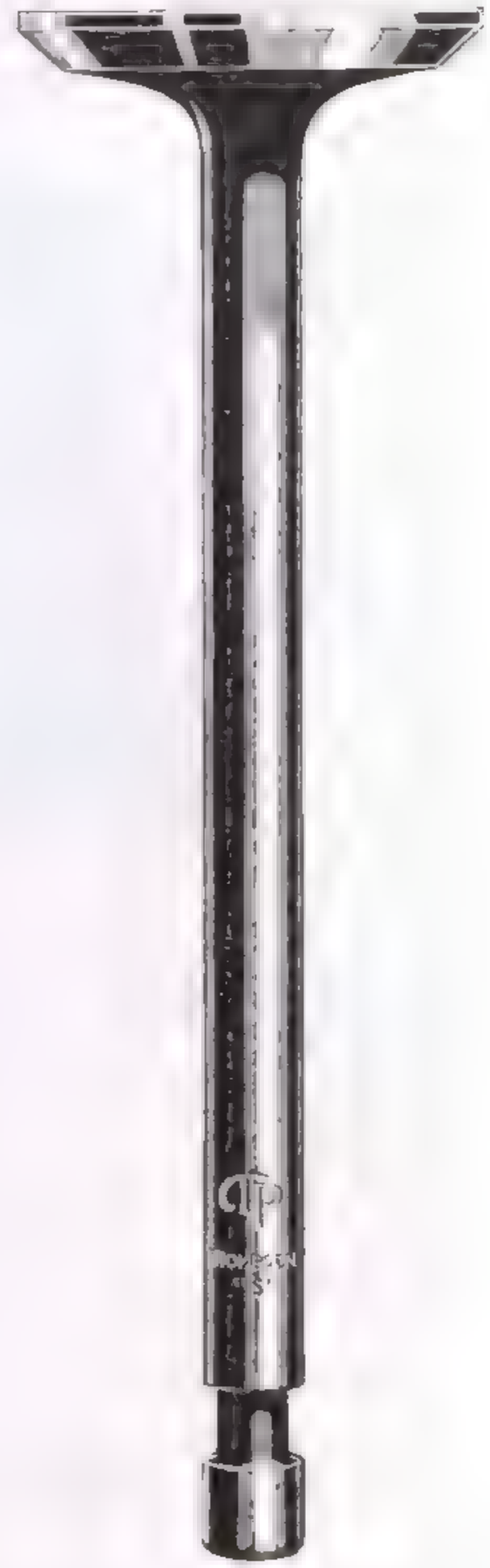


The UPS and DOWNS of ENGINE POWER





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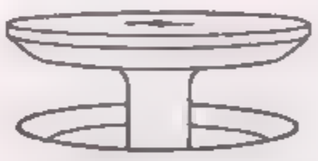

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(Continued from Page 175)

afterward, in friendly rivalry, Cornelius Vanderbilt's brother, W. K. Vanderbilt, built an equally grand house out of marble.

While visiting my brother in Newport, who was gardener for Commodore Elbridge Gerry, I was asked to fill in for a few months for the Vanderbilt gardener, who was sick. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt died the next year. He was a gentle man and appreciative to his working people. Whenever he came through the garden I would pick a jack rose and put it in his buttonhole, and he would thank me almost bashfully.

Between the great Newport places and the sea there ran a path, and I know that for some years the big people were trying to get that path closed to the public. This was natural, I suppose, because such crowds of rubbernecking strangers came there and these Newport mansions had not much land around them—only twenty-five acres or so. But in this connection I want to say that in England, on the estates of the biggest lords, the public could go in there and enjoy the place too. On a Sunday all the village people would be walking through the park.

There was one gentleman in Shropshire who had, besides his gardens and glasshouses, a great duck pond—a famous one, with rare swans, pelicans, flamingos, fancy geese, China ducks and all kinds of interesting creatures. And on Sunday all the people would stroll in there through the woods and gardens to look at the ducks; and the viscount, a fine, handsome gentleman, would always come out when the people came, just to feed the ducks, because he knew the people enjoyed seeing it. In the old days people seemed to be more quiet and polite than now; gentlemen and yeomen were friendly and unsuspicious. But now I have known people—and those with big limousines too—to leave tin cans and bottles about in a way that would shock your heart.

Now I must tell about pruning. You will hear good gardeners raving against tree butchers, for so we call men who think pruning is just cutting off twigs and branches. To give a common instance of tree butchering: Often the lovely hydrangea hortensis will be pruned in the spring in such a way that the flower buds, which are formed the year previous to flowering, will be all cut off. Of course the owners don't know this and wonder why their hydrangeas don't flower like their neighbors'.

The Real Object of Pruning

The object of pruning is to regulate the vegetation of the plant by removing growths that are worse than useless or which would become so if allowed to proceed unchecked. A tree in its natural state forms a top with branches. When growing vigorously the tree will push its branches in all directions. If it is prevented by a wall from pushing to one side, the buds will push and produce a superabundance of shoots toward the other side—more than could have their foliage well exposed to light. And to expose foliage to light—this is the most important object in cultivation. It can be obtained only by pruning.

The immediate effect of pruning is to encourage a greater flow of sap to the parts that are left. So, if you cut off certain parts of a tree, those that remain, having more sap and being better exposed to light, will make a larger and more vigorous growth. Thus, in Figure 2, if a shoot is shortened at B, the sap will flow more strongly into A and C; and if the shoots B and C are shortened, a still greater force of sap will be directed to the center shoot A.

At the same time the leaves in the remaining part of the two branches B and C will be expanded; more sap will be used by them; the buds will swell, will be more plump below B and C than they otherwise would have been. So by taking advantage of this tendency of sap, when interrupted, to flow with greater force into adjoining parts, shoots can be obtained almost wherever we please.

For example, in Figure 3 there are two shoots, A and B, and it is desired to have two others at the height of C and D. To insure this the upright leading shoot is pruned off in winter by a cut at E. Interrupted by the cut at E, the force of the sap is exerted on the adjoining parts, and the three buds immediately below the section are almost sure to push into shoots, the lower one laterally, as represented by the dotted lines. The uppermost bud left supplies the upright leader, and the two next lower furnish the two side shoots. Had these been required lower, they might have been obtained by cutting lower down, as at G.

But here is a warning. In order to obtain a long straight stem, the obvious way would be to cut off all the branches at once. But this must not be done—and it is too common a mistake—for this reason: It should always be borne in mind that there is a reciprocal action between the parts of a tree growing above the ground and those below. The roots supply nourishment or the raw materials to be manufactured by the leaves, while the leaves return substances so that the roots can extend farther in quest of food.

A Little at a Time

The more foliage you cut off, the more you check the growth of roots. Look at Figure 4. Between I and B, say, there are 100 leaves, and between I and A, only twenty-five leaves. If the 100 leaves are removed, the roots of the tree would suddenly be deprived of four-fifths of their means of growth. And so the power of the tree would be weakened and the sap would flow weakly. Therefore, in pruning, we have to contrive to cut off only a little of the foliage at a time, so that the newly expanding foliage will soon make up for the deficiency, and then, when that deficiency is made up, cut off another portion.

To illustrate: In Figure 4 we may cut off the lower branch close to the stem, as at B, and the next two shoots may have their points pinched off at E and D. The loss of these few leaves will not materially affect the root, and also the extra sap will push into the upright shoot, as we want it to, and into the remaining laterals; so that the aggregate expanse of the leaves will soon be greater than it was before. When that has happened, the two shoots stopped at E and D may be cut off closely, as at C and F. The remaining side shoots had better be allowed to grow untouched during the season, with the exception of pinching the tops of one, two or more of them, if they appear to grow too vigorously. The action of the leaves they bear will help to heal the wounds at B, C and F, strengthen the lower part of the stem by a layer of alburnum—soft wood of living tissue outside the heart wood—deposited by the stimulated sap, and in time make a greater proportion of roots

Now at the autumn or early-winter pruning these shoots may all be cut clean off and the buds above I will swell boldly and push vigorous shoots.

By pruning you can make a stem diverge into branches; or if you want a single straight stem, pruning can achieve that. Trees will occasionally branch out near the ground and form, instead of a tall straight tree, a sort of huge bush. Probably as much wood will be formed, but little of it can be used for good timber. Figure 5 shows the stem of a tree whose pruning has been neglected. In its youth it has subdivided. Now when the tree was young and the end of its central leader was at A, in Figure 6, that leader had a competitor at B which should have been stopped, as at C. The part between C and D might have been allowed to bear foliage for a time to strengthen the lower part of the stem and the roots, but the branch should have been eventually removed; and to make this possible, its vegetation ought to have been kept in check, and when there was an abundance of leaves above it it might have been cut off close to the stem at D. Thus B would have been prevented from growing.

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No *Watching*, No *Turning*, No More *Burnt* Toast

If you ever see this *automatic* toaster work, you'll never again be happy with the toaster you're now using

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That's all. It *can't burn toast*. If you want light brown toast, it gives it to you just that way. If dark brown—just *that* way. No watching; no bother; no grief.

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Electric Light Companies, Department Stores and Electric Shops everywhere you go have the Toastmaster on display.

It toasts both sides at once. Thus the toast is supremely better. It never goes "wrong" even once. You can leave the room while it's operating.

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Buy no toaster, for yourself or as a gift, before seeing the Toastmaster. See it work, just once. Then you'll know why it has supplanted old-time toasters in over 175,000 homes. Why thousands are flocking to it.

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Again, in Figure 6, when the central leader had reached as high as E, it was threatened with a competitor which should have been checked at F. When the central leader was as high as G, a shoot likely to have proved too strong for it should have been stopped at H. Thus, by a few slight cuts the ramifications seen in Figure 5 would have been prevented. By a system of checking rivals to the leader and by gradually reducing and clearing away the lower branches, a single clean stem of solid timber will be the result.

Pruning should not be performed when the buds are bursting, or nearly so, in spring, for then the sap is in active circulation and if suddenly checked the plants are apt to bleed and die or become greatly weakened. And rather than prune too late in the spring, when vigorous growth is the object, it is best to defer the operation till autumn and encourage the trees to make good foliage, and consequently good roots, during the summer.

A little summer pruning may be performed when, by doing so, better leaves can be developed—that is, more efficient leaves—from being better exposed to the light; fewer, but not presenting a less aggregate surface to the sun.

A young tree should be pruned painstakingly from the very start. If the pruning is neglected for a season or two it may not be possible to make the tree symmetrical again. You cannot make too great a wound without harming a tree. In fruit trees there must be pruning so that the sap will be diverted into the lower branches; in forest trees, so that there will grow a single tall bole. A rule is: Never cut off a vigorous branch without first reducing its vigor. When a branch is much reduced it finally can be dispensed with. But if the lower branches on a tree are weak as compared with the upper ones, then they can be at once cleared off; their loss will be but little felt.

There were 1000 acres of magnificent oaks on the estate of the Hazards at Peace Dale, Rhode Island. Old Mr. Rowland Hazard, who was the head of the family then, was a noted botanist. Though a very old man, he was wonderfully hale and he led an extraordinarily strenuous life. One week in the month he was at Peace Dale; the other three weeks he made a regular circuit to St. Louis, Michigan and to Syracuse, to direct the big industries that he owned in those places. He employed in his factories more than 7000 men, they said, and he was the possessor of the famous Solvay process, invented by a Frenchman; a secret without which no dyes can be manufactured.

Through the Magnifying Glass

During Mr. Hazard's one week at home in Peace Dale he would spend perhaps only an hour with me, but his directions were so explicit and penetrating that everything went like clockwork.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the great Unitarian preacher, had a summer cottage near by. He and Mr. Hazard were much interested in the green-gray lichen that covered the old stone walls. And it was interesting to see the two old gentlemen examining it under a big hand microscope. According to what they said, these lichens were the first vegetation to develop in the world. By gradual decay they formed humus out of which better plants developed and these, decaying in turn, became soil as we know it today. Without lichens, man would never have come into existence.

It was Mrs. Hazard who first hired me. She wanted to grow chrysanthemums—big ones such as she had seen in the florists' shops in Boston—and she was planning to build fine greenhouses for the purpose. I looked forward to this job, because in England I had taken prizes for chrysanthemums often. A man likes to show what he can do. But unfortunately Mrs. Hazard died that year and so our project fell through. Her daughter, Miss Caroline Hazard, who was for many years the president of Wellesley College, and old Mr. Hazard, were more interested in wild violets, oak woods and trailing arbutus than in chrysanthemums and orchids and hothouse peaches. But as I hope I have shown you, a gardener is worth his salt if he does nothing but prune trees correctly.

In 1898 I had worked at South Norwalk on the place of Mr. W. D. Martin, a New York lawyer. His mansion, built in 1870, a big granite palace, was called "the grand Lockwood place." Lockwood was the man who had fought with Commodore Vanderbilt over the control of the Lake Shore Road, and old Vanderbilt having licked him, Lockwood lost his palace.

Roosevelt used to visit there; he was governor of New York then. One bright Sunday morning I was chopping down a big dead elm with some of my men and Roosevelt came along and wanted exercise. He was a good axman. He pitched in until the sweat was running out of his hair, and he stuck at it until nearly one o'clock. "I could eat an ox," he told us, and went into the house to take a bath and dress for dinner.

Shaping the Trees

Roosevelt, you know, was insatiably curious, inquiring about everything, wherever he was. He never seemed to be satisfied until he had got out of a man all there was in him.

The Martins had a fine wall garden, with fruit trees trained against the walls. In England and France there are many of these and a man who owns one is as proud of it as of a race horse. The trees are tended so carefully, so lovingly that sometimes you will see each perfect pear or apple or peach that is ripening against the wall, tied in its own little gauze bag to protect it from insects. But there are still very few of such wall gardens in America. Since Roosevelt admired the one at the Martins' so much, and made me explain to him how it was done, it will not be amiss to explain it here.

Trees can be trained into almost any shape; they can be made to grow in shapes like stars, like wine glasses, like pyramids, like fountains, like chandeliers. But I will show how to train them in three designs that are fairly simple.

Horizontal training—Figure 7—is used chiefly for pear trees. The formation of the tree is very simple. When the young plant consists of a single upright stem it is cut down, as at C, above three buds, one on each side, situated at the proper height for originating the two lower horizontal branches, A and B, and the third one for the upright leader. When the shoots push, the leader is trained upright, of course, and the other two, not horizontally at once, but at some elevation at first, in order to strengthen them—the sap flows most strongly into shoots that point upward - for these side shoots cannot be too strong, provided they can be bent down easily to a horizontal line, when it is necessary, toward autumn.

A View Near Savannah, Ga.

At the next winter pruning decide the distance you want between horizontal branches. Then select two buds, one on each side, a little below that distance, and at one bud above these cut the upright shoot. Proceed in this way until all the horizontal branches are successively originated.

Here is a thing to bear in mind: The buds for the lower horizontals should be selected a little below the line along which they are to be trained, so that before reaching this line they will have an upright curve. This is to facilitate the flow of sap in these first branches. But at each successive stage the distance from the origin of the branches to their horizontal line should be less and less, and toward the top they may shoot out from the upright stem in a perfectly horizontal line.

However, only sturdy trees like apples and pears can be trained to grow horizontally. Stone fruits, such as peaches and plums and cherries, should never have their branches trained at right angles to the perpendicular stem; they should be allowed to take an ascending direction.

In oblique training—Figure 8—the branches are obtained at regular distances in the same way as in horizontal training, the only difference being that they are made to start upward at an angle. This direction of the branches is more favorable to their growth than the horizontal and is consequently better adapted for weak-growing varieties. The wall is sooner completely covered, with the exception of the portions A and B at the lower part.

A Bit of Paradise

In upright training—Figure 9—the horizontal portion A-B should be trained obliquely at first, like an open Y, and lowered by degrees to the horizontal position. Shoots will push, more especially on the upper side, but they must be kept in check until the horizontal branches A and B have had their extremities advanced toward C and D, and then the whole may be allowed to grow upward, but at an equal pace. The greatest care must be taken to prevent any one branch from getting in advance of the others.

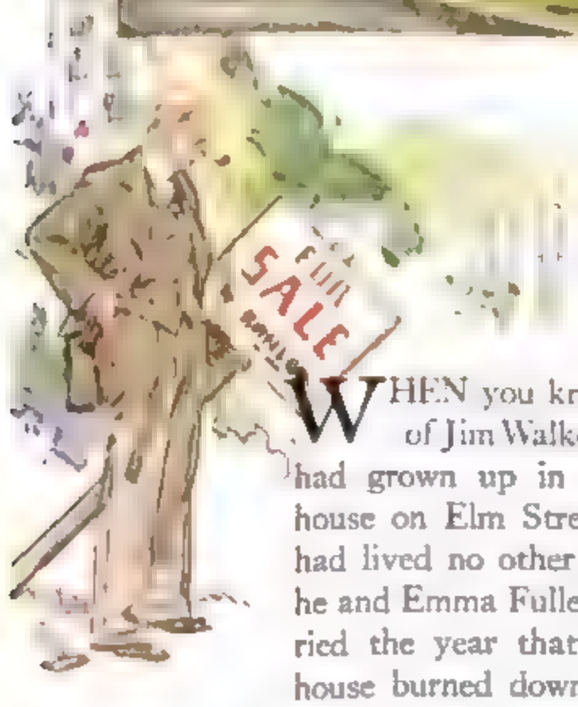
To my mind, a man who has a wall garden—and a poor man can have one if he'll put the work into it—has a small paradise. Because the trees lie flat against the wall, there is room in the yard for flowers and vegetables and other fruit trees. Because each leaf and fruit is equally exposed to the sun, there is perfect growth. The fruit becomes as glossy, fine and fat almost as hothouse fruit. And besides, the whole effect is so pretty it warms your heart; it goes right through your bones to look at it.

In America, I know, a person will come upon difficulties that we did not have in England, because the climate is different—because of the hot summers and cold winters here, for example. Perhaps in some parts it will be found that walls facing due south are so hot in summer that the trees don't thrive, and that the walls must be built at an angle, or that the garden must be a rhomboid instead of a rectangle.

However that may be, from forty years of gardening I know this: All difficulties can be puzzled out and you can make adaptations. You can defeat the difficulties and enemies peculiar to any climate if you keep cudgeling your poor wits and are not too conceited to listen to the experience of others, high and low.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Edwards.

They've taken down the FOR SALE sign on the old Walker home



WHEN you knew that all of Jim Walker's children had grown up in that white house on Elm Street, that he had lived no other place since he and Emma Fuller were married the year that the courthouse burned down, then you knew why he averted his head every time he passed that for-sale sign.

Somehow that bit of lettering on the front of his house changed its entire aspect. No longer friendly and smiling, it seemed to have a sorrowful air, a look of resignation and reproach.

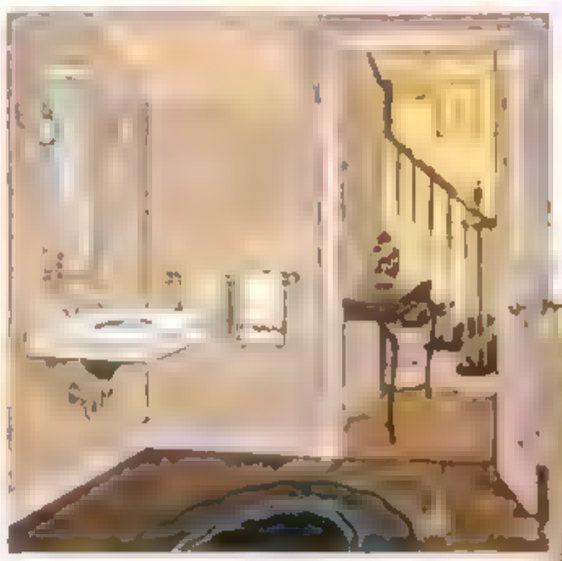
It all started when the children began complaining about no heat, not enough bathrooms, funny looking fixtures, and uncertain hot water.

Jim loved the old place; every hollow spot in the stairs held a flood of memories. So he resisted manfully. It was home, his home, every corner was dear to him; he'd be hanged if he'd sell it and move! But when Emma joined the children—well, the sign was nailed up the next day.

With deep resentment he watched prospective purchasers inspect the house from cellar to attic. "Hm-m," they would say, "needs a new boiler"; or "You *could* make another bathroom out of this closet"; or "Aren't those the quaintest radiators?"

Jim heard enough to convince him that ideas about comfort and convenience in a home had changed mightily since he had bought his place. He heard enough to make him mad clear through. And yet, not a sign of a live prospect.

Then, with a touch of inspiration, he called on Charley Todd, the plumbing contractor, and Bill Elkins, the heating man. By George, he'd make the old place the kind of a home you couldn't turn up your nose at, the kind of a place people would be glad to buy; and then, he'd keep it and live in it himself!



In less than a month, there was a new boiler in the basement, and slender, good-looking radiators in every room. Mother had a brand new, waist-high sink in the kitchen, with hot water that was hot when she wanted it hot. A little lavatory had been installed under the stairs. The old second-floor bathroom had been entirely done over, and another bathroom fixed up where the old toys had gathered dust.

So they've taken down the for-sale sign on the old Walker home, and the children and Emma are contented and happy. As for Jim, he now reads the paper and smokes in peace; knowing that the old place is now as salable as it is livable.

You can make this story your true story. You can give your wife new relief from drudgery, your children new convenience and comfort. And for what it adds to property value, the cost is surprisingly moderate. Find out about the newest plumbing and heating developments by asking your plumbing contractor and your heating contractor to "make a health examination of your home."

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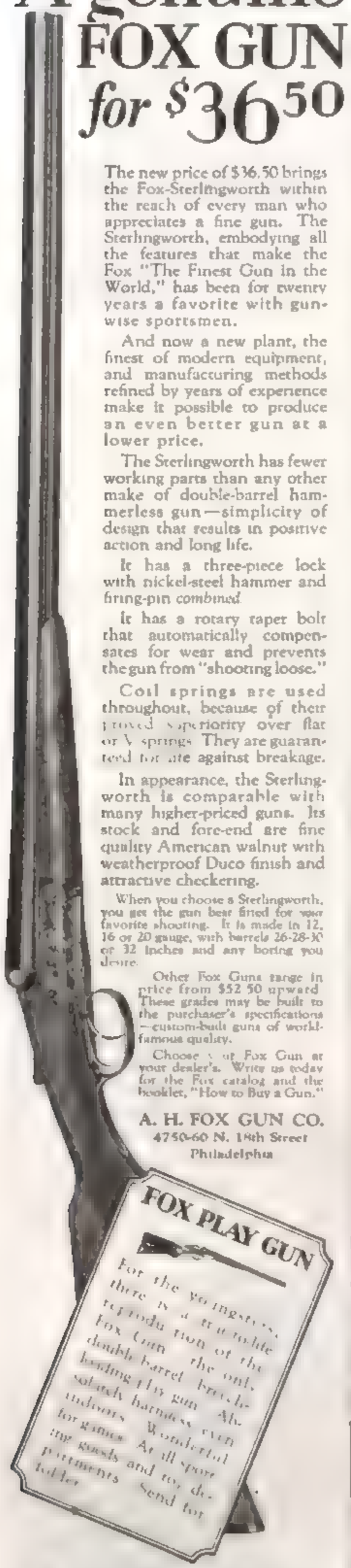

FOX GUNS

LOCAL TIME

(Continued from Page 13)

early love for him had beat in the air between them in the darkness of the thorn tree. But then the Bowman steel, with its reminders of policy, discretion, had flashed between them. The speeches so carefully pondered by Captain Willes through seven voyages were scattered like so many smoldering brands to the far corners of his brain; the compliant Charlotte of his night watches had turned—and she had turned before—into the slim aristocrat, friendly, but without a particle of nonsense in her head. Or was it nothing but his hellish cowardice that time after time, with the breath of a declaration on his lips, abruptly insisted that a woman of Charlotte's delicacy of feeling would twist his worship somehow into a threat against the security of her life?

He recalled that Captain Foster must have overcome like scruples in addressing himself to Haroldine.

"When I go back overtown, I'll want to go fast, and these hacks are all spoken for," he surprised himself by saying. "Isn't there a lantern in the barn?"

"I think so."

They went into the barn together. He struck a sulphur match, splitting off one from a card in his vest pocket. There the whitewashed stall boards were, and the names of dead and gone horses painted over the stalls in careless black letters. Here was the box stall of Slim Jim, that unlucky colt of Watchmaker's get; the harness was still on its peg, the sulky deposited high aloft among the rafters, side by side with the high-backed cutter that had chime bells on the fills and silver swans' heads on the dashboard.

Staring at it, Charlotte whispered, "Do you remember Hiram Gault?"

"Is it likely I'd forget him?"

It was Hiram who had sold the cutter to Charles Bowman. Old Gault was queer. He had a kitchen full of hats; hats were everywhere, hanging against the yellow walls like bats. The old man had been arrested for not using sleigh bells—the statute required three or more—and after paying his fine he covered his horse from neck to crupper with cowbells and strung cowbells on the shafts of his sleigh.

"How long ago it seems," Charlotte said, her eyes still fixed on the cutter. "I can see the old man now in that wolf-skin coat and the fool's cap with the red tassel on it. Didn't we snowball him?"

"He was no mean shot himself," Captain Willes recollected. The match was out.

"He caught you on the nose, didn't he?" Charlotte said, out of the familiar dark.

"And you slid a cold spoon down between my shoulder blades to stop the bleeding. You had a remedy for everything in those days."

"Well, here's the lantern," Charlotte said. She had found it in the dark, and juggled it to make sure there was oil in it. Captain Willes coughed over the business of putting another lucifer to the wick.

He was letting Charlotte Bowman steal over him like drink, and in a prohibition state too. She remembered Hiram—she remembered everything, the chances were—but he couldn't drink himself drunk enough to point these shafts of memory effectively.

"It's a fancy little lantern," was all he said.

"It was Uncle Ed's lantern," Charlotte reminded him. "He had it when he was a car conductor."

Her Uncle Ed had been the first of the Bowmans to truckle to the railroads. The little man had been out of his brother Charles' good graces when the rails had come serpentining in through that narrow rock gorge at the north end of the town like the snake coming into Eden, and he had hired out to the railroad. But shortly afterward he had hung himself to a spike driven in over the barn door on the inside. Charles, going into the barn to get his sulky out, had found his brother confronting him in that pose decidedly unbecoming to a Bowman.

And now Charles himself was driven to make terms with the enemy. Captain Willes felt that this time, by hook or crook, he would open the subject next his heart. Even now, unless he did, there wasn't a ghost of a pretext for their staying any longer in the barn. Charlotte's back was against the blue harness-closet door. A hornets' nest was at the top of the door, and a dead hornet, white-banded, was caught in it. The touch of Charlotte's retreating shoulder swung the door in and the hornet fell down and was snared in her hair.

"Stand still," Captain Willes cautioned her, and stroked the dead insect clear with his hand. His palm clung to the crown of her head; its motion turned into a caress; Charlotte's lips were parted, her lids dropped like a shot, she was in his arms, with both hands pressed against his heart.

"Please, I mustn't!" she cried. "No. Are we to consider only ourselves in this world? This would be too unsettling."

"More so than the earthquake?" Willes whispered close against her cheek. Was it as easy as all this? He had been like a man blinded by a lightning flash on a plunging ship laying hold of the wrong ropes in the dark, waiting for the second flash. Now he had it; there was no misreading Charlotte's look that second of surrender; but the Bowman steel was in her; she wasn't lacking in the strength to outskill her emotions. Captain Willes knew at a touch that the immense force that was Charles Bowman was still to be reckoned with.

"I tell you I have had nothing but this on my mind all the way overland from Puget Sound!" he cried. "Unsettling is a mild word!"

"You evidently haven't heard," Charlotte murmured. "I am going to marry Emerson Revell."

"Revell. You mean they've written you bodily into the new contract."

"Captain Willes ——"

"Revell. Think what you're saying."

"I might ask you to do the same."

But he no longer could. His terror was tinged with ferocity; he wanted to pick her up and carry her away. He said brutally: "There'll be no danger from the Sawdust Patch, at all events. You'll have a very fine yacht to cruise in. The transoms are upholstered in wine-colored plush and there are Persian carpets on the floor. I've heard pretty good reports of the wine lockers too."

He was in a transport; his grip of the girl's arms was no longer love; it was punishment, physical torture, and it was interrupted only by Charles Bowman's heavy cough resounding in the archway. Captain Willes' arms dropped at his sides, Charlotte was all an excited whisper of silk, the lantern got kicked over, and Willes, lunging after it, collided with old Bowman himself, who said darkly and heavily:

"It was a cow kicking over a lantern that burned up half the city of Chicago."

The big man was in a suit of rumpled white doeskin; his coarse black hair looked as if it had never seen brush or comb; the dark eyes smoldered over pitted cheeks, and the clay pipestem gritted against his strong teeth.

"Your sister wants you," he said to Charlotte.

The girl stepped past the men swiftly, without looking at them, lifted her skirts over the rough sill. Captain Bowman tapped out his pipe into his hand and abruptly motioned Willes to follow him into the back kitchen, which had been turned into an office.

Emerson Revell was sitting at the desk there. A little bald man with spiky brows, spiky hairs over his ears, a gray beard coming high on his cheek bones, piercing little eyes. "Like a rat looking through a bunch of oakum," Charles Bowman had said himself; yet here he was tied hand and foot to the little man's back at last.

Revell got up as Willes came in, but took no notice of the young man.

"Major Sullivan can attend to any other details," the railroad man said to Charles Bowman. "But I think, as it is, we have worked out of all our difficulties. I must have a word with the lady before leaving."

"You'll find her in the front of the house," Bowman muttered.

Alone with Captain Willes, he went through the motions of lighting his pipe, which was empty, and the young man stared. A rusty sink in one corner was piled high with dog's-eared logs of Bowman ships, a chronometer was ticking somewhere in sword-like strokes exactly a second apart. A cleaver hung from a peg, and this tool Charles had used to split hogs open at a single slash.

When Bowman began, it was abruptly, and not on the subject Willes expected.

"I haven't seen you alone to talk to since you came overland from Puget Sound. What did you think of the inland country?"

"I felt a little smothered up there. They will never reach it any way except by rail, or the Mississippi," Captain Willes answered. "They've got some tall buildings. I can safely say that I will never be nearer heaven than I was standing in the cupola of the Chicago Board of Trade building."

Bowman gave an impolite snort. And then the young man, over the mighty round of his chief's shoulder, saw Charlotte's face, floating in the dark outside the half opened door. She hadn't left the archway.

Bowman straightened up from a broad ruled sheet of fine writing in purple ink and tapped it with the point of a horn-handled sheath knife. A breath of air lifted the paper and Bowman stabbed it to the desk viciously.

"Here's the new contract with Revell," he muttered. "The Bowman yards are to build six barges for the railroad. I don't like it altogether, but it's better than nothing. The town would have been knocked higher than a burnt boot if something hadn't turned up."

"There'd still be a town here if apple trees grew up between the bed logs in the shipyards," Willes said, in a cold fury with the man. Why should Bowman take it on himself to shoulder the destinies of all these people? He didn't certainly expect their gratitude. More likely, since it was certain that Revell had forced standard time on him, Bowman would be the object of popular hatred, and he very likely knew it. But here the contract was, and no doubt he would take a certain perverse pride in putting bread into people's mouths against their wills.

"There would still be a town, as you say," Bowman admitted. "Not my kind of town though. It's a compromise already, but I mean to hang on to ships while I can. And I guess I can, a little longer. This contract has the further result that I can't let Captain Foster take the Lily Bowman to the West Coast. I'll need him at the yards. The ship sails at midnight. Are you prepared to go aboard as master?"

Captain Bowman spoke casually, but he sent the young man a stabbing look. He knew what was up then, but the sentence of banishment was cunning, since it satisfied a life's ambition. There were at least two other captains who would normally have had the preference over Willes.

The young man couldn't find his voice; he felt actually faint, and his eye coasted along that line of medicine bottles standing in a row on the iron-bracketed slab of a mantelpiece. He might need a drink out of one of those to help him to a decision. There they stood, poor Ed Bowman's nostrums—the panacea called the Prince of Liver Correctives, Beef, Iron and Wine; a lung cordial, a horse remedy—Squiff's,

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Just CARELESS

. . . and the best wives know this

His stories always get a laugh—his trousers look like a night in an upper berth. His business sense is better than most—his coat always looks tired.

His friends love him—strangers notice how his collar button shows above the top of his necktie.

He gets $60 a week. He's worth $5,000 a year. Two years from now he'll be worth $10,000 a year. He may get only $70 a week.

He's got everything the hundred-percenter has except the habit of kindness to his clothes.

If he was married, his wife might dare tell him what his wrinkled carelessness costs him.

You can depend on the establishment that shows the Valetor sign

The Valetor has invested real money in modern equipment for the scientific pressing of clothes. This equipment ranges from the single unit Valetor machine to the specialized six-unit Valeteria battery used by larger establishments. Valetors are expert in the proper methods of pressing the many different types of garment fabrics.

New Facts about Clothes Pressing

Through modern pressing equipment the care of clothes has become a scientific operation which delivers far more than perfectly pressed garments.

ODORS REMOVED

***Arm-pit** and **trouser waist-band** and **center seams** are freed from offensiveness. The odors of perspiration which cause garments to be unpleasant are removed by heat, steam and vacuum.*

NAP RAISED

Clothing comes back to you soft-dried; never hard, never damp. The nap of the fabric is actually raised and the lustre of the cloth restored.

GERMS KILLED

Germs are always present in clothes that have been worn. This pressing method, using temperatures at about the range at which surgical instruments are sterilized, kills the disease germs of influenza, common colds, pneumonia, tuberculosis and skin diseases.

MOTH EGGS DESTROYED

This method of pressing destroys moth eggs and larvae which may lie within the weave of woolen goods. The eggs of other insects and the insects themselves are also destroyed.

VACUUM DRYING

Garments are not baked by dry heat. They never have a stiff *boardy* finish. A vacuum attachment draws air through the fabric and leaves garment with soft, natural finish.

CREASES LAST LONGER

Regular pressing by this method maintains the original balance and fine lines of your suit. The pressed effect lasts longer.

CAN'T HARM DELICATE DRESSES

By *regulated* steam pressure the Valetor smooths wrinkles gently and safely, sending back your loveliest chiffon, crepe or satin frock soft and fresh.

AVAILABILITY

The Valetor sign is on the windows of clothes pressing shops with this modern equipment. Look for the Valetor sign in your neighborhood. You'll probably find one nearby. If not write us for the name of the nearest one.

U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

In Canada: Canadian Hoffman Machinery Company, Limited 91, Don Roadway, Toronto, Canada.

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Are Your Streets Crowded?

Photo courtesy Chicago Daily News

The cost of traffic congestion always far higher than the cost of wide, safe streets

TRAFFIC congestion in any thriving, growing city always seems several laps ahead of paving.

It need not be so. You can have wide, safe streets if you and your fellow citizens will take an interest in the matter. It is not wholly a problem of cost, but rather one of foresight and intelligent planning.

The Chicago Plan Commission estimated the saving to Chicago citizens, in the value of time and gasoline, through the widening of Michigan Avenue and the construction of its bridge over the Chicago River, at over $2,000,000 a year. These improvements, opened in 1920, cost approximately $16,000,000. They have already more than saved their cost—and traffic volume is still growing. Proportionately, your city would benefit as greatly from local improvements.

The increased values created in abutting property along beautiful, wide new streets are nearly always greater than the cost of the improvement. The easy and safe flow of traffic stimulates trade and increases the earning capacity of the entire district. Everyone gains—no one loses.

You can start a movement for wider, more adequate streets in your town or city. Would you like to know how? Write—

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
33 WEST GRAND AVENUE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
A National Organization to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete
Offices in 32 Cities

Portland cement concrete is the paving material best suited to the demands of modern city traffic. It is quickly laid and opened to use. The gritty surface texture gives good traction, wet or dry. Hot weather does not soften nor heavy loads affect its evenness. And its clean, light-colored surface has a beauty and distinction no other pavement possesses. Ask for our illustrated booklet showing concrete paving in many cities.

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

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with a piebald horse's head on the label—and the Vitalizer.

Captain Willes saw what Bowman had in mind. He meant to keep the town going as a ship town and at the same time to provide for his girls fittingly. Upper crust. He wanted to hold everything, make all his combinations stable, but in spite of him, they were shifting. Since he retained Foster, he would have Haroldine at home, but he would have to let Charlotte go out of his hands. True, she would be married to Revell, but that was policy. If Revell prevailed, the Bowman interests would still not be without a weapon in his very heart. It was a cruel use of the bargaining power and Captain Willes' blood still boiled at the thought of it. The chronometers were dealing out time against him in second-long blows.

"You don't answer," Charles Bowman said sharply.

"I will go aboard at once," Captain Willes said stiffly. The habit of obedience to Bowman's will was too strong in him to be resisted; how then should he blame Charlotte, who had lived with the man at so much closer quarters? Furthermore, to break with Bowman would gain him nothing, since he was convinced that the girl was bound over to Revell by some kind of gentlemen's agreement.

"You will have to go at once, if you are to use this tide," Bowman said. "The instructions are on board, in Captain Foster's room. Are there any questions?"

"None," said Willes hoarsely.

Bowman reached for the Vitalizer. The bottle actually contained old New England rum, but since the state had gone dry, Bowman felt that he must set a good example and drink his liquor on the sly.

"Here's to a ninety-day passage," he said, unbending.

They drank out of thumbed whisky glasses to the success of the voyage.

"You had better be heaving short," Bowman said then. "Take Sam Totten's hack. Revell won't be going yet. . . . And take young Walker along with you. I suppose you've heard he's making the voyage for his health."

Walker was the minister who had married Haroldine and Captain Foster. Captain Willes, walking through the archway, saw Sam Totten's hack drawn up at the back front door. The guests were not leaving yet. Murat Sullivan stood in the door with a Cuban cigar in his mouth. Mr. Walker was in the hack already, with three or four of Haroldine's packages.

Charlotte came out, looking pale as death, and seeing the clergyman sitting there, said rapidly: "Those aren't going. Didn't you know? Haroldine's been let off the voyage. That's her wedding present. Captain Willes is going in place of Captain Foster."

Mr. Walker looked more than a little dashed.

"Really?" he murmured, but he obediently got out and Charlotte heaped the packages into his arms. Captain Willes, moving as if in a dream, got into the hack. To his surprise, Charlotte got in after him.

"I've got to go along to get Hal's wardrobe off the ship," she murmured.

There was an awkward pause, which Murat Sullivan ended by shutting the door on them with a caressing motion of his white hand.

"Two's company," he said in a secret whisper, as soon as Walker had got out of hearing. His face, seen close to, was oddly cavernous, full of a thousand details, creases, blotches and tinted hollows—it was like an old battlefield—but his eyes were lambent and mysterious as in the days of Ullie Wickerstrom.

"Bowl along," he urged them. "I'll bring Walker down with me. Don't forget, it's a preacher coming after you."

The gay old conspirator stood back and knocked the ash off his cigar. He didn't like the way he had been treated all through the framing of the contract. The Bowman yards had signs painted Help Wanted. No Irish Need Apply—and old Bowman could not content himself with the name of Sullivan.

There were half a dozen men in his own yards, he had asserted, who could take the measure of the boxer of that name. He balked, indeed, at any and all names unless of the old stock, the original families, yet more and more the other strains were creeping in; the railroad had effected a breach in the walls past all repair.

Sam Totten cracked his whip, the heavy two-horse hack rolled out of the drive and dropped into the road with a jolt that flung the constrained passengers together. They drew apart. They had not sat side by side like this since a night, two voyages back, when eight or ten young couples had waited in the dark of a parlor on Pleasant Street to witness the unfolding of two buds of a night-blooming cereus. Charlotte completely invisible, made her presence felt by a slight collapsing movement in her corner; the fragrance of the Jacqueminot roses at her girdle was in the air; she gave a stormy little sigh or gasp.

The town clock struck midnight as they were turning into Pleasant Street. Captain Willes got out a heavy silver timepiece and scratched a match.

"That's queer," he thought. It was midnight by his watch too. Old Waite hadn't meant to let the clock strike the same hour twice. He hadn't given it its set-back then. Could Bowman have countermanded his order to the mayor? Captain Willes was on the point of voicing his puzzlement to Charlotte, but in putting his watch back, his hand accidentally touched hers and the direction of his thought was changed.

"You hit me pretty hard with that news about Revell and you," he said in forced tones. "I guess I didn't stand up under it very well. I hope you'll forgive me. A man must have planted in him pretty deep the notion that he's irresistible. I tell you what: I felt as foolish and panicky, for a second, as if I had put my ship ashore. There's no doubt Revell can give you advantages I couldn't dream of. And anyway, you'd have no business marrying a seaman. He's away for years at a time; half the time he isn't home for Christmas; his children grow up strangers to him."

Charlotte's muffled "Don't" at that last assertion was hardly better than a sob. The inside of the hack was black as ink, and he might not have been able to satisfy himself that she was by his side, if it hadn't dropped into a rut and thrown him right against her.

"It's not too late to reconsider!" he cried hoarsely, forgetting his own argument and even his manners, since he had passed his powerful arm round her shoulders under the mistaken notion that in love possession was nine points of the law. His grip was really that of a drowning man.

Charlotte faltered, "Don't let's go over this again. I'm simply too far implicated. If father had to shut the yards down it would kill him."

"I see. I am expected to survive, however," Captain Willes said bitterly. He added in abysmal tones: "No doubt I will."

The hack stopped with a jolt in front of his lodging house. He got out with an apology, but was back almost at once with a sea chest on his shoulder. Sam Totten relieved him of it and he got into the hack again.

There was silence again until they came to the railroad tracks, when the passengers became aware that the fat jehu on the box was having trouble with his horses. They plunged and reared, the hack swayed. One of the horses had been hit in the flank with a stone, Sam Totten cried, and Captain Willes, leaning out, saw a knot of men struggling on the steps in front of the town hall.

The lantern over the door shed a dim light on brick walls and on a mass of blue-shirted figures weaving back and forth there. All the mongrel dogs in town were yelping. There was a crash of glass, oaths, and then Luther Waite's whistle shrilled out fearsomely.

(Continued on Page 185)

Welcome the Eureka Man

— he brings new standards of home sanitation —

If you realize the constant danger that lurks in germ-laden dirt, buried deeply in half-cleaned rugs and carpets—and the destruction moths can work—you will welcome the Eureka man when he calls to ask a few minutes of your time.

If you know what happens to pretty hands and erect figures after years of "chasing dirt" by old-fashioned methods, or with a worn, inefficient electric cleaner—you will gladly let him *show* you his story of up-to-date, scientific cleaning—a story that can't be told in words.

You should count, too, the cost that will come sooner or later, through damage to dainty draperies and treasured upholstery unless they also are kept *thoroughly* clean by the most modern sanitary methods.

Perhaps (has it ever occurred to you?) your present cleaner has become ineffective, *without* your realizing it. Some electric cleaners, you know, deteriorate and lose their effectiveness through constant use. Such cleaners are more difficult and costly to operate; they do their work little better than a broom.

Let the Eureka man make the famous "High-Vacuum" Dirt Test on your rugs—a test that will show you exactly how efficient your present cleaner is in comparison with the latest and best equipment.

Let him demonstrate the Model 11 Eureka, the marvelous new Combination Home and Automobile Cleaner, with the detachable handle feature which allows you so quickly and easily to clean the inside of your motor car—your stairways and cupboards—all hard-to-get-at places.

Let him show you how the famous Eureka attachments may be used to keep fabrics fresh and new, mattresses and pillows clean and wholesome, clothing and other fabrics free from the menace of moths.

His visit, of course, places you under absolutely no obligation. If you wish him to call, just phone the nearest Eureka branch or dealer.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario. Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher Street, London, W. C. 1, England; 58-60 Margaret Street, Sydney, Australia.

Grand Prize EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER *Gets More Dirt*

(470)

THE Teenie Weenie Lady of Fashion loved the woods. Although she was no taller than a salt-shaker, she was not afraid and she loved to take long walks all alone.

She liked to look at the wild flowers, high above her head, and she enjoyed sitting under a friendly mushroom with a bit of sewing or a tiny book.

One lovely morning she set off for the woods and when she did not return for lunch the General became alarmed.

"She might have fallen into a rabbit's hole, or a weasel might have spied her," thought the General, so he ordered the tiny factories closed, where the Teenie Weenie food products were made, and sent the Teenie Weenie workers in search of the missing Lady of Fashion.

The Teenie Weenie Indian finally picked up her trail and the little folks followed it for some distance into the deep woods.

They could see where her tiny heels, hardly as big as the head of a pin, left their marks in the soft earth. Once they found a bit of her dress that had been caught by a thorn, then her tracks stopped.

It was plain to be seen that she had fallen down. Her tiny handkerchief lay on the ground. All about the spot were the tracks of an animal. The marks of its sharp claws could be plainly seen in the earth.

The Teenie Weenies all stared at one another in alarm, then something happened . . . a big squirrel popped his head over the top of a stone. He held the Lady of Fashion in his mouth, but he quickly set her on the ground.

"I-I-I'm all right," smiled the Lady of Fashion. "I-I turned my ankle and couldn't walk. I-I-I sat here for ever so long and finally this kind squirrel came along and was going to carry me home when we met you."

"That was mighty fine of you," said the General, bowing to the squirrel.

"Don't mention it! Don't mention it!" answered the squirrel.

"But I will mention it!" exclaimed the General. "We appreciate what you have done and we would like to repay you in some way for your kindness. Could I ask you to accept a pail of Monarch Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter and a pail of Monarch Teenie Weenie Pop Corn for your kindness? You know we put up this pop corn and peanut butter ourselves."

"I have heard that the Teenie Weenie food products are wonderfully good," said the squirrel, "and I consider myself most fortunate."

"*You are!*" shouted the Dunce, who was very fond of peanut butter.

"I would like Mr. Squirrel to have a box of Teenie Weenie Wheat Hearts," cried the Lady of Fashion. "I'm sure he'd like them."

"Wheat Hearts?" asked the Squirrel. "What are they?"

"Monarch Teenie Weenie Wheat Hearts," answered the General, "is a most delicious breakfast food. It is made of the toasted hearts of wheat."

"It sounds wonderful!" cried the squirrel. "Hearts of wheat are very nourishing and I should think that they would be delicious when toasted."

"You shall have a package," said the General.

"Give him some pickles and Teenie Weenie Sardines!" shouted the Dunce.

"*Stop!*" cried the squirrel. "You have given me more than I deserve and I will not take another thing."

The little people thanked the squirrel again for his kindness and placing the Lady of Fashion on a tiny stretcher, which the Old Soldier made from a few twigs and a leaf, they carried the little lady home.

The Doctor found that she had sprained her ankle, but with the help of crutches, which the Turk made out of a couple of toothpicks, the tiny woman was able to hobble about.

Early the next morning the Teenie Weenies carried the Teenie Weenie Pop Corn, Wheat Hearts and Peanut Butter to the tree in which the squirrel lived.

He seemed wonderfully pleased with the Teenie Weenie food and the little folks have since learned that the squirrel is considered very wealthy and envied by all the animals and birds in the forest.

MONARCH
QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS
THE HIGHEST QUALITY TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Reid, Murdoch & Co. (*Estab.* 1853)
Chicago, New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Wilkes-Barre, Tampa, Jacksonville, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Phoenix, St. Louis
© 1928, R. M. & Co.

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"It's them Italians!" Mr. Totten shouted down. "Somebody's going to get murdered!"

Captain Willes opened the back door and stepped out.

"It's more than the Italians," he said sharply. "It's Pushaw's gang, but some of the Italians are there. Go into River Street through the alley here," he ordered, "and wait for me at the wharf."

He went past the Collins House on the dead run and instantly was up to his neck in mortal combat. He had been right in thinking that the mob was not made up of Italians altogether. There were shipyard workers, old residents, sober citizens.

Someone was yelling "Keep the old man away from the clock."

Jack Willes worked his way nearer the beleaguered form of Luther Waite. The watchman and timekeeper was just visible under the riding light's faint rays, battling lion-hearted in a cause that didn't have his sympathy. Willes, over his shoulder, had seen that the lights of the Olympian Club were black out; the checker players had gone home and no help could be expected from that quarter. And certainly standard time had not sympathizers at the Seamen's Bethel.

Willes grappled at random with one of the men crowding round Mr. Waite. It was Giles Pushaw himself, and Giles butted him square on the nose. At the same time a knife blade from behind pricked his flank and ripped along his forearm. There was going to be the devil to pay and no pitch hot. He gave a heave and sent Pushaw sprawling down the steps, and as it happened, neatly into Smiley's arms.

Jim Smiley had come on the scene, and his method of handling toughs was heroic and direct. In his Hell's Kitchen days, from the instant he stepped on the beat he looked for trouble, bared his teeth, and neither asked nor gave quarter. It was his habit, on answering a riot call, to spring into the crowd, select his man, and fell him without a second's hesitation. He asked his questions afterward.

Smiley now laid about him on all sides with his night stick—a cruel weapon, leaded, and a direct New York importation. And even when he lost his stick, he was by no means defenseless. He had had holds taught him in Nagasaki by a Japanese wrestler, who had first asked his pupil if he was an honorable man, since only such could be intrusted with methods of killing which would leave no trace on the body.

The opposition, as was only natural in the face of this rigorous attack, began to melt. Those who still could, broke and ran for it, and clustered menacingly on the steps of the Collins House, where only the night before the town jehus had met peaceably to talk up a hackmen's ball. Jack Willes, back to back with Luther Waite, drew a free breath again.

"They get a poniard into you, captain?" Smiley asked with concern.

"Scratch on the arm. Look after Luther."

But the clumping of old Waite's boots could already be heard going wrathily up into the belfry to give the town its set-back. Captain Willes went in as direct a line as possible for Hanley's wharf. He was cut and torn, his nose was bleeding and a little blood was running out his finger ends, but he was not stuck in any vital place. He broke into a violent laugh at the thought of these men who wouldn't agree to turn back time, not for so much as twenty minutes. Charlotte, of all women, would appreciate the irony of that. Was the present so merciful a shield for past disappointments that men would risk getting their skulls cracked by Jim Smiley's club to hold it to itself?

The little street was blacker than tar. Captain Willes turned his ankle in the pit left by an uprooted cobblestone, and then, lacking Charlotte's guidance, cracked his head on the edge of the crockery-shop signboard. His knees buckled under him; he sickened with the pain, stumbled, and felt an arm go round him. It was Charlotte's.

"I was just coming back for you!" she cried and her voice shook. She supported him along into the light of Sam's hack lamp, which had a new kind of reflector adjusted to throw light on the horse's feet and the road just ahead. "You are bleeding," she faltered, horrified.

"My nose is," Captain Willes admitted. He went on dreamily, "Have you got a cold spoon?"

"A—a cold spoon?"

"Yes, to slip down between the shoulder blades. You haven't forgotten all your remedies, I hope."

"My remedies?"

"You used to have a remedy for everything—for every mortal thing. Maybe you got them from Uncle Ed," he said, queerly excited. Charlotte implored him to get into the hack; he did so, and then found her on her knees beside him, pushing her handkerchief, scented with heliotrope, against his nose and asking him how he could be so silly as to pitch into other people's quarrels.

"Other people's quarrels?" he repeated. "I guess that needs a little definition. You surely want me to back up the Bowman interests."

"The Bowman interests!" Charlotte cried.

And then the town-hall clock began solemnly striking midnight over again, with a creaking catch between the strokes. Charlotte was off her knees in a second.

"Why, it struck before!" she cried, amazed.

"Just so, but that was local time," Captain Willes said grimly.

"And why not?"

"Ask the railroad. Ask your friend Emerson Revell. It's his invention, isn't it? Standard time. She's going to cut a wide swathe right up and down the country. Eastern time, they call it."

"Mr. Revell gave me his solemn word it wouldn't come to this!" the girl cried. "Father too!"

"Then that's as seriously as Revell will ever take you," Captain Willes said shortly. "Standard time is as much a part of the bargain as—as ——"

He hung fire. The clock had stopped striking, but its reverberations still surged over their heads. The end of local time had come, and possibly the beginning of the end for ships and shipyards—wooden ships at all events. The end of the broadax and the calkers' irons. No more pitch kettles, no more yellow chips, no longer that sharp smell of sawed oak and fresh oakum in the air. The Bowman hold was broken.

"It's abominable!" Charlotte cried, catching her breath.

"It was bound to come," Captain Willes replied. "My trip overland proved that to me."

"It's the last thing in the world I'll agree to," she said. "The very last. Do they think they can just play ducks and drakes with everything and everybody?"

The astonished Captain Willes saw that she had had local time as much at heart as anybody. No question about it, she was furious. If she had been a man, he saw, she would have made one of Giles Pushaw's gang; she would have battled to keep old Waite from monkeying with the town's time. She might even have given Captain Willes this bloody nose.

"It's no good crying over spilt milk," he assured her. "Standard time is here to stay. You heard it strike."

"I heard it, yes. Then, Jack, the logic of it is, we've got twenty minutes to live over again."

"Exactly," Captain Willes said innocently. "You might put it that nothing has happened this last twenty minutes. It cancels out. This nosebleed, for example, is pure illusion."

"Is that all? We're back at midnight. We've got so much to rub out and live over. If we've made any mistakes in this last twenty minutes ——"

"Mistakes!" cried Captain Willes.

"Mistakes, yes. . . . Well, then it's not too late to rectify them."

"Charlotte."

"You were good enough to ask me, I believe, if I—if I "

"I ask you again."

"Jack, take me with you."

"There's no need. I'll give up the ship," Captain Willes said. He got up unsteadily and cracked his head against the roof of the hack.

"Oh, no, you won't. You won't give up the ship. The ship is our salvation," Charlotte whispered. "They'll find a way to polish us off if we just stop in their midst. They will. You know it. Jack, there's nothing for it but the ship. It's dark enough, isn't it, to smuggle me over the rail? And once aboard I can wear Haroldine's clothes easily enough. Is it so shocking? After all, don't forget that Mr. Walker's coming too."

"How about the contract?" Captain Willes had the grace to say.

"That will stand. After all, I wasn't written into it. Not—not bodily." She paused on that word, then cried, "Damn the contract!"

She parted her lips well over the word, her teeth flashed, but there were no passing ladies to be confounded by the oath, and even Jim Smiley's chaste ears were not there to be offended. Already they were in another era. Parents, since this second midnight, would find themselves in another stage of their evolution.

Captain Willes felt as if he had been cooped up in a dungeon of fog, and as if now the fog were scaling up, opening a marvelous shimmering reach to his imagination. And had it actually come out of that unwise juggling with time? But what was time and how should it be measured? Was it the earth turning over on its axis, or merely the blood of his pulses? He had been thinking lately that his days were only coin spent for shoddy things, bad bargains. And now Bowman and Revell, preoccupied with their bargaining, had overreached themselves at last. By simply giving time another name, they had given it another meaning, and Revell's consideration for his contract had in that instant escaped him.

Captain Willes' body shook with silent laughter, or possibly in part with the motion of the hack, since Sam Totten, spoken to by Charlotte, was already going for the wharf.

"One thing I must say," Captain Willes whispered, "but it will sound like treason, I'm afraid."

"Tell me, just the same."

"I said some harsh things about Revell, and I thought some other things—harsher. Maybe I was wrong. Revell is a long-headed man; I give him credit for a lot of foresight. Things are going better already under standard time."

Charlotte Bowman's laugh was fathomlessly happy, and Captain Willes made a mental note that he must shortly explain and qualify what he had said in her hearing about the Board of Trade Building in Chicago, and about never being any nearer heaven than the cupola of that.

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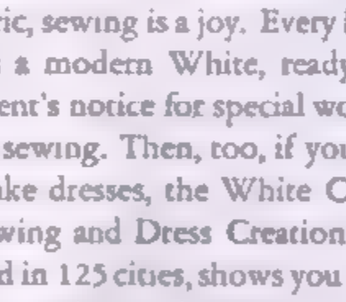

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PLAYTIMES

(Continued from Page 29)

one—not even a loving and lynx-eyed wife—who can look after a man but himself, and he makes a very poor job of it. He is not man enough to act sensibly childish and go to bed when he is sleepy. Give a thought to big brother Ted. Does he manipulate his roadster with the same caution shown by little Willie on his coaster? No, Ted is as the youth, returning home after his college examinations, who was received with the motherly greeting, "I hope you passed everything."

"Yes, mother," he said; "everything on the road."

Children are not only restrained, they are conservative. It is they who are the real guardians of our ancient play institutions. Note how they turn instinctively from elaborate diversions. Try as you will, and probably do, you cannot interest a child for long in the average complicated toy. After a while he abandons it, announcing that he "doesn't want to play with it any more."

In after years he will rise up and call you blessed if, in a time like this, you will take him by the hand and lead him to a pile of shingles or laths and say "My son, will you build me a house?" or better yet, "Will you build yourself a house?" Or if you think—as you are entitled to—that your offspring is an eminent engineer in embryo, guide him to a brook and let him, with his own hands and his own mind, work out the principle of the water wheel and the rudiments of irrigation, while studying, unconsciously, the life and habits of the fresh-water bloodsucker. What hours have I had beside such brooks, arched by elms, where the air smelled of green grass and last year's leaves!

The smaller the kids the more they know about solving this play business. They are the real conservatives, with their hoops, tops, reins, bows, sleds, kites, marbles and skip ropes, unmarred by any taint of the utilitarian or hint of education. In their perfect abandon and self-surrender, they are translated. They themselves become Indians, horses, express trains. Inside, they are even more elemental; they are wind and fire, force, speed, strength indomitable, fierceness appalling—they are gods! And they are gods in action.

First Aid for Hoops

Action is tremendously important. The simplest toy that gives the user the most to do, that is the best. Take the hoop. Nothing could be simpler, could it? But consider how it has stood and stands today. Why? Because the hoop is elemental. Because its use may be both communal or the solitary practice of a beautiful art. And because it supplies an outlet for the tremendous energy of infancy.

Hoops have varied but little. There is still the wooden hoop in graded sizes; a light, graceful circlet that can be cast away with a swift retrograde motion so that, after a few moments of exciting backpedaling, it returns obediently to the hand that sped it. In my boyhood these were supplanted by heavy iron affairs in which we took enormous pride. I can feel now the wrought texture of the lapped joint and hear the clang as my hoop bounded along the tar sidewalk or struck a horse block on our shady street. Once in a while they broke with the twang of a released spring and we turned to John Ryan and stood near the door of his forge while he did what was necessary. John was never too busy, though he made a vast pretense of being so. Immediately we appeared, he would become completely absorbed in what he was doing.

Then he would say: "Oh, an' it's you, is it? Well, what now?" After which he would feel and finger the hoop ends and squint under his bushy brows, breathing heavily, "Wurra, wurra, I dunno," as if he doubted his ability to cope with so grave a mechanical problem. Then he would pump the coals to life and heat the iron just so—"rose red," John would explain, "or it won't heal," and with careful strokes of one of his lighter hammers weld the ends, gently tapping them to a round, continuous and perfect. "There ye are," he used to say, "an' sthronger than iver; an' what a big bye ye're getting to be! Sure, ye'll be a man before yer mother!" And we ran off, perplexed and delighted by his prophecies. So much for hoops.

The Spirit of Aviation

Top spinning was a more elegant sport, combining dexterity and force in the pegging of a mate's whirling bit of boxwood. I had a prized weapon called Sockdolager—a turnip-shaped thing, turned out of solid lignum-vitæ, made additionally dangerous by the substitution of a horseshoe nail in place of the regulation peg. When the string loosened, as top strings will, or the wooden button at the throwing end split, and Sockdolager was hurled among a group of competitors, the result was bruising. But cast with perfect aim, it would split the fat, squat, red-and-blue boxies into two clean applelike halves. These latter were better adapted for fancy spinning, whipping the top back from the air to the palm of the hand—I can feel the prick of the peg now—for tight-rope walking and for spinning in a saucer of water, which made a beautiful fountain and, incidentally, created shortages in the family china supply.

I could go on for hours about these simple toys which are the mainstays of happy, healthy boyhood. One institution I cannot possibly neglect—our kites. They were three-stickers. I have never had any luck with the two-stick affairs pictured in the New England Primer, but with the hexagonal or, as we cheerfully called it, "coffin-kite," I was the Benjamin Franklin of my day. How profitless are the modern, tailless, store-bought kites, scientifically built and guaranteed to fly or money refunded. Why, man alive, the fun of our kites was that half the time they wouldn't fly, or if they did, they went romping about the ether with a particular affinity for roofs, telephone wires and adjacent kite strings that was delightfully loony.

What fun we had building them! What care we exercised in the selection of the straight, sweet, white-pine sticks, light and strong, with no treacherous faults; how carefully we notched the ends with a razor-sharp knife, then bound the intersections with fish line, nicked the arms delicately where the bridle strings were tied, pulled taut the cord around the edge—cord which must not be so fine that it would cut the paper in a wind—spread the paper, dampened a little—heavy brown butcher's is without a rival—and, after cutting the edges as carefully as a tailor would cut his cloth, folded them back and glued—not pasted—them down with rank-smelling fish glue that to this day is incense to my nostrils. Then the string had to be unballed and rewound on a stick of just the right length—one that would not catch in the sleeve of your jacket—and there was our kite, ready for flying except for the exciting adjustments of the tail, made from selvage and snippings and strips of intimate family discards.

Our favorite flying field was the Old Burying Ground, where we ran and tripped over the monuments of Civil War heroes and permanently retired sea captains, who may or may not have been disturbed by our tread. With practice came perfection and I eventually learned to judge the relations of balance and length of tail with wind pressure, so that, given a fair breeze, I could let my kite out from a standing start, feeding the line and tail together, while it rose grandly into the blue and I paid out until it was lost in the vault of heaven. I could no longer see it, but perhaps the ancient veterans and captains could. I like to think so; anyway, it seemed to establish some sort of contact.

But we were not speculative or transcendental about our kite flying. Merely practical. There was a spirit of levity about it. Thus, occasionally, we weighted the ends of our kite tails with household objects which performed the dual functions, both desirable, of establishing equilibrium and attracting attention. These articles seldom returned from their outings. There were awkward moments. Annie, our cook, accused the milkman of having stolen the dinner bell, a sonorous brass one which she loved to ring from the kitchen window. Had she had the sense to stick out her head on a certain blue-and-gold northwest day she might have heard it clanging its wild requiem over the silent inhabitants of the Old Burying Ground. Similarly, the street department was shy a red lantern for unexplained reasons. Our stoutest kites would take up anything within, or slightly out of, reason, which suggested to Perry Thurber, a sweet-looking lad, the hoisting aloft of a live lobster, filched from the back of Captain Darrow's cart. The lobster worked himself free and landed in Mrs. Brewster's cold frame, scaring the dear lady into a fit and causing much discussion, letters to the paper and wagging of beards. Nor can I forget the day when someone—could it have been I, or was it some naughty changeling?—hitched his kite to the baby carriage full of laundry which Mrs. Sargent had parked in front of a client's door. The progress of that vehicle down Broad Street, the joyous outleaping of the underthings of our most respected citizens and the climactic, colorful splash of Mrs. Harris' red flannels—all this more than repaid me for the loss of my kite—if it was mine—when the carriage jammed against a hydrant and the string parted.

An Old Family Picnic

Such were the simple pursuits of my boyhood. But boys and girls insist on growing up. They turn to their own amusements. Those of us who are parents realize with a pang that there comes a time when they seem to be growing away from us. This must be so. It is inevitable, but that it must be completely so, that it is a phase to be accepted in its entirety, I am far from admitting. From personal experience I know different.

Right here I should like to shout a loud encomium for the old-fashioned family picnic. I like all picnics. Some people hate them and refer scornfully to ants in the butter and sand in the salad. I am not here to argue that point, but to state that I am distinctly for all picnics, especially those which combine the old and young of a family. For I have just naturally been raised on picnics. Through my veins course corpuscles created by gallons of cold coffee, quarts of succotash and clam chowder and many pounds of huckleberry pie, eaten in the open, with not a toothbrush in sight.

I have had doughnuts and sandwiches and stuffed eggs crammed into my willing vortex until I keeled over on the sward and dizzily watched the elm branches whirl across the sky. I have been on picnics from the time I was able to sit between my father and mother and clutch an end of the reins under the impression that I was driving. In the horse days our radius of operations was limited, but believe me, we still went places and saw things at a quiet leisurely pace that gave them time to sink in. And what is more important, we saw something of one another.

We were carefully instructed in impeccable picnic manners. Never an eggshell, cracker box, olive bottle or sardine tin was left behind to advertise our presence. Some of the Mittel Europeans who have since invaded our shores express their undoubted appreciation of Nature by desecrating her at every opportunity. They leave a lovely glen or the banks of a lake

(Continued on Page 189)

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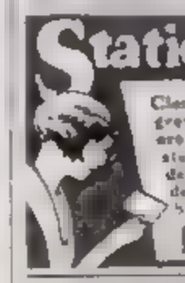

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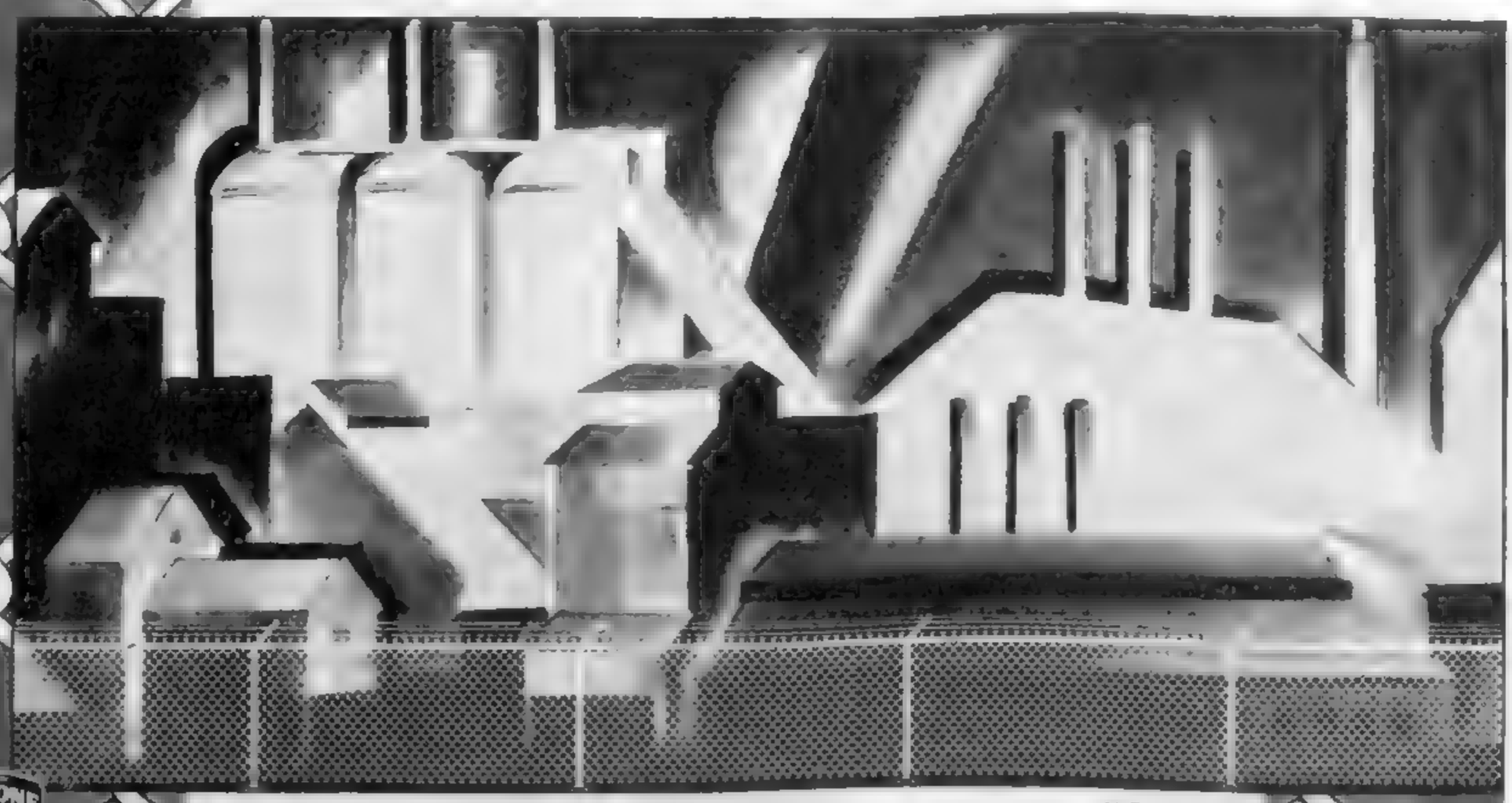

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looking like a public dump, and my blood boils at the sight. It is proof of my deep love for picnics that I still think they are worth while.

The family picnic, be it noted, performs an important social function which is sadly neglected. It may be made the bridge over which family love and loyalty cross safely from the shore of infancy, spanning the adolescent age of independence, to the side of renewed and lifelong solidarity.

"But the children don't want to go," sighed the lady to whom I propounded this ideal.

"Don't tell me that, madam," I replied, "for I know it perfectly. But understand me. You must begin early. Take the children when they are babes; yes, even when they get tired and fall asleep on the way home. You must catch your children young, madam, if you hope ever to have them in a more than biological sense. For so you will capture more than you dream of. You will capture their hearts, their confidence and their sense of clanship. Do not make your picnics exclusively family. Your youngsters will have friends whom they wish to include. Do so, by all means. I remember many picnics at the prospect of which I was frankly bored until I was assured that Bob or Bill or Jerry could come along too.

"In the teens and twenties," I continued sagely, "you will find it increasingly difficult to pull off a family picnic. Your children will go their own ways. But the old trail can be recaptured, the old chain be pieced together, if the links have never been allowed to rust or become broken.

"Heigh-ho," I said, using my handkerchief noisily, "how fully I realized my own detachment, my own isolation, when I broke away from the home nest. I was glad of it, but it was rather awful. With college years I hopped off the edge. And I did some flying, madam, as you may have heard."

She smiled a Christian smile. "Yes," she murmured.

"But what happened? I married and settled down—well, in a way. There were babies of my own—one, two, three. My picnic-loving parents clung to their system and I was amazed at the joy that leaped in my heart at my father's suggestion of what he always called a 'grand family picnic.' There were all the old places to be revisited, reached with incredible quickness in our cars, some changed, some more lovely than ever. There were the Big Oak, Lake's Pond, Lattimer's Mill, Stonington Point, wood or shore, chowder or chicken, potato salad or coleslaw, or both—all places and provender which had become a part of my being without my realizing it. The seed had been sown when the ground was fallow, and I went back to the old ways with enthusiasm, toting bundles of the new generation. I had crossed the bridge."

Families decrease at one end and grow at the other, but we have kept up our picnics and our family playtimes. Our own children are even now tugging at their moorings. Some have already escaped. But they are as falcons which will return to the hand which trained them. In the interim, while they are crossing their bridges, there are the father-and-mother picnics, perhaps the best of all, when the guardians of the past and future sally forth to some high hill, with luncheon for two, a small watch-and-ward society, looking over the hills and dales. It is all so simple and so good.

Which leads me to ask once more of all our good golfers and bridge players and motorists: Have we learned how to play? Or have we forgotten?

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

(Continued from Page 33)

years since the home office at Hartford, Connecticut, claimed there were 1000 electric and gasoline Columbias in everyday use. We don't know what Detroit, Toledo, Pontiac, Flint, Cleveland, South Bend, Indianapolis, Kokomo, Kenosha, Racine and Buffalo claim today, but we admit it.

The Garden had its high spots before the motor show and after it. The Irish Fair was an important week for the sons and daughters of Erin. This idea was started by Tim Hurst, fight referee and baseball umpire, which in those days was one and the same thing. Tim conceived the profitable idea of importing a barrel of the old sod from every one of the counties in Ireland and laying a fragrant carpet of shamrock-dotted earth over the floor of the Garden. The romantic son of the Green Isle paid one dollar for the privilege of dancing a clog on the native heath of his transplanted county. They sang, they laughed and they cried while Tim counted the dollars.

The week of balls was another yearly institution. It occurred during the winter months. The Arion Society, the Old Guard and other social organizations followed one another in so rapidly that it was impossible to clear out the arena, and very often the Monday evening guests would dance right on through the rest of the week. Harry Stevens was at his busiest during this period, for nothing was sold but the finest champagne. The wine agents paid a bonus to the waiters who plugged their special brands of champagne, and the headaches gathered during the weeks were still throbbing when the robins sang again. The policing of the Garden had to be strict, for the riffraff filtered in through back doors and fire exits. The employes of the Garden were selected for their ability to parry and punch, but were often forced to call upon the municipal gendarmes. Two hundred guards were necessary to keep order during the six-day races, but very few were required for Aunt Susan B. Anthony's Suffrage Bazaars, and even less for the Food Shows. And at the Orchid Shows one lone guardian walked up and down the aisles, for orchid fanciers are as fragile and peaceful as their beautiful blooms.

Jack Smith—one of the old-timers still kicking around—says he saw horse racing in the Garden in the early 70's. The flooring was pulled up and a banked track constructed of tanbark and turf. The track was eight laps to a mile, and from four to eight horses started in a race. The bookies operated in the open, chalking their prices on big blackboards. The vicinity of the Garden was a nest of pool rooms, for there was little interference from the law. Kelly, Bliss and Old Man Lovell were the biggest operators and there was no limit on the bets. The Putnam House, run by Larry Kerr, was the meeting place of players, layers and jockeys. It didn't last long, for the indoor racing couldn't compete with the numerous tracks around New York.

The Garden Theater never became a legend and is often confused with A. M. Palmer's little Madison Square Theater on Twenty-fourth Street, where Charley Hoyt's Trip to Chinatown ran 600 nights. Few shows lasted long in the Garden Theater. Among its few hits were George Ade's College Widow, Richard Mansfield in Jekyll and Hyde, and the tuneful Robin Hood. Henry Savage leased the theater for some years, promising the Garden half of the profits. Charles Frohman was superstitious about the Garden Theater and held all of his rehearsals there. Its biggest night was November 27, 1900, when Sarah Bernhardt opened there in L'Aiglon. It was Sarah's return to America after an absence of five years, and the critics discovered husky static in the once matchless voice. Her face had also lost its plastic ability to catch the fleeting shades of delicate moods, and Constant Coquelin, as the Sergeant, started in to steal the spotlight from the unhappy son of Napoleon. The audience applauded Coquelin during the first act, but then Sarah got wise to him and started in to get her

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audience back. Before the second act was half over she made New York forget that Coquelin had ever arrived in America. She put the Sergeant right back into the ranks

Although the Garden has become tangled up with Tex Rickard and fights, there were not many important battles fought there. Its history is associated strongest with John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy. John proved his worth in New York by flattening Jim Flood on a barge, and was matched to meet Charlie Mitchell, who had also satisfied New Yorkers he could fight by defeating Mike Cleary in the American Institute at Sixty-third and Third Avenue. Cleary had knocked out George Rook in Billy Borst's Alhambra on Thirty-second Street, west of Sixth Avenue. Nearly every saloon in New York had a ring pitched in the back room for the convenience of genteel scrappers who didn't like to get sawdust in their hair.

Mitchell knocked the great John L. down in the very first round, but was himself leveled three times and was bobbing for apples on the ropes when the police jumped in and stopped it. Sullivan failed to stop Tug Wilson in the Garden, because Tug kept falling to the floor without being thumped. The champion made short work of Professor Laflin, whose real name was James McLaughlin, and he slugged Herbert Slade, the Maori, so hard that he knocked him clear over the ropes into the fifty-cent seats. Slade never came back to the ring.

The Six-Day Grind

The second fight scheduled in the Garden between Mitchell and Sullivan never came off. They met later in Chantilly, France, in a rainstorm, and John chased Charlie for many rounds in the soft ground. He couldn't lay a hand on the elusive Mitchell, and said later, "I would have caught him if I'd had a shotgun."

Fighting was mixed up in politics, with the result that for many years the Garden was without its ring. But you could always get a good fight during the six-day races, which started way back in the days of high-wheel bicycles. The old-time cycle races looked like a cross-country run of crazy paper hangers on stepladders. The front wheel was six feet in diameter, while the rear wheel looked as if it had dropped out of a dollar watch. But the whiskered medalists rode for six days and nights on their lofty perches. They rode alone, for it was before the days of two-man teams. In a six-day contest between famous riders of the year of 1896, Linton, Reading, Hale, Forster, Pierce and Lumsden rode alone in a go-as-you-please contest.

Hale took the lead at the twentieth hour and was never headed, making 1910 miles in 142 hours. You can get an idea of the stamina required for a single rider to enter a six-day race, when you realize that Hale added miles every hour until he reached 907 miles in the fifty-ninth hour. Then he slept exactly sixty minutes, for his score was still 907 at the sixtieth hour. He slept the seventy-second hour and the eighty-fifth, and rested but one more full hour until the end of the race. There was scarcely an hour in the race during which he failed to add mileage or yardage to his score. Each rider had a trainer who was the rubber, chef, physician and strategist of the torturing grind. The trainer kept his eye on the rest of the field and never allowed his man to sleep himself out of the race. A lead of fifteen or twenty miles was good for an hour's sleep, but during the twenty-four-hour races no contestant could get off his bicycle. The one-day racers actually rode the entire distance without putting a foot on the ground, for the minute you dismounted you lost ground you could never pick up.

The humanitarians got after the promoters of these cruel and unusual forms of amusement, and the result was the two-man team, which conformed to the law limiting a cyclist's efforts to twelve hours a day. There were also women's six-day races, but they failed to make money and were dropped. During the six-day carnivals, hokies and grifters swarmed in from all over the country to jungle-up for fifty cents a week. The dips congregated there in such numbers that they wore badges to keep from picking one another's pockets. These slender-fingered athletes were clever enough to steal the letters out of alphabetical soup without the aid of a spoon. A good dip in the Garden was as self-supporting as a fly in a grocery store. They entered the Garden on Sunday night and left the following Saturday with enough watches to start a chain of stores. The detectives gathered in the crooks by walking around and listening. If they heard the chirping of many crickets and katydids, they followed the sound until they discovered a sallow gent making for the door. Then they shook him down and gold-filled watches rolled all over the floor.

During the races the Garden was the greatest overcoat exchange in the history of the wholesale clothing business. The cops nailed one bulky-looking hoky leaving the building with a smile on his face which indicated quick sales and small profits. When tapped with a judicial blackjack, he fell out of seven overcoats. Inspection of the garments revealed seven different names sewn inside. He had snitched them one by one, each time stealing a larger size in order to get a snug fit over the previous prize. In his pockets were thirty-two pawn tickets all dated that day. The thieves started all the cheering during the exciting sprints. The measles of enthusiasm are contagious and when the victim stood up to yell, he sat down to find his Burberry missing. At the end of each hour it was the custom for an official announcer to inform the audience of the number of miles ridden by the leading team, the number of laps gained and the records broken. Corse Payton, who never missed a six-day race, arose one evening and yelled, "Ladies and gentlemen, the overcoat record has been broken by 465."

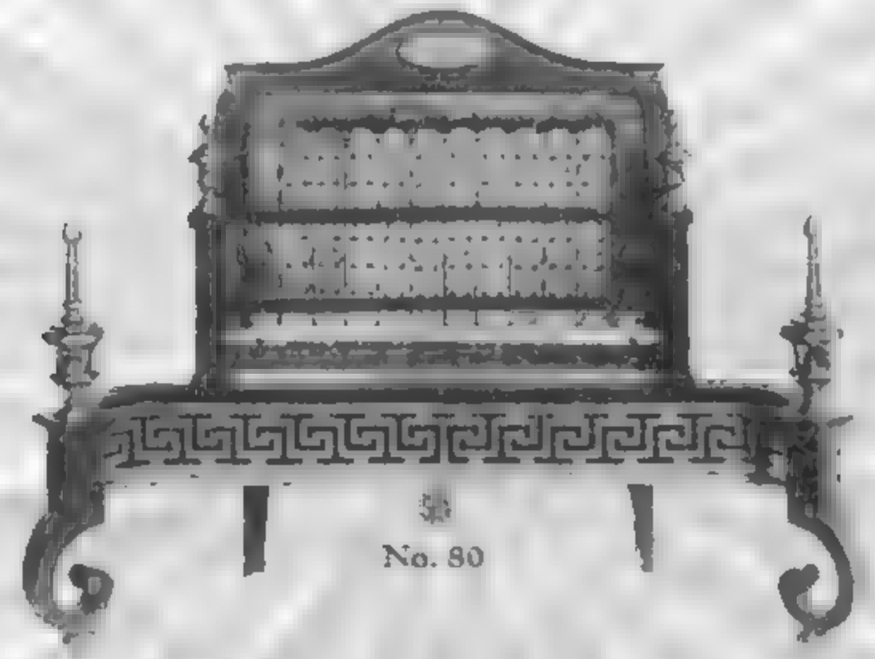
When a Slap Cost an Overcoat

When the cheering failed to raise the fans from their seats, the overcoat jumpers blew up toy balloons and batted them among the spectators. This started the pastime of slap the balloon. Few men could resist it. Every slap cost somebody an overcoat, for all the garment collectors needed was an instant of relaxed vigilance. Most of the coats were rushed into the balcony by a human chain and then dropped out of an upper window to a confederate stationed in the shadows of Twenty-sixth Street. When society visited the Garden in the old days it stripped itself of rings, cuff links and money, and deposited them in Stevens' big safe. As the six-day races grew in popularity, it became essential to chase the grifters out of the Garden on Saturday morning in order to make room for cash customers who wanted to see nothing but the finish of the race and were willing to pay double prices for the privilege. The stay of grace was later curtailed to Friday morning, when it was discovered that the arena could be sold out completely on the last two days.

Wellman was the man who cauterized the Garden. Wellman bought thirty-foot lengths of cast-iron piping and used it to construct narrow aisles leading to each door man. Only one man could walk up an aisle at a time. Guards were stationed along the outside of these runways. If they didn't like your looks they slapped you with a yard of very fine, selected hickory wood. No undesirable guest ever succeeded in running this gantlet. After a few hickory caresses he usually sank into an untroubled slumber and was tenderly picked up and laid out in a side room. When this trophy room contained enough specimens, a police van was backed up and the boys went for a ride to the night court.

The earliest six-day races were not on wheels but on foot. No one seems to understand why the bike races survive to this

(Continued on Page 193)



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Doubtless you will want to be among the first to take advantage of the new Humphrey color vogue, and at the same time insure clean, healthful heat in your home. For your security, look for the Humphrey guarantee tag on every Humphrey Radiantfire. It assures you the genuine, original Radiantfire. Your gas company or dealer has a large selection of these new finishes, for either fireplace or portable use. Prices range from $15.00 up.

The guarantee tag is attached to all Humphrey Radiantfires and guarantees to purchaser that no substitution has been made, and that purchaser will receive quality, workmanship and performance, as advertised.

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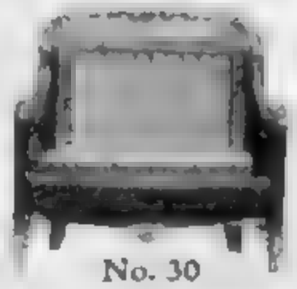

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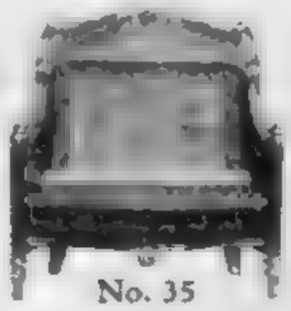


No. 35

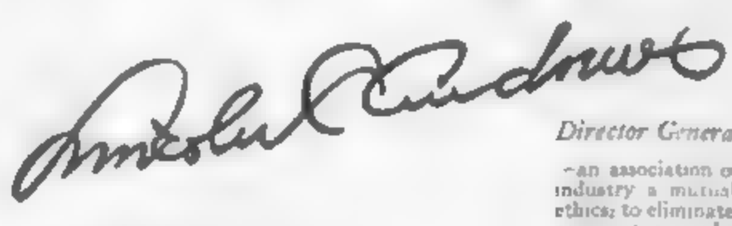
No. 115

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.
New York - 44 West Broadway San Francisco - 135 Bluxome Street
Write for our period model booklet

I F I T I S N ' T A H U M P H R E Y , I T I S N ' T A R A D I A N T F I R E

EVERY PNEUMATIC TIRE OF OUR MANUFACTURE BEARING OUR NAME AND SERIAL NUMBER IS WARRANTED BY US AGAINST DEFECTS IN MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP DURING THE LIFE OF THE TIRE TO THE EXTENT THAT IF ANY TIRE FAILS BECAUSE OF SUCH DEFECT, WE WILL EITHER REPAIR THE TIRE OR MAKE A REASONABLE ALLOWANCE ON THE PURCHASE OF A NEW TIRE

The manufacturers listed below, who produce over 95% of the tires made in America, guarantee tires bearing their names and serial numbers against defects for the entire life of the tires



Director General, THE RUBBER INSTITUTE, *Inc.*

—an association of manufacturers organized "to promote in the industry a mutual confidence and a high standard of business ethics; to eliminate trade abuses, to promote sound economic business customs and practices, to foster wholesome competition. . . and thus generally to promote the service of the industry to the public welfare."

Those familiar with tire history will remember the early experimental days when the only way a manufacturer could express his confidence in his product was by offering a definite mileage guarantee.

They will recall how, due to misuse, the definite figure inevitably was pushed beyond all sensible bounds.

As tires improved in quality the whole theory and practice of "definite mileage" commitments was pushed into the background and finally rejected by standard tire companies as unfair and uneconomical to the tire-user. It had proved itself to be fundamentally unsound.

Its abuse by unscrupulous drivers confronted the manufacturer with the alternatives of higher prices or lower quality to meet the added costs of unjustified allowances.

Perhaps its most unfair feature was that it benefited the driver who misused his tires and misrepresented his mileage at the cost of the honest and careful driver who did not abuse his tires.

Its passing was welcomed by trade and public alike because it had come to be used as an unfair sales inducement rather than as a protection for the buyer.

The industry then shifted from the costly advertising of mileage claims to the building of real mileage into the tires.

As a result, tire values have steadily improved, to the benefit of all users alike, although *prices are today the lowest in history.*

The prevailing practice of these manufacturers, who produce over 95% of the tires in the United States, is expressed by *the broadest standard tire guarantee* in the history of the Industry.

The members of the Rubber Institute, Inc., listed below, warrant tires bearing their names and serial numbers to be free from all defects of material or workmanship.

This warranty is unlimited as to time or mileage, the manufacturer's responsibility continuing throughout the entire life of the tire.

In case of the failure of the tire due to defect, no matter how far or how long that tire has traveled, fair and equitable adjustment will be made by the manufacturer on the basis of the tire's normal expectancy of service had the defect not appeared.

It is the intent and purpose of this warranty to assure the buyer a quality product capable of satisfactory performance, the responsibility for which the manufacturer of the tire hereby assumes.

— a guarantee broader in its protection to the individual, yet fairer in its operation to all, than anything now or ever placed before the public

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HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
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MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY
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MURRAY RUBBER COMPANY
THE NORTHERN RUBBER COMPANY
THE NORWALK TIRE & RUBBER CO.
OVERMAN CUSHION TIRE CO., INC
RACINE RUBBER COMPANY
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SAMSON TIRE & RUBBER CORP
THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
STANDARD FOUR TIRE COMPANY
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Members of THE RUBBER INSTITUTE, Incorporated

(Continued from Page 190)

day, when the automobile, the powered cruiser and the airplane are so much faster, but it is easy to figure the psychology of the foot races of the 70's, when all speeds were judged by that of a man or a horse. We saw Pyle's Bunion Derby finish in the New Garden, and it was apparent that interest in that sort of thing had evaporated years ago. Most sport fans seem to know that Pyle's athletes had been completely eclipsed by the runners of the old days. George Littlewood, of England, ran and walked 623 miles in a six-day, go-as-you-please in Madison Square Garden in 1888. That's more than 100 miles a day, and Pyle's lads never approached this mark. The walks of Dan O'Leary and Edward Weston are well known. Weston walked from coast to coast in seventy-seven days. He did not walk on Sundays. At the time of this walk he was a youth of seventy-two. O'Leary is supposed to have started out as a book agent in Chicago, but some records show him to have won races in his native Ireland. Both Weston and O'Leary frowned upon the go-as-you-please races as unethical and vulgar. These races in the first Garden were epics of gameness. As usual in long grinds, the generalship and jockeying depended on the trainers. George Noremac, Charles Rowell, George Littlewood, Pat Fitzgerald, James Albert, Peter Hegelman and Frank Hart all won six-day races in the Garden.

Noremac was really named Cameron but chose to spell his name backward. Hart was a colored man who won the Rose Belt in 1879. Rowell was a great walker and won the 1880 race by breaking his competitors' hearts, setting a pace they couldn't follow. Littlewood's record was made in the Garden in 1888, and still stands, thanks to softer means of locomotion.

Although Hart won the Rose Belt, it should have gone to his trainer, Happy Jack. Hart was leading the race on the last morning by about five miles and begged Happy Jack for a chance to sleep. The trainer wanted him to keep going, for he knew it would be a hard job to wake him up, but Hart dropped on a cot and passed out. His lead was threatened at the end of an hour and Happy Jack tried to rouse him. All efforts failed and a runner named Pegram caught up to the unconscious Hart and passed him. Happy Jack sent for the track doctor, who tried every reasonable method of getting a fatigued colored man out of bed and then declared it hopeless. The doctor left and Happy Jack tried to figure a method of getting his man back into the race.

Over each man's training quarters was an old-fashioned gas jet. Happy took a table knife and held it in the flame until it was red-hot. Then he laid the knife on the calf of Hart's leg with no result. He heated the knife again and applied it to the other leg. He was rewarded by a slight stirring and a third application of the hot knife caused Hart to jump out of bed and dash out on the track without stopping to say good morning. He ran like a greyhound and soon regained his lead, but kept up the pace with three welts swelling on his calves. Passing his training quarters on one of his speedy laps, he slowed up sufficiently to cup his hands and yell:

"Happy, I think I'm getting rheumatism!"

Hints for Borrowers

"HOW can I borrow money at the bank?" This is a question which comes to my desk many times in the course of a year from the proprietors of small businesses throughout Southern California. It is sometimes surprising to me that men who find themselves at all qualified to conduct even a small business display so little knowledge concerning the methods of banking institutions. However, this wonderment is answered by the fact that there is a constantly growing number of persons who find themselves in possession of businesses which might be enlarged if they could find additional capital for the expansion, and who do not know that banks exist for the specific purpose of assisting in the growth of prosperous businesses.

Not long ago, in talking about this subject with a prominent banker, I asked him to give me the fundamental rules on which bankers based their decisions concerning loans. He said there were three things—character, capacity and collateral. Character comes first, for without character no credit could exist.

When an application for a loan is received, there come into the minds of those who have the responsibility of saying yes or no, a few short, simple queries, but which, nevertheless, are the stepping-stones into the middle chamber of the confidence and coffers of any banker. The first of these is: "Is he a man upon whose word I can rely?" The second might be: "Is his requirement for funds a legitimate business risk and does his capital permit him to negotiate a loan of that size?" The third question might be: "Does he know his business and is his business a benefit to the community?"

The longer I live and the more I see and know of business, business men and business concerns, the more certain I become that some one man dominates every successful concern. There are always others highly necessary, of course—perhaps with keener judgment—but some one man's thoughts direct the policy of the institution.

That one man has the respect of the trade and the confidence of his bankers. That one man, in the eyes of his firm's customers, places service above self. He has character, he has capacity, he knows his business. His reward is not merely salary or dividends, but also the knowledge that he can do something worthily and well. He seldom needs collateral, he has ability.

One of the fundamentals of sound banking is that a bank should not hazard its deposits by speculation and must not engage in any other business than banking. It must, therefore, depend for its profits on the interest received from loans made, less interest paid on deposits, and other expenses. The amount of deposits compared to its capital regulates a bank's earnings to a very large degree, and a bank prospers only as its depositors prosper.

When any cold hard-hearted banker says no, you can bet that he thinks it is for the best good of the would-be borrower. All arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, it is to a banker's own selfish interest that his clients and his community be successful. So the simple and easy way to borrow money at the bank is just to sit down and tell the banker what you want to do with the money and why you think the loan will help you and the community in which you live to a greater degree of success. The banker's counsel in the matter will often be of great help, even in the event that he refuses to make the loan.

In this little dissertation on credit for loans from the standpoint of the banker, I wish again to draw attention to the very first question the banker asks: "Is he a man upon whose word I can rely?" If this question cannot be answered satisfactorily the banker does not bother to ask any further. The deal is off and the banker keeps the money of his depositors where he knows it will be safe against loss.

This might also well be included in the questionnaire of investors when they are offered a proposition which has as its prime purpose the procuring of their money. This one little question, so good for the banker to ask, would save millions of dollars' loss for the public as well.

—ELWOOD LLOYD IV.

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We designed this new idea in recipe sets, as an aid to those who must plan and prepare three meals a day for an ever-empty family. A series of notable recipes printed on cards, together with a handy little file box in which to keep them. You will also enjoy reading Flavia's Flavor Talk No. 5. This complete recipe outfit is *free*. Just fill out and mail the coupon—*today*.

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P. 4

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THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THIS CAMPAIGN

(Continued from Page 7)

reasons; but viewed in the light of the paramount presidential needs of the country and of the average American voter, such a choice is absurd. All intelligent voting in this coming election will be based not on partisan reactions and records but on the abilities, experiences, education and fitness of these two men for the great task of conserving our prosperity, advancing it, and thus holding this country in its present world supremacy.

Therefore, let us regard these men in that light. Let us look them over and examine into them with a view to setting forth their abilities and capabilities, and especially their education and experience along the lines that should be considered—must be considered—by the average American voter if he is to vote for what is most important to him -his country's prosperity and his own.

First, what about Smith? What is his experience and his education in affairs such as must be dealt with by a President who needs a business and economic equipment in order to do his great share in maintaining this country at its present high point of prosperity and to assure the continuance of this prosperity? Alfred E. Smith was born in New York, was a poor boy in New York and has been elected governor of New York four times. He was educated in a parochial school; and, after various jobs in various capacities in and about New York, went naturally and efficiently into the Democratic politics of that city and presently became a clerk in the office of the commissioner of jurors. This was when he was in his twenties.

He was a member of the Assembly of New York from 1903 to 1915, became Democratic leader there in 1911 and was speaker in 1913. He was a delegate to the New York State Constitutional Convention in 1915 and was elected sheriff of New York in that year. He served as sheriff until 1917, when he became president of the Board of Aldermen of Greater New York. He was first elected governor in 1919, and with the exception of two years, when he was defeated by Miller, has been governor since that time. During the two years Governor Smith was out of office as governor he was in the trucking business in New York City.

Politics and Business

Those two years in the trucking business comprise the entire business experience of Governor Smith, except that attained in his casual jobs as a boy and young man before he went into politics.

He is an able political administrator and has made an excellent record as governor of New York. He is a man of courage, attractive personality and large political attainments. He is an active member of Tammany Hall. His rise from a poor boy on the East Side of New York is remarkable even in this country, where so many poor boys have progressed to high place. He has a large and loyal following in New York, where his life has been lived. He has not traveled much, either at home or abroad.

Smith's competitor, Herbert Hoover, is a graduate of Stanford University, of California, and has honorary degrees from twenty-nine other universities, including five degrees from European universities. His training and life work have been along business lines rather than in politics. He is a mining engineer and has engaged in professional work in mines, railways and metallurgic works in the United States, Mexico, Canada, Australia, Italy, Great Britain, South Africa, India, China and Russia. He first stepped out of his profession and became a world figure when, at the beginning of the war in 1914, he became chairman of the American Relief Committee at London. He then became chairman of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium, and when we went into the war in 1917, was made American Food Administrator by President Wilson.

He was a member of the War Trade Council, the United States Grain Corporation, the Sugar Equalization Board, the Interallied Food Council, the Supreme Economic Council and the European Coal Council, and chairman of several of these bodies. He directed the organization of food supplies for many of the European countries during and after the Armistice and was chairman of the American Relief Administration engaged in children's relief in Europe. He was a member and vice chairman of President Wilson's Second Industrial Conference and chairman of the European Relief Council.

Judging From the Records

He entered President Harding's cabinet as Secretary of Commerce, which position he held under President Coolidge and relinquished only after he was nominated for President. As Secretary of Commerce he has been in close touch with all business and economic conditions and developments in this country since 1921, and has expanded the Department of Commerce into what is the most efficient governmental organization of its kind in the world.

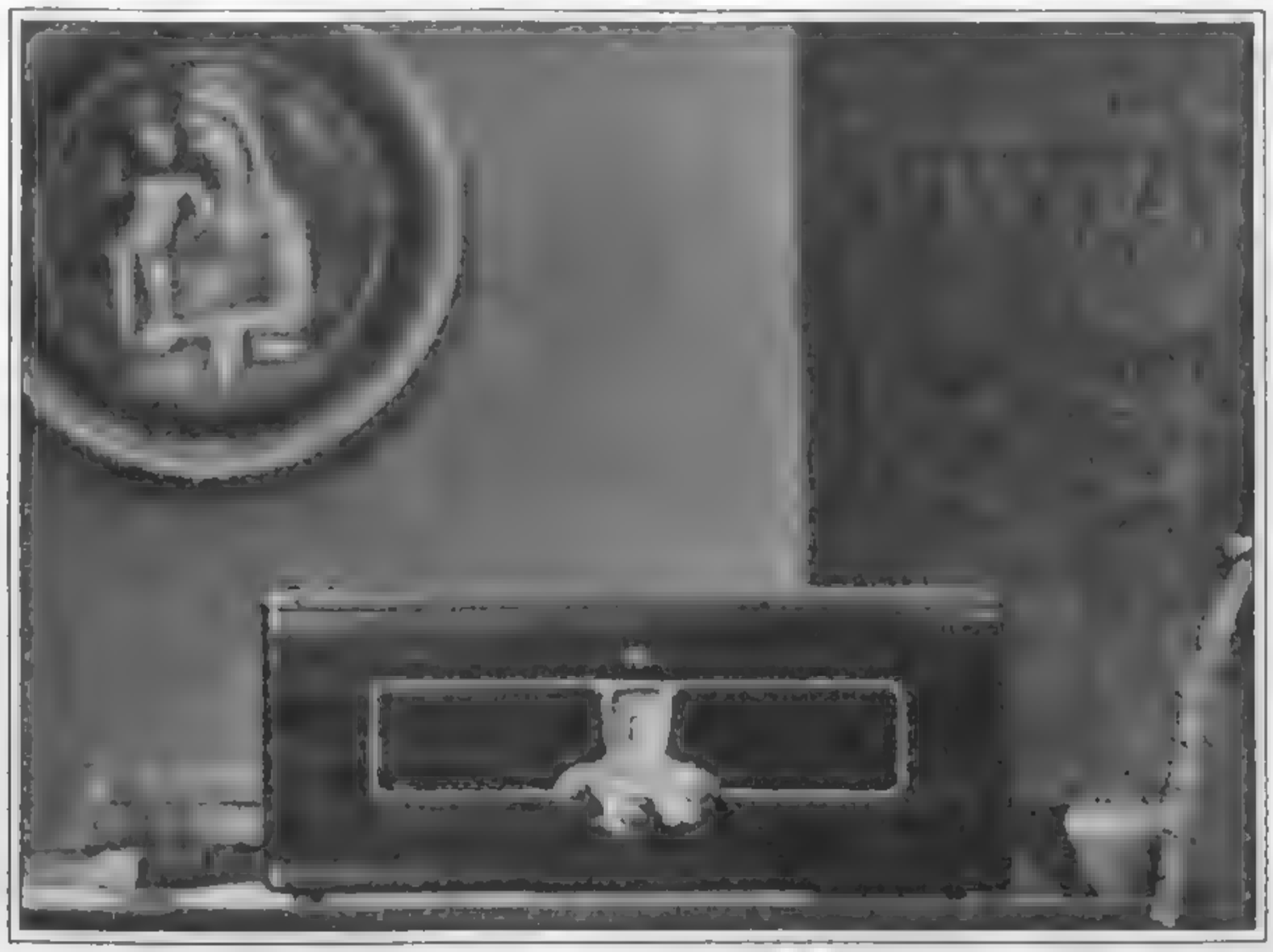
These eight years in Washington as a cabinet member have given him insight into and experience with all governmental processes, especially in their relations to business and economics, and he is conceded to have a wider, more accurate and more varied knowledge of the necessities of business and trade in all their branches as related to the Government, and the necessities and opportunities of Government as related to business and trade, than any man of our present or our past. He is fifty-four years old.

Hoover is not a politician. His life interests and work have been in business, in production and distribution, and for the past eight years he has been at the root of all our business and economic conditions.

These, without embroidery, are the records of the two leading candidates for the presidency, viewed in the light of the paramount presidential and executive need of the United States at this time and for the four forthcoming years. The average American voter, having his own best interests and his country's highest interests at heart, desiring the continuance of prosperity and the maintenance of our supremacy, should study them carefully.

These records and the men behind them are the brass tacks of this campaign. Platforms, speeches, publicity, propaganda, radio, movies and all the rest of the ballyhoo are inconsequential. This is the vital stuff.

BOSCH RADIO



THE new Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver is the crystallization of all you have hoped for in radio. Simplicity in the Single Dial, electrically illuminated; the grouped controls and the solid mahogany cabinet. Your wall socket supplies all power and seven alternating current amplifying tubes with one power rectifying tube give you great volume, selectivity and a clarity of reception with a tone quality which will delight you. The famous Bosch precision workmanship is evident in every detail of construction. See for yourself how much Model 28 Bosch Radio provides without extravagance, less tubes $132.50

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada. Bosch Radio is licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A., R. F. L. and Lektophone

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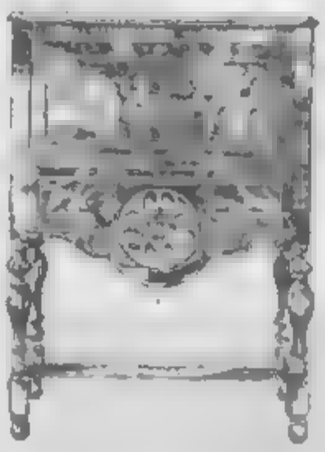
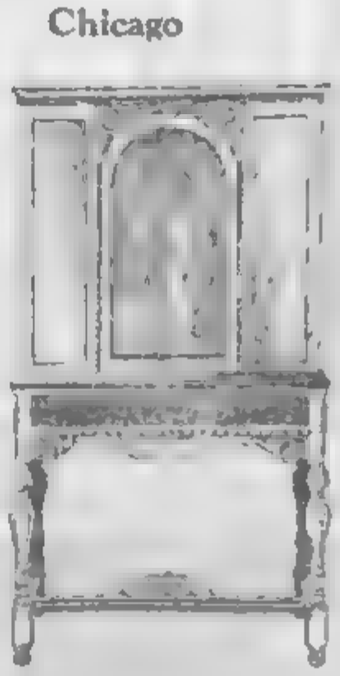


Authorized Bosch Radio Dealers are now showing specially designed consoles illustrated with rare selected and patterned woods, rich carvings and beautiful finish and are offering this console 28-A with Standard Bosch Radio Speaker and the Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver for $197.50. Model 28-C, a similar model, with Dynamic Speaker is $237.50.



Authorized Bosch Radio Dealers are now showing the console Model 29B, specially designed for them with [illegible] speaker and special high-power speaker supply [illegible] ing doors, beautiful craftsmanship and selected woods. Bosch Radio Dealers are offering this [illegible]sole 29B with [illegible] speaker and special high-power speaker supply with Bosch Radio Model 28 Receiver for $295.00.

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For all your household necessities—Ash Cans and Garbage Cans, Tubs, Pails, Rubbish Burners—you should get the benefit of Wheeling manufacture which has behind it the experience and resources of 37 successful years. Ask your dealer for Wheeling products, by name.

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REINSMEN STILL REIGN ON FAST DIRT TRACKS

(Continued from Page 15)

who fight real battles. Of course I've had my share of injuries. The worst session I had with doctors and nurses was during the season of 1920.

August twelfth of that year looked like one of my lucky days, for I'd won the $5000 Press Stake on the North Randall Track at Cleveland with Peter Manning and won the Championship Stallion Stake, worth $10,860, with Day Star, the three-year-old black son of Peter the Great. Behind the Connecticut trotter, Red Russell, I was all primed to clean up another event when we got the word "go" in the 2:09 trot.

I was trailing the black mare, Betty Thornton, when she stumbled at the seven-eighths pole. Red Russell and I piled into her. Mamie Locke, driven by Mr. Geers, went right over me. Red Russell finished the heat without a driver, because I was unconscious and on the way to St. Alexis Hospital.

A few hours later, when I came to, I was informed by Dr. F. P. Corrigan that five of my ribs and my pelvis had been broken. My stable went on to Pittsburgh and then to Philadelphia, but my horses raced there without winning anything. On August twenty-fourth, with my pelvis in a plaster cast and my ribs in a leather-and-tape jacket, I went by rail to my Poughkeepsie home in time for the Poughkeepsie Grand Circuit meeting.

From Wheel Chair to Sulky

From a cot on top of my porch I could see my horses missing the money in the Hudson River Driving Park. Good drivers were back of them, but couldn't seem to make them win. The next week, at Readville, Massachusetts, kind friends lifted me from a wheel chair into my favorite sulky, and I drove my horse into a win of the $5000 Massachusetts Stake.

But I complained of appendicitis. A specialist felt me over and called it nervousness. I called him something and gave him $500. The next week, still in plaster and leather harness, I was driving my horses at Charter Oak, oldest of the Grand Circuit tracks.

With my boys lifting me in and out of the sulky just as if I were a sack of oats, I drove six heats during the first day, winning one out of three events. Ten heats were all I drove the next day, but I won three out of four events, one of them with Red Russell.

Nine heats were my limit during the third long day. The jolting was getting the better of me and my side was paining me terribly. It seemed as if there was more scoring than usual before each heat, but my horses carried me to three out of four possible victories.

The fourth day left me pretty limp, because, in addition to piloting one horse through four heats in the 2:10 pace, I had to be seated behind Peter Manning, to capture the classic $10,000 Charter Oak Stake—the third consecutive year I did it.

The Charter Oak track is at Hartford, so I stayed that night at the Hotel Heublein and asked my old friend Cliff Perkins to get a doctor to look me over. When I told the doctor I had appendicitis, he said all I had was nervousness, so I paid him off and let him go and was shipped with my stable to Syracuse, where the Grand Circuit meeting is held in connection with the New York State Fair.

Ready for the Next Year

Though I didn't hold the reins so well, Peter Manning opened up the Syracuse week by winning the $10,000 Empire Stake in two straight heats. My side was still bothering me, almost as much as my broken bones, but the boys kept on hoisting me into the sulky and out again. I had to drive myself harder than I drove my horses the second day, but after many scorings and seven heats I dragged down the Empire Hotel Cup for three-year-olds and got first money in the Chamber of Commerce event.

When I awoke the third day I was almost done for, so I decided that, when we shipped to Columbus on Saturday, I'd stop at the St. Alexis Hospital in Cleveland and ask my good friend Doctor Corrigan just what was ailing me. Cleveland was where I'd been hurt, and Cleveland must fix me up again so I could drive at the Columbus Grand Circuit meeting.

As I lay on a cot in the fairgrounds quarters, between two of the eleven heats I drove that day, Governor Al Smith sent word that he would like to see me at the clubhouse, but I had to send my apologies. When I fell off the sulky a few minutes later, they carried me to a Syracuse hospital, where I was operated on for appendicitis. It was what you might call a twelfth-hour operation, but I lived—and drove again next year.

Don't think for a minute that I'm the only driver who's held the reins and sat his sulky when he'd be better off in some hospital. I'm merely mentioning one of my

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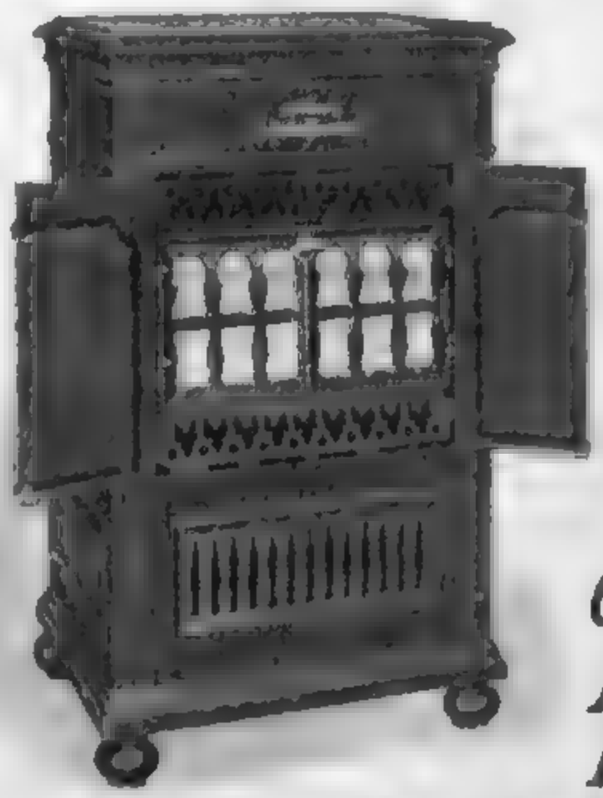

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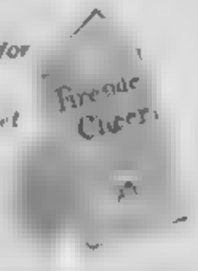

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accidents because it is a case in point. But from Hiram Woodruff down through Bud Doble, Mr. Geers and other departed veterans, reinsmen have always taken chances. If they didn't, they wouldn't get anywhere. Do you wonder that the public has its favorites among the drivers as well as among the trotters and pacers? I was brought up on the traditions of the old masters.

Hiram Woodruff, best of all the drivers in the 50's, was first to use the overdraw check. He tried it on a horse famous at that time—Stonewall Jackson—who, as Woodruff proved, went better when his head was up. The story of Hiram Woodruff's driving Flora Temple, the little blood-bay mare with black mane and tail, a mile in 2:24½, in 1856, is as well known to harness horsemen as is the story of Paul Revere's ride to the school children. The speed was described as "prodigious" by sporting critics of that day, for 2:40 was considered pretty fast time for any trotting horse.

Harness racing was just coming into its own and freak matches were still popular. Flora Temple trotted her record mile to a high-wheeled sulky, but in competition with her arch rival, Tacony, who was under saddle. In her eleven years of racing—always in harness, I'm glad to say—the mare whose pedigree was wrapped in mystery won ninety-three races, lost eighteen, netted $113,000 for her various owners and, before she retired, lowered her own record to 2:19¼.

Happily for the greatest of our early harness horses, Flora Temple's races were generally in one-mile heats, although she had several two-mile heats recorded. Once her owners backed her to trot a twenty-mile stretch in an hour behind a wagon, but she was pulled up lame on the twelfth mile. Other horses were not so lucky those days. Many sportsmen were interested in seeing how much a horse could stand without dying. Hence trotters were sent 20, 50 and 100 miles, until, on November 12, 1853, Conqueror, an aged roadster owned near New York City, was backed for $4000 to do 100 within nine hours, did it with nearly five minutes to spare—and died not many hours thereafter. But that was about the last of cold-blooded heartbreaking brutality in the harness-racing game.

Short-distance racing will seldom harm a horse if he is trained for it. But equine Marathons went out of fashion with the coming of railroads and motor cars. Speed for short distances became important when Flora Temple and Dexter were in their prime. Hiram Woodruff also drove Dexter until the old master selected Bud Doble to follow him. Between the two of them, the brown son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian won forty and lost nine trots in three years, reduced the mile record to 2:17¼ and retired with honors after winning the princely sum of $67,000 for his owners!

Cutting Down the Time

Of course the object of all racing is to improve the breed of horses by producing faster ones, but winning races is the drivers' job. So Bud Doble, Dan Mace and other star drivers were experimenting. They were hunting after Father Time, their object being to drive a mile in two minutes. That has been the ambition of every harness-horse racing driver. Hence Dan Mace pioneered with boots to keep a horse's feet from striking one another, and with snaffle bits to make him more responsive to the reins. Both Bud and Dan were splendid trainers as well as drivers. It was Bud's dual ability that let him mark three champions in Dexter, Goldsmith Maid and Nancy Hanks. Goldsmith Maid did 2:14 in 1874, and Nancy Hanks 2:04 in 1892. But Goldsmith Maid trotted her fastest mile with a pound of iron on each foot. It was Dan who first experimented with shoes of different weights for different feet, to overcome faults of gait or other eccentricities. He also tried out long-heeled hind shoes to help horses push themselves along. Those and other experiments won for him three $10,000 purses in one week at Buffalo in the early 70's.

Out in Kansas, the trainer-driver, Charley Marvin, converted the pacing Smuggler into a trotter, partly by rebalancing. He did the job so thoroughly that United States Senator Leland Stanford took Charley out to Palo Alto, California, where the California millionaire conducted one of the world's most sumptuous and effective breeding farms. On the site of what is now Leland Stanford University and from the blood of Electioneer came a long string of trotting champions, while Charley added snap to harness racing by introducing the brush, or spurt, finish to a heat.

But when St. Julien and Maud S startled the sporting world by each trotting a mile in 2:11¾ in 1880, they, like all harness horses, drew high-wheeled, all-wooden sulkies. Twelve years elapsed before the pneumatic-tired, or bike, sulky cut an average of four seconds off the mile, thus assisting the great John R. Gentry to pace his exhibition mile in 2:00¼ in 1896 and the chestnut mare, Lou Dillon, to trot the same distance in 1:58½ in 1903.

In the Golden Circle

In the vernacular of harness racing, any horse or driver who does a mile within two minutes has penetrated the Golden Circle. No man who ever drove a harness horse in earnest failed to try to make the Golden Circle. Yet, since Lou Dillon did her best mile, only about thirty harness horses have gone the distance in two minutes or less. You can see why getting into the Golden Circle is something like hitting the bull's-eye of the target. It is less difficult to make it as an exhibition, because the driver controls his own starting time and can go when he is ready. There are no other horses on the track to compete with him, though he may have a running pacemaker at one side.

So, while 12,000 people will gather to see the New England Pacing Derby at Windsor, Connecticut, although only 5000 persons live in that town, and while 50,000 may witness the harness races at Toronto, St. Paul or Des Moines, a good many more will assemble at a track where some star of the harness world is going to try to make an exhibition mile in two minutes. Incidentally, fewer than twenty-five drivers have ever gone a mile in two minutes or less.

Now, training a stable for the races is not necessarily so difficult. It means getting to the track at daylight and driving 100 miles or more a day. It means studying all your horses constantly, thinking of horses day and night. It calls for patience, judgment, courage, skill, diplomacy, ingenuity and self-discipline. It requires good business management of your time and your stock and personnel.

But training a horse to make or beat two minutes demands supreme devotion and balanced judgment. It is possible to point a horse perfectly, but it is just as possible to overpoint him. Pointing, you will understand, is driving a horse just the proper number of miles, at just the proper speed and in just the right way to bring him to top form for his exhibition or match race. Gray hair comes from too much pointing, and conditions are sometimes beyond the control of any driver.

Physical conditions are close to perfect at Phœnix, Arizona, where the track is lightning-fast, the air clear, cool, dry and bracing, and wind is a rarity. That's where those two magnificent trotters, Guy McKinney and Mr. McElwyn, were taken by their owners and where they broke into the Golden Circle.

Twice in one week of 1915 Mr. Geers carefully pointed Napoleon Direct at Lexington and apparently had every condition to his liking. The first time a trial was made at the Circle the great pacer was rated to order for seven-eighths of a mile. That is, Mr. Geers sent him along at such an even clip that he covered each eighth at a two-minute gait. Yet in the last eighth

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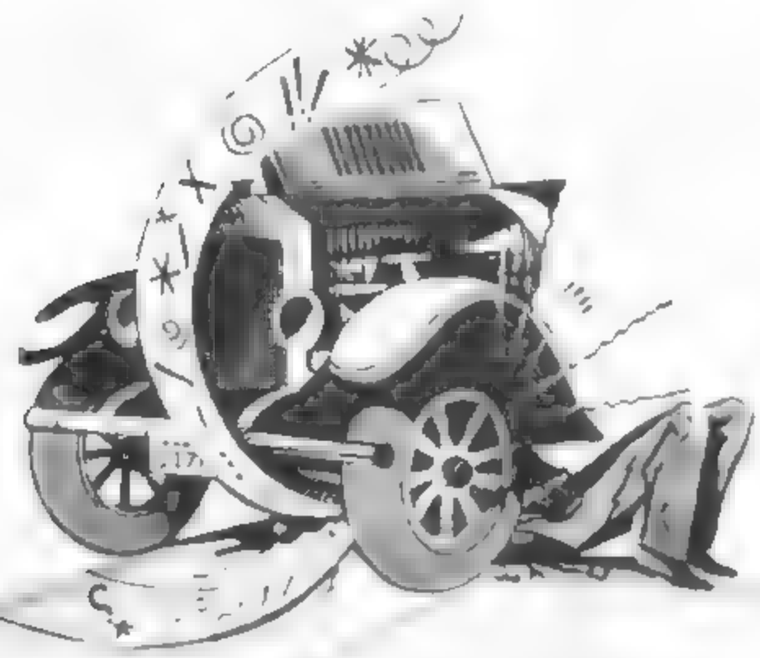

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(Continued from Page 198

the pacer unaccountably shifted his stride just enough to finish in 2:00¾.

Before the fast chestnut was brought out for a second trial at two minutes, special attention was given to the track until it and everything seemed perfect. Mr. Geers again rated Napoleon Direct so accurately that he paced each of the first five eighths of the mile in fifteen seconds. Expert observers agreed that he had a cinch on the Circle, since he seemed sure to finish strong. But at that juncture he again went rough-gaited, to finish in 2:01¾.

Yet a year later, in a race with Single G, 1:58½, at Columbus, he showed he had stuff. In one of the heats he trailed in third place to the half. Each two horses were separated more than a length. But Napoleon Direct won the heat. The last half was timed in 0:58, and eventually the pacer broke into the Circle with a record of 1:59¾. Lu Princeton, the white-faced son of San Francisco, trotted to a race record of 2:02 and still holds the five-heat record for trotters. Walter Cox drove him with exceptional skill. Lu did an exhibition mile in 2:01 at Lexington. Many dopesters listed him among the two-minute possibilities. But Lu was a roguish horse in scoring. If the field was called back from the starter's stand, he'd start skating as soon as he heard the bell—just put his hind feet down and slide, which hurt his ankles tremendously. Perhaps that is why he stayed outside the Circle.

To give you an idea of what one second means when it is the difference between 2:00 and 2:01, I'll explain that in distance it measures about forty-four feet. That means that a horse going at a two-minute clip will cover forty-four feet a second. Of course every driver carries a stop watch where he can look at it in one hand and make note of the time and the eighth poles automatically. I've known driving veterans who could guess at the time without missing it more than a fraction of a second—though a fraction is plenty if it's on the slow side. I've even heard drivers of exhibitions announce in advance just how fast each horse would go and make good at each finish. Of course that's a matter of knowing your trotter or pacer and rating him.

A Man and His Horse

In the years that I've driven I've been fortunate enough to pilot eleven horses into the Circle. Among them are Peter Manning, whom I made a world's trotting champion by driving a mile in the open at Lexington in 1922. His time is recorded as 1:56¾, which is the time I made with Directum I at Syracuse in 1915. Directum I thus became the world's champion pacer without any windshield.

Other horses driven a mile by me in less than two minutes are Miss Harris M. and Margaret Dillon, joint holders of the world's record for pacing mares; Arion Guy, who equaled a world's record of 1:59½ for four-year-old trotters; Tillie Brooke, 1:59, who was holder of the world's race record for trotters; Frank Bogash, Jr., 1:59½, world's champion three-year-old pacing gelding.

But though I made Anna Bradford, 2:00¾, champion three-year-old pacing filly and Czar Worthy, 2:01¼, champion trotting-race gelding, I never got either into the two-minute class. There are plenty of angles to piloting horses.

None of the records I have mentioned were made behind a windshield, because that device was barred by the American Trotting Association rules not long after the marvelous brown mahogany stallion, Dan Patch, paced a mile in St. Paul in 1:55 during the season of 1906. In making this record, he kept close to a V-shaped metal screen carried on a sulky drawn by a running horse. This combination created a sort of suction and helped pull the trial maker along. Miles in the open are made without windshields and, of course, are somewhat slower.

Before and after Dan Patch was purchased by the late Marion W. Savage, of Minneapolis, he paced seventy-three miles averaging less than two minutes and, under the Savage ownership, became a great attraction as an exhibition horse. With Cresceus, Minor Heir, Directum, Roy Wilkes, Online, Buttonwood and Arion, all world's record holders at one time, he lived on Mr. Savage's Dan Patch Farm in the Minnesota River Valley, where forty to fifty horses were trained during winter months on a half-mile covered track. Mr. Savage paid $60,000 for Dan Patch, but Dan was worth it in every way. More than 1,000,000 people saw him pace.

To show how a man can love a horse, you must know that Mr. Savage, though a millionaire with many interests, often jogged his chief world's champion in a cart or light wagon on track or highroad. He spent many hours in Dan's stall, just visiting. They had many things in common. Each had ambitions in his field. Mr. Savage often said they understood each other. There must have been an unusually close bond of sympathy, for while Mr. Savage was comparatively young he fell ill and underwent a minor operation. He was apparently out of danger when word reached him that Dan had died. Within twenty-four hours Mr. Savage passed away. Of course there's a business side to harness racing, but sometimes there is sentiment.

Why Harness Racing Flourishes

You'll find that sentiment expressed by such men of commercial prominence as E. Roland Harriman, president of the Trotting Horse Club of America, who is responsible to a large extent for the fact that harness racing is flourishing; W. H. Cane, from whose Good Time Stable, Goshen, New York, the six-year-old brown horse, Sam Williams, was sold this season for $25,000 to George H. Tipling, of Cleveland, but through whose liberality a $70,000 harness-racing program was staged at Goshen one week in August; Allan J. Wilson, of Newton, Massachusetts, who made the New England $25,000 Pacing Derby possible.

You'll find sportsmen of this character in California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Mississippi, Texas and the Carolinas, and in almost every state, and it is because there are so many of them that harness racing flourishes. There are not so many minor tracks as when I began driving nearly forty years ago, but the remaining tracks are better ones, although they lack the elaborate buildings and facilities you'll find at some of the running tracks. Since the motor car banished the horse from our highways and lessened his usefulness on the farms, not so many horses are bred as formerly, but the percentage of horses that develop race speed, as compared with the percentage of twenty years ago, will surprise you if you check up on them. The blood of the great Hambletonian courses through the veins of nearly every one of them.

You will remember that Hambletonian had thirteen sons, among them Electioneer, Happy Medium and George Wilkes. From the latter came Palo Alto, Arion, May King, Bingen and Uhlan. The latter made a record of 1:54½, with a running mate, as well as other Golden Circle trotting miles. From Happy Medium came Nancy Hanks, Peter the Great and Peter Volo. With the latter I established new records for a two-year-old, three-year-old and four-year-old stallion trotter by driving him a mile in 2:04½, 2:03½ and 2:02 in successive years.

The George Wilkes strain traces down through John R. Gentry and Guy Wilkes to the original Axworthy and the other later Axworthys whose names are now so prominent; thence down to Margaret Dillon, Patchen Wilkes and Dan Patch. There are plenty of Patchens and Wilkes horses in harness on our tracks. These lines persist, and so does light-harness racing.

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Scotia to Western Canada and from New England to the Rocky Mountains, but you will find it pretty active on the Carolina Short Ship Circuit, and at Laurel, Mississippi, and San Marcos, Texas, for example. Up at Everett, Washington, they're racing harness horses. There is a meet this year at Filer, Idaho. Pueblo and other Colorado towns have harness racing; so do Stockton, Sacramento, Riverside and other towns in California.

There are weak spots on the Grand Circuit, but they'll be strengthened after a while. The new system of classifying entries according to money won instead of speed records will, I think, improve the game. In the meanwhile the Grand Circuit offers, in addition to the $25,000 American Derby and the $25,000 Page Dairy Stakes, the $26,000 Kentucky Futurity, oldest rich event for colt trotters; the $15,000 Fox Stake for the baby pacers, two-year-olds; besides several stakes of $10,000 value. But the big stake is the Hambletonian for three-year-old trotters, which will amount to about $70,000 this year

You must remember that harness-horse racing is one of the big attractions at the state and county fairs. The latter may be attended by from 10,000 to 100,000, but, at the former, hundreds of thousands of persons pass through the turnstiles and fill the grand stands for the races. From its very beginning in this country, harness-horse racing has been the sport of all classes. The man of humble origin can own his trotting horse, while light-harness racing has long appealed to gentleman drivers.

The New York Trotting Club was organized "with the view to improving the speed of road horses, which we consider the most useful of their species." When the gentleman sportsmen of Philadelphia met at the Indian Queen Tavern, South Fourth Street, on February 8, 1828, to organize the Hunting Park Association it was "for the encouragement of the breed of fine horses, especially the most valuable one known as the trotter, whose extraordinary powers cannot be developed or properly estimated without trials of speed and bottom."

Each member of the Hunting Park subscribed ten dollars, and the association prescribed that "every rider must be neatly dressed in a fancy silk jacket, jockey cap and boots," for most of the early trotting races were won by riders, and three-mile or four-mile heats were customary. But within a year Sir Peter, from New York, beat Whalebone, from Philadelphia, in four-mile heats in harness, and harness racing began to boom.

Preserving the Traditions

It is being fostered now by many driving clubs, lineal descendants of the New York and Philadelphia pioneers. The Road Horse Association of New Jersey has its own modern plant at Weequahic Park at Newark, where matinées are held each summer Saturday. Twenty-three matinées are held by the Metropolitan Driving Club, of Allston, Massachusetts, at the Charles River Speedway each year, and similar programs are carried out by the Old Colony Club at South Weymouth, Massachusetts; the Schenley Matinée Club at Schenley Park, Pittsburgh; the Gentlemen's Driving Club, of Lynn, Massachusetts; the Doylestown Driving Club, of Doylestown, Pennsylvania; the Lexington Driving Club, of Lexington, Kentucky; and the Maryland Harness Horse Association, of Baltimore, where harness horses have been raced since 1830

This summer the fourteenth annual races of the Junior League of Amateur Driving Clubs were staged by the Met, of Boston, at its track and clubhouse overlooking the Charles River. Nearly 200 trotters and pacers of good pedigree were entered and driven by their owners before an audience of 10,000. Extra tents were erected for the horses, many of which had records of 2:10 and better. The League Cup went to the Boston Club, but the members of the three other clubs got plenty of sport from the meet.

Thus do harness-horse lovers of our big cities preserve traditions in spite of the fact that tracks in our biggest metropolis are devoted entirely to running races. Such club meets are good for harness racing, but what helps it retain its popularity is the thrills it holds for both city folks and ruralites who wait for the beginning of a race between trotters or between pacers who have speed and class. Anyone who has observed a crowd watching the warming of the entries has felt the hush that comes over that throng as a gentleman with a megaphone arises in the judges' stand and introduces each competing horse and driver.

The Big Parade

In single file, they pass in review before the grand stand, the horses nodding restless heads while parading slowly and with dignity if there are no tantrums in the field. The grand stand first applauds Smiling Billie Crozier. Billie acknowledges with a gleaming white-toothed smile. His greeting almost eclipses the shimmer of his black silks. If the men and women in the audience were not 100 per cent horse fanciers they'd forget that Billie was driving Volo Rico, son of the great Peter Volo.

Then a cordial hand is given to Charlie Mabrey, who, in old rose gold, holds the reins above Widow Grattan. The Widow is a favorite. So is Charlie. So is Will Hodson, whose green-red silks flash in the sulky seat behind Bonnie M., a 2:06¼ pacer

Next in line comes W. Breitenfield, whose green-gold cap and coat are colors of the Blue Ridge Stable, Kansas City, for which Breitenfield holds the reins over the roan mare, Hollyrood Jacqueline. Then comes Harry Brusie, known to all horsemen as the Sage of Windsor Locks. Harry wears red and black and hopes to win with Gypsy Star, daughter of Napoleon Direct.

After Harry, as the parade passes, the applause is generously distributed among Ed McGrath, Bennie Keith, Ted Bunch, Rube Parker and Walter Garrison. Some of the pilots welcome the public's kind attentions. Others are obviously embarrassed. They are on the track to drive winning horses and not to be exhibited.

At the conclusion of the colorful ceremony there are some last strap tightenings by the grooms, the entries are driven up the stretch, pacers and sulkies dance their slow quadrille, the field scores once, twice, three times—and they're off, amid thundering of hoofs and flying dust. The game is just as it used to be.

Why did I drop out of it? Because I promised my wife and three fine sons that I'd stop training and driving harness horses when I turned fifty—which I've done. I'll never get back in the sulky again, but I can't keep away from horses. Horse racing's a habit, and I never knew a real horseman who ever got over it.

A Sweeping Verdict Against FORGETFULNESS

Automatic Motor Protection on These Cars Dictates Automatic Motor Protection on Your Car

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DODGE
SENIOR SIX

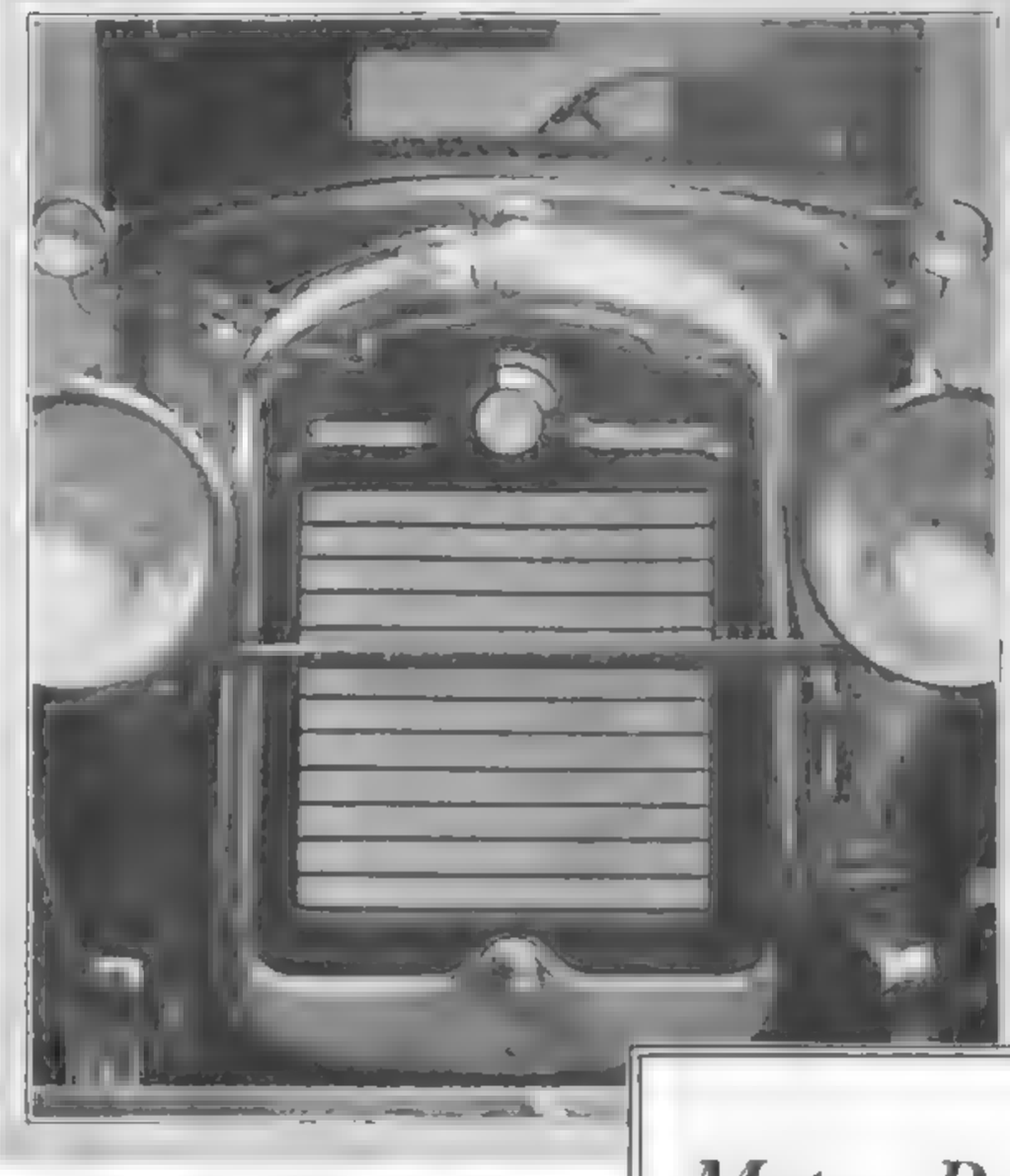
CADILLAC

LA SALLE

LINCOLN

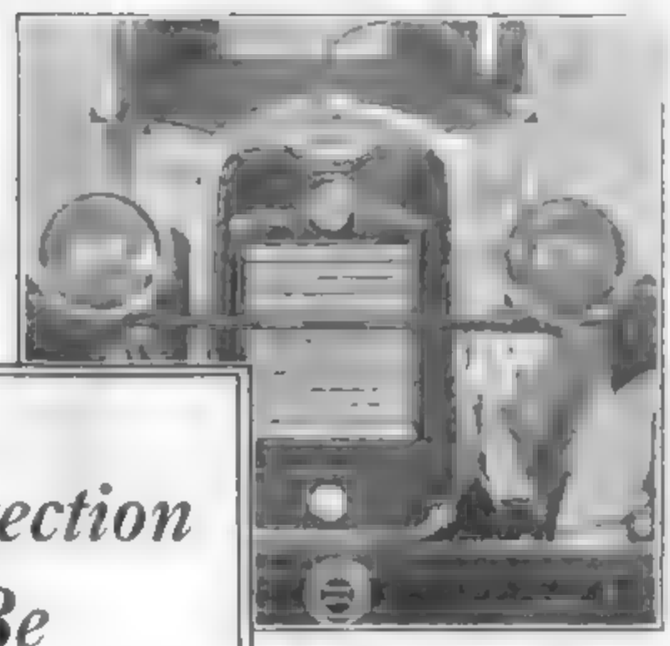
PIERCE-ARROW

the Greatest Crime of Cold-Weather Motoring



Illustrating the Reo equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

Motor Protection Must Be Automatic



Illustrating the Chevrolet equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

A VERDICT has been handed down by the highest courts in the motor car industry. *A verdict against forgetfulness. Automatic motor protection is now standard on these fine cars.*

The question of adequate motor protection in cold weather is one of long standing. And the car manufacturer had his choice of two ways. The one — a method that leaves this vital operation to memory and guesswork. The other—one that works positively dependably—automatically and with scientific precision.

They chose the latter. And in their choice lies the biggest reason why you, too, must choose automatic motor protection—if you want to avoid the damage of cold.

But why automatic?

Why not leave this vital operation to the discretion of the driver? Because the motor car manufacturer knows that the driver forgets. He knows that the national repair bills of millions could be cut in two if drivers didn't forget. Today, when he improves, he makes it *impossible* to forget.

See that the shutter you buy works automatically

These cars need *automatic motor protection*—or they wouldn't have it. Your car needs the same kind of protection. Unless the shutter on your car works automatically, you cannot possibly get full protection against cold. Thus — when you go to buy a radiator shutter this year—be sure it is *automatic*. These great makers tell you that.

Equip at the first sign of cold weather

Science has placed the blame for 50% to 75% of all premature motor wear on cold—greatest destroyer of motor life and efficiency. At 60° Fahrenheit, your motor is underheated. That's when cold strikes the first blow.

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke" — and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces. Metal grinds against metal at a terrific speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided.*

Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold

Your radiator is a heat waster. It was put there for that purpose. If efficient, it throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit, there is no heat to spare—yet heat waste continues through the radiator. That's why motor temperature must be controlled at the radiator, where heat waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

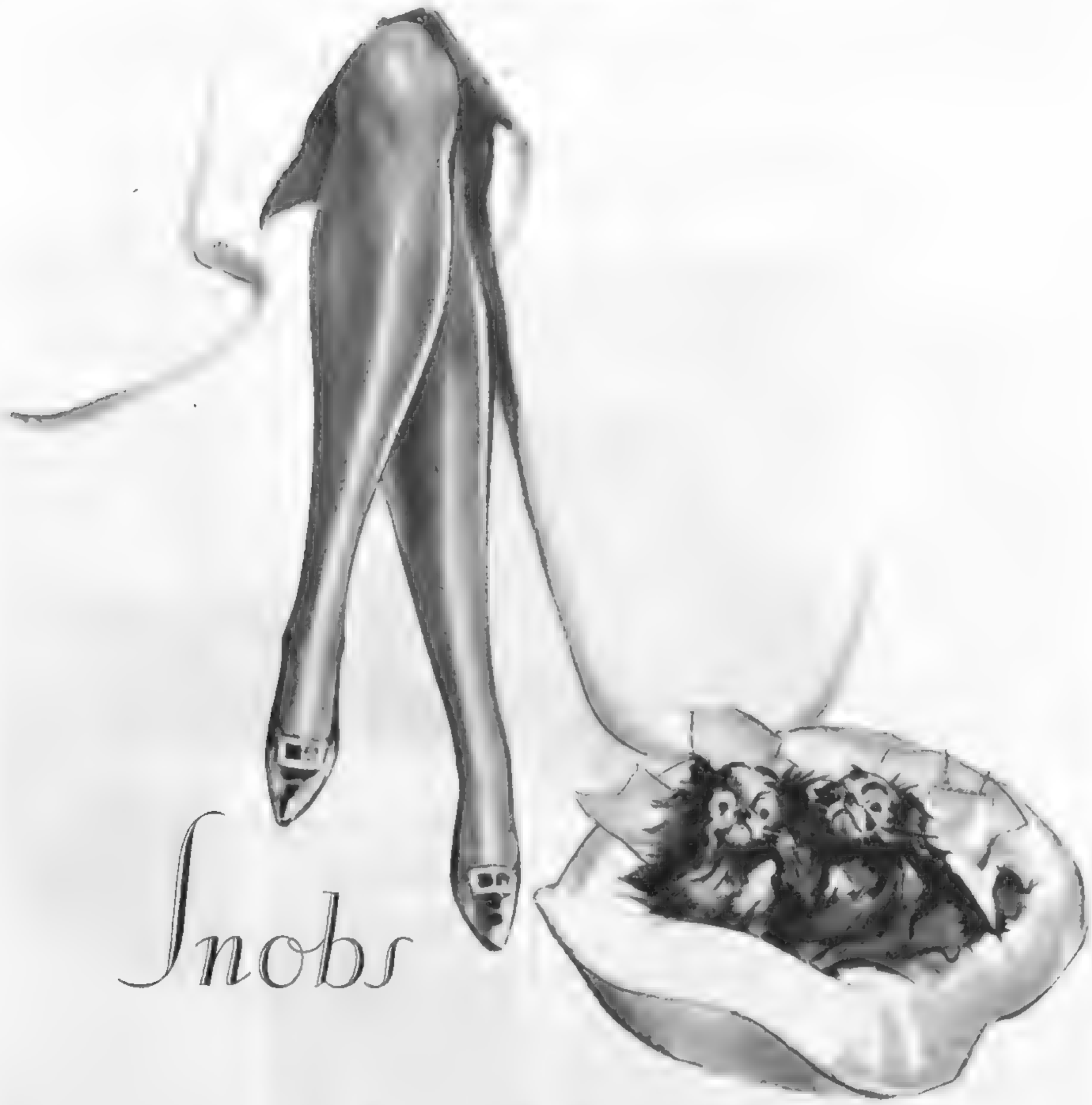
When you park your car—Winterfront closes while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. The "choke" habit disappears because there is no need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable saving of gasoline—your car is warm inside—your motor runs with summer smoothness and flexibility.

Winterfront is easily installed

Your automobile or accessory dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in a few minutes. Moderately priced—it will pay for itself many times over, and will give you years of service. Thermostats are guaranteed. Accept no substitute. There is only *one automatic* radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you—write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*



Snobs

SILK stockings are snobs. They must be pampered. Ordinary silk stockings can't withstand the strain of repeated washings and repeated wear.

But Iron Clads will surprise you with their beauty and their wear. In their silken sheerness hides a strength you'd never guess was there. Wear them and wash them again and again. Iron Clads will not lose their lustre—will not lose the graceful lines that accent the natural loveliness of calf and ankle.

Iron Clads No. 907 are made to *wear* and *wear*—and *wear*. Full fashioned, pure silk to the hem—mercerized garter top that outlaws runs, reinforced heel and toe for longer life, and an Iron Clad *guarantee* of satisfactory service or a brand new pair of hose.

This super-value stocking costs only $1.50 a pair! If your dealer can't supply you, send us your remittance, stating size (8 to 10½) and color (black, white, Reveree, Cuban sand, beach tan, mauve taupe, gun metal, French nude, parchment, atmosphere, champagne, blonde, grain, silver grey, moonlight, skin, peachbloom, Aloma, rose blush, flesh pink, evenglow, pearl blush, pastel parchment, light gun metal, Manon, Merida, dust, tawny, Kasha beige, white jade, honey beige, sandust, and mirage) and we'll mail your hose direct, *postage prepaid*.

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Note: If you want a companion number to 907, ask for No. 811—pure silk to the hem and with a pointed heel—which sells for only $1.00 a pair.

Iron Clad

Iron Clad Hosiery

A SAGA OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 54)

keeping his watch busy, and more than busy. By way of emphasizing his determination to have an immaculately white deck, he had spilt tar upon it as a preliminary; had most effectively seen to it that they had scraped off the last suggestion of that defilement.

He smiled grimly to himself as he noticed their nervous upward glances to the straining spars dizzily high above them. The wind was freshening; something would go presently. He was as well aware of it as they, but his seaman's pride was involved in keeping every kite flying till the last possible moment. Captain Morrieson should not again hint, though ever so mildly, that he shortened sail prematurely, as he had done when a squall had threatened, but failed to burst, off Billiter Island.

This skipper was surely a crackajack at carrying sail. He would say that for him. If only he weren't so infernally distant, with those quiet gray-blue eyes of his always seeming to weigh a man up, to be searching for his ultimate human value. Said prayers in his cabin, too, what time he was not poring over those wind and current charts which Lieutenant Maury of the United States Navy was preparing for the revolutionizing of almost every long-distance sailing passage in the world. Not that he was often in his cabin; there was no hour of the night or day when Captain Morrieson did not show himself on the poop, in never relaxed control of this straining ship driven at all times to her utmost. He slept only in snatches, and often on the poop itself. He was certainly a magnificent seaman, Mr. Naseby conceded, but when this voyage was over he himself would ship on a Western Ocean packet; that was the sort of craft where a manhandling bucko mate was appreciated at his proper worth. Somehow or other—and he chafed at it as a weakness in himself—although Captain Morrieson never reproved his officers, he had slipped into a habit of not hazing the men when the skipper was on deck. There was something in those quiet eyes which made him feel so cursedly uncomfortable when he came aft again.

He was suddenly aware of the captain's presence at his side, glanced round to see those gray-blue eyes coming down from a glance aloft. The skipper fondled his clipped fair beard thoughtfully, plainly estimating the margin of stress resistance yet in hand.

"What's she doing, Mr. Naseby?"

"Fourteen knots and a Chinaman, sir," he replied. "She logged fourteen and a half. We've dropped that steamer out of sight."

A couple of hours previously they had foamed past a barque-rigged, tall-funneled steamer plowing along with all sails set. The men had hailed her derisively, offering a tow. It had been a joyous moment. Not one of them but had a blistering contempt for steam kettles.

The captain glanced back to the windward horizon, over the lifting indigo-blue seas everywhere flecked with the vivid white of curled-over, hurrying crests. A few piled and snowy clouds came magnificently over that immensity of ocean where now they were the only human thing. Above those cumuli, in the heaven of paler blue, one or two wispy streamers of a higher weather system stretched out almost to the zenith. The wind accentuated its moaning, thrumming rhapsody through the intricate straining cordage of the heeling ship. The captain's glance came round to the bows, rising and plunging again to a smother of heavy spray as she bounded onward. Nevertheless, the buoyancy of those bounds had latterly diminished: she was burying her nose more and more into the sea. Plainly she was carrying too much canvas. Captain Morrieson was not the sort of fool who boasts of losing spars.

"Take in the stuns'ls, Mr. Naseby," he said curtly, "and all the kites."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the mate. "Take in stuns'ls and kites." He ran forward, roared in his stentorian voice: "All hands to take in sail!"

The men sprang from their avocations, collected in readiness for his orders. A bos'n's whistle shrilled and the starboard watch came tumbling out of the foc'sle. Stembridge, the second mate, appeared from below with the tousled hair of an afternoon sleep, ran to superintend them.

Mr. Naseby's voice roared out again on a note of urgency. The Old Man had cracked on overlong; something would go in a moment. "Stuns'ls and kites! Up you go! Smartly now, jump to it! Jump to it, by ——, or I'll be after you quicker'n lightning from hell!"

He vociferated specific directions rapidly, one after the other, to the men swarming up the weather shrouds, to the men on deck hauling in the gear of the outstretched water sails. The wind was freshening rapidly, the masts bent like whips, the bows buried themselves in a swirl of foaming water, the lee side was submerged to the rail.

The men on deck slipped as they hauled desperately on the ropes, bringing in the great, clumsily billowing, crumpled canvas of the lower studding sails. One of them lost his footing, slid helplessly, abandoning the down haul so that the sail filled out again like a balloon. In that blind vindictive rage which overcame him in these moments of excitement, the mate struck him savagely over the head with the belaying pin he had automatically picked up, sent him face foremost to the deck with outstretched arms.

"That'll teach you, you jelly-handed lubber, to let go a down haul!" he yelled at him. "Get up! Get back to it!"

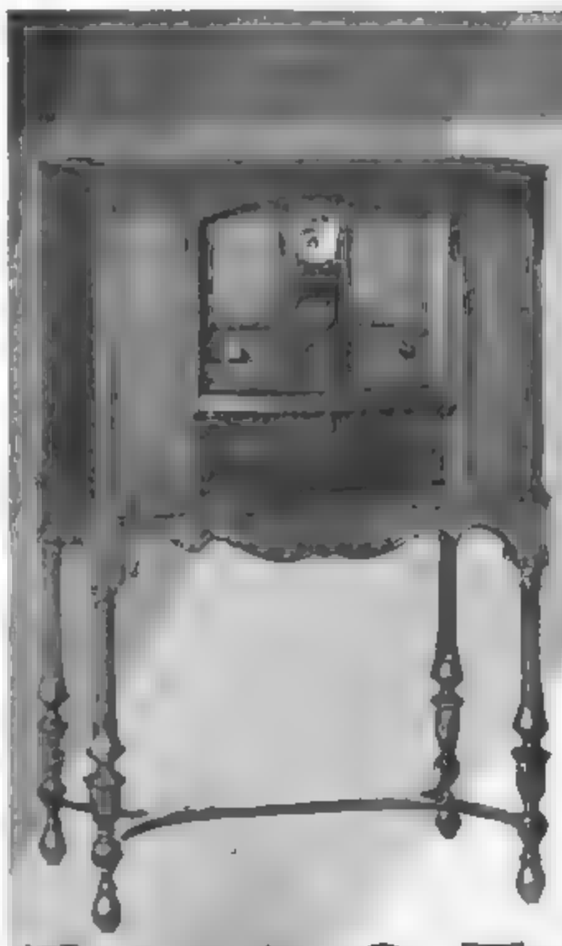
He kicked him viciously, again and again. The man gathered himself slowly to his feet, his head streaming blood, gave him one look of unutterable murderous hatred, laid on again to the down haul which someone else had already snatched at.

The mate ignored him in preoccupation with the orders he was roaring objurgatively to those aloft. They were going to make it, but only just—to get those sails in without the loss of a stick. Already the ship rode easier, recovered her buoyant leap from wave to wave. On the mainmast, the second mate was himself aloft, had got in the stuns'ls from the topgallant yard downward, was shouting at a man high up on the royal yard, just casting away the royal stuns'l. He turned for another glance at the foremast—it was a matter of pride to him that this, technically his particular responsibility, should be finished before the other—saw that it also was clear of stuns'ls from the topgallant downward, the men already descending the shrouds again. But high aloft, on the fore-royal yardarm, the stuns'l had not yet been sent down.

He perceived it with a spasm of fury, vociferated up to the fellow—diminutive at that altitude—who was clumsily fumbling with it. He had fouled it in some manner and it threatened every moment to carry away. He knew that fellow—a sheepish Portugee lad who was the most stupid on the ship—a lad he took a diabolic pleasure in hazing and persecuting yet more relentlessly than he persecuted any other of these boneheaded brutes.

He yelled up to him in that voice which could be heard above a gale: "Hi, you, Gomez! Send that stuns'l down, or I'll come and boot you off the yard!"

He could see the lad's face, tiny, featureless, staring over at him as the threat reached him, saw him struggling desperately to free that entanglement. By the Lord, if he wasn't quick, they'd lose the fore-royal mast! He glanced round to see that the main was clear. Stembridge's face had an exasperating look of smug superiority.



No. 636 Art Console. Uses 3 UX-227 A C., one UX-171-A Output, and one UX-280 R C A Tubes. Price, less tubes and Cone Speaker $245

Slightly higher Rockies and West and Canada

New A. C. Tube Receivers

with the famous Stromberg-Carlson tone

THE GLORIOUS QUALITY of tone which has made Stromberg-Carlsons the choice of those who really appreciate music... compactness given by A. C. Tubes;... beautiful cabinets of genuine Walnut;... all combine to make these new Receivers noteworthy in radio.

They are self-contained, having no batteries or liquids, all operating power coming from the house lighting circuit. They are extremely sensitive, bringing in distant stations readily. Extremely selective ... due to scientific shielding ... a feature of special importance when the Receiver is located near a powerful broadcasting station. There is but one tuning dial ... illuminated ... marked in divisional scale and wave length meters.

They are designed to give care-free operation; nothing in them should wear out or require periodical servicing. A handy jack facilitates playing records electrically through the audio system of Receiver.

Either Receiver will win a place in any room for its decorative value alone. They are so priced that everyone who has longed for Stromberg-Carlson quality can now obtain it.

Other Stromberg-Carlson Models available for A. C. or D. C. current areas, as well as models operated by batteries.

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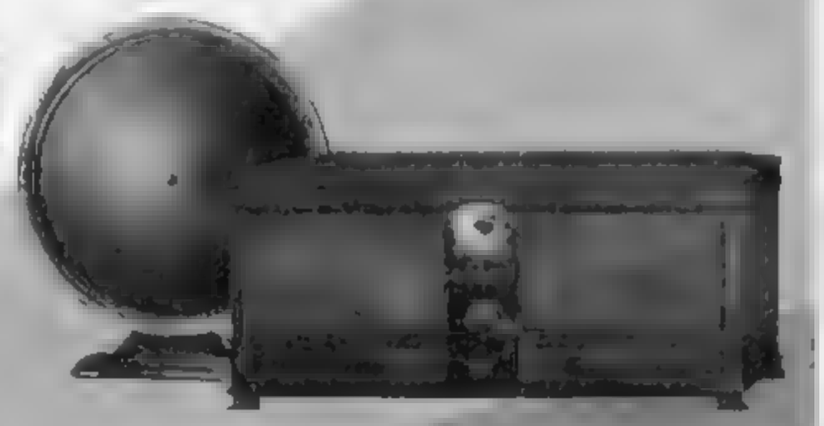

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Puritan V Kote $6.50
100% VIRGIN WOOL

"Gomez, you"——! I'll murder you if you don't send that stuns'l down! Send it down!"

The little figure struggled on the end of that yard, lofty in the blue sky against which it careered dizzily as the ship leaped and rolled. Still the stuns'l did not come down. The fore-royal mast bent like a cane. He heard a snigger from some of the starboard watch. This was too much!

He dropped his belaying pin, sprang into the foremast shrouds. It hardly became the dignity of a first officer to go aloft to a fore-royal, but he was reckless of normal conventionalities in the paroxysm of rage which swept away his self-control. He went up hand over hand, with the agility of a cat, swung himself over the futtocks into the crosstrees, swarmed up to the topgallant rigging, up the narrow shrouds of the royal, that blind vindictive fury in him obscuring all else but his annihilatory craving to reach this clumsy Dago fool who had disgraced him. He arrived at the royal yard, swung himself onto the footrope. Above his head, on the bending mast, the skysail was distended strainingly to the still freshening wind. Down below, seen from this jerkily wide-circling all-but-masthead, between bellying lower sails and a tangle of cordage, the deck was like a distant narrow plank; absurdly tiny for this lofty superstructure of masts and sails. He had no giddiness at this height; to him, and particularly in such fair weather as this, it was familiar child's play.

He looked out along the yard to where, at its tapering end, that hell-condemned fool was crouching awkwardly, one hand holding the spar.

"Just wait till I get at you!" he shouted, in that savage anger. The lad turned an open-mouthed stupid face toward him, a face absurdly streaming with tears. He noticed that the boy had an open clasp knife in his free hand. "You cut that lift and I'll cut the heart out of you! Free it, you boneheaded swab! Free it!" He commenced to work along the yard. As he did so, it dawned on him that the knife was not held open for the rope, but, in an extremity of panic, for him. "Throw that knife away!" he roared through the wind. "Throw it away, or I'll boot you into the sea! I'll beat the life out of you anyway!" The lad stared at him, blubberingly, crazed with terror.

"No, no, sar!" he cried. "No, no, Meester Nasby! Me try! Me cannot! Me cannot! Don't blow me, sar! Not up 'ere! Not up 'ere! Me fall! Me fall!"

He adjusted his own poise for a moment, as the ship lurched in a reel hugely magnified at this radial extremity, moved again along the spar. No lousy-livered little Dago with a knife was going to frighten him! He'd larn him! He'd blow him—knock the life out of him for daring to draw it

"No, no, sar!" The lad screamed at him, staring wildly as though hypnotized in his fear. One more step along the footropes and he'd be near enough to get at him. He grinned in savage exultation at that nearness. The lad shrieked. Then, in that insanity of terror—it gave the mate a little shock to see him—he threw up both his arms, deliberately let himself fall from the yard. There was a faintly heard wild screech as he went headlong.

Instinctively the mate peered down, saw something shapeless strike the bulwark, rebound, to splash in a momentary whiteness of the indigo sea. An overpowering sickening revulsion gripped him. He felt sweat damp all over him. The little fool! The little fool! Unwontedly trembling, he cleared the stuns'l with professional dexterity, vociferated to the man at the boom on the topgallant yard, to those at the down haul on the deck. The little fool—the little Dago fool!

He pulled himself together as he descended, stage after stage, to the deck. He must keep a stiff lip over this. The crew had gathered together, glowered murderously as he passed through them, maintaining his arrogance. Stembridge—damn his hatchet face!—turned away his glance. He went aft to the skipper on the poop.

"I didn't touch him, sir," he said. He failed to keep that suppressed shakiness out of his voice.

Captain Morrieson's gray-blue eyes seemed to look through him. His lips were tight under the clipped fair beard.

"I take your word for it, Mr. Naseby," he replied in his habitual coolly quiet tone. "Mr. Stembridge, the starboard watch can go below."

They were in the doldrums. Long ago, carrying always the greatest press of canvas possible, they had roared around the Cape under royals when triumphantly overtaken British lime-juicers were lumbering under reefed topsails; had turned northward into a region of baffling headwinds and heavy seas where almost every hour a drenched and cursing crew had responded to the wearisome formula "All hands to tack ship! Lee helm! Helm's a-lee! Mainbrace haul!"; had passed thence out of it into the southeast trades and again a full spread of sail upon an eagerly bounding ship; had left St. Helena and Ascension successively to starboard as they steered to cross the line at about the twentieth meridian. Now they were in the equatorial calm belt, on a glassy sea and under a heat that was blistering for all the constant cloudiness of the sky, swinging the yards a hundred times a day to catch whatever feeble air breathed, now hence, now thence; ghosting along, it seemed, by the flap of the sails alone.

Mr. Naseby was nerve-strained and irritable with all this geehawking about, as he sat in the saloon at the five P.M. meal with the skipper. Down here one would not have known that the ship was moving at all; she seemed fixed in that lifeless immobility, of all things most exasperating to the deep-water sailor anxious to make a passage. He raged inwardly at Captain Morrieson's unruffled equanimity, eating his pork and beans, drinking his coffee with irritatingly habitual sober zest. One would think the man was content to sit here, idling on the ocean, for the rest of his life!

He hated the sight of that neatly clipped fair beard, of those quiet, uncomfortably penetrating gray-blue eyes. He had never known a skipper who, without a slighting word, made him feel so absurdly inferior, who appreciated an efficient mate so little. When he was paid off he would give himself the satisfaction of telling him, to his face, a few home truths that would surprise his infernal smugness. What was the Old Man saying? Did he make a point of reading the annual reports of the United States Consular Service? He replied, sullenly, that he did not

The gray-blue eyes came up to him.

"You should, Mr. Naseby. A sailor should know as much about the movements of trade as the merchants he serves. I strongly advise you, from my own experience, to do so if you would succeed in your profession."

Something took hold of Mr. Naseby. He burst out, from an exasperation that had accumulated in him beyond endurance:

"Curse the profession! I've had enough of it!"

Those steady gray-blue eyes looked into his

"As you know, Mr. Naseby, I do not allow profanity in this saloon," the captain observed coldly. "May I ask what you propose to do with your life?"

Was it possible that so young a skipper could be such a mugwump? He invented a future

"I'm through with this, anyway. I'm for shore when once we make the States. I'll go to Kansas. Buy a bunch of niggers below the Mason and Dixon Line perhaps."

As he spoke he was hotly conscious that he'd put his foot in it. The captain was a rank abolitionist. Well, he didn't care; he'd said it and he'd stick to it. Those disconcerting eyes were still looking into his.

"Indeed!"

(Continued on Page 209)

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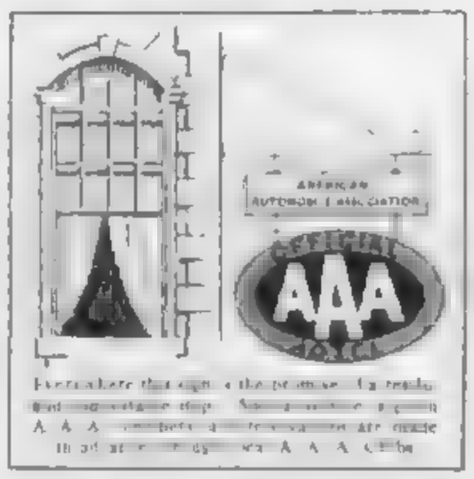
SOMETHING has happened to the car . . . perhaps it's only a flat tire . . . Maybe you've skidded off the road, and the rear wheels are slipping in the mud. Possibly it's only a broken battery-cable . . . Whatever the reason—when your car is stalled—your first thought is to get help. Who to call? What is needed?—are questions that leap into your mind. But if you are a member of your local A. A. A. motor club these disturbing thoughts are answered by your membership card! For all you need to do is 'phone the nearest club (A. A. A. is usually the first name listed in the telephone book), and an emergency service car, manned by skillful, courteous mechanics, and equipped to make all roadside repairs, will come speeding to your assistance wherever you happen to be. Your wife, your daughter, or any member of your family, is entitled to all the benefits of your membership. You join the local A. A. A. motor club in your own town, but your membership protects you in the United States and Canada, and in every territory, where A. A. A. clubs are located. There are 1075 A. A. A. clubs, and when you belong to one, you belong to all. The cost is approximately one cent per club year.



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WORLD'S LARGEST FEDERATION OF MOTOR VEHICLE OWNERS—ORGANIZED 1902

(Continued from Page 206)

He squirmed uncomfortably on his swivel chair. That one quiet word was eloquent—he sensed it—of the captain's considered opinion of him. He was just fit for a brutal slave driver and nothing else. The unuttered phrase was almost audible in the air between them. He resented it. The skipper had never liked him, had been more than ever coldly distant since that infernal little Dago fool had thrown himself off the fore-royal. He would not let himself think now of that—it was bad enough when he could not help it, sleepless or thinly dozing in his watch below—but that was what it was. The whole ship withdrew insultingly aloof from him how he'd hazed some of those men for muttering the word "murderer" in his presence!—as though he were contaminated, an outcast. He had stood about enough of it!

"May I ask, sir"—he controlled his voice to steadiness over that anger—"what fault you have to find with me of late? If you mean to accuse me about that man who fell" he had said it after all! Well, he would stick to it—have it out!—"let me hear it and answer it!"

The gray-blue eyes contemplated him.

"I do not accuse you, Mr. Naseby. I could not see what happened on the fore-royal yard. No one saw what happened. I have your word that you did not touch him."

"I did not touch him, sir! I swear to God ——"

The captain interrupted him with a lift of his hand. "Thank you, Mr. Naseby. I do not wish to take your oaths here. Nor are they necessary. You—and God know what happened on that yard. It will be for your individual soul to answer that great Judge of us all if and when you are questioned. But I do not question you. I take your word that you did not physically touch the lad." Captain Morrieson spoke with quiet emphasis.

He heard that last phrase with an inward shock. The skipper then knew precisely what had happened—that he had scared the boy to his death—was morally his murderer! Nonsense! He was not—was not his murderer! He would never admit it. He had meant to give him a good booting, down below on deck. He had not meant to kill him! He had sworn that, over and over again, in the solitude of his cabin, when he could not sleep—when he was haunted by that last terrified look on a tear-streaming stupid face, before it toppled backward. Heaven help him, he would go mad if this went on! He pushed his plate from him.

"I'll go and relieve Stembridge, sir," he said.

The sun was setting redly on the oily sea as he emerged to the deck; was crimsoning the stanchions, the planks, with a suggestion of blood. Blood! Thank God, he'd got no actual blood on his hands. Stop that! He was surely going mad in this obsession. The second mate, with no friendly word, curtly gave him the course and the last orders, went below.

He took a turn up and down the poop in a morbid solitude. The idle man at the wheel, the men for'ard spinning yarns in low voices as they sat at tasks he had invented even for the dogwatches, seemed scarcely real to him, on another plane of being. The sails flapped listlessly, fretting his nerves with their uselessness. The ship seemed enchanted in this calm, held here for eternity, mocking his craving to escape from her. If only there were someone he could talk with on terms of human friendliness, for a moment or two cheat the corrosive lonely brooding that was eating away his inner manhood.

He might, indeed, call Peters, the third mate, aft, make conversation with him on some professional point. He shrank from doing so. Peters was as curtly constrained toward him as were the skipper and the second mate. As for the men, though they obeyed his orders promptly enough, yet—elusively, humiliatingly—he could feel that they no longer stood in the same awe of him; that they regarded him in no diminishment of hatred as one outside the human pale—a murderer to whom punishment would surely come.

Yesterday he had overheard them telling yarns of murderers diversely haunted by their victims until they were avenged; had furiously ordered those skulkers to useless jobs aloft. Olaf, the Scandinavian, had laughed significantly when well above his reach. That was it—he was haunted by that infernal little Dago, and the crew knew it! He paced up and down the poop. If only he could escape from this damned ship—could escape from himself! If only he had never gone aloft—as he should not have gone aloft—after that little fool!

He stopped at the taffrail, looked over the oily water astern. Something tempted him—something that suddenly almost overmastered him—to throw himself overboard, to end this unendurable secret agony. It was forty days now since he had slept properly; forty days and nights that that screech, the vision of that stupid blubbering face, had jerked him mercilessly out of blessed unconsciousness. Should he finish with it? An innate revulsion, a profound cowardice, held him back. If only he knew how to pray, like the skipper could pray! He found himself envying that piety at which he had so often scoffed. He would try. In a whisper, so that the helmsman should not hear him, he prayed:

"O God, deliver me. Let me wipe it out somehow, O God. Give me another chance, God. I mean it, God—another chance to prove I'm no murderer."

He was shamefaced, even to himself, at this derogation from his domineering truculence as an authentic bucko mate. He wondered if God had heard his whisper in that vast solitude of the sea which was His.

They were to the north of the Azores, had turned eastward on the last stretch to the English Channel. Now, eighty-nine days from Whampoa, they would yet make a racing passage, would equal the Oriental's record. It was some consolation to those drenched, oil-skinned men, as they clung wherever there was shelter while the ship drove and leaped and wallowed through the pitchily black night, lit only by near wave crests, by broad patches of hissing foam as she squelched down upon the sea.

The Atlantic was showing what it could do in February. A furious northwesterly gale held them in its grip, hurled them onward under reefed topsails over hills and valleys of maddened water. The wind was a pandemonium of howls and shrieks, was a mighty invisible force against which one had to drag oneself by strength of arm from handhold to handhold. All through the dreary low-skied day the waves had raced after them terrifyingly; had reared slate-green mobile mountains that curled over hungrily in pursuit, threatening, each one, to poop them; until miraculously at the last moment the stern had lifted buoyantly up and up, the monster had raged under her in a smother of foam, a renewed flood over the lee rail, and then again she had dropped dizzily, sickeningly, staggeringly, into the trough, where they had again stared at colossally menacing green seas as high as the lower yardarms.

A canvas screen had been rigged behind the two men at the kicking, wrenching wheel, to shield them from the unnerving sight of those overtaking giants. Now, in this darkness where nothing could be seen, it was an even greater strain on the nerves. It was impossible to discern the wave which at any moment might sweep over them devastatingly. To adventure between the poop and the foc'sle was to plunge into a vaguely glimmering caldron of racing, swirling water wherein no man could keep his feet. The sails overhead were dark against a blackness as of the pit. She lurched and dived, was hoisted high, was hurled downward again, as though held within some magic circle of the night for the fury of the sea to overwhelm.

Mr. Naseby, a lashing passed round his streaming oilskins to the weather rail of

The Name, Madam
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Ask for NORTHERN Tissue —20 Times Sterilized

DURING the past two years, doctors the country over have been urging the use of a new, *sterilized* Bathroom Paper. Hospitals have adopted it.

Thousands of women, having heard of it, want to know what to ask for to get this Bathroom Paper that meets *every* requirement of the medical profession.

To get it you ask for NORTHERN TISSUE.

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No other paper is quite like Northern Tissue. For it is *sterilized* 20 times. (A cultural test conducted by the nationally known Columbus Laboratories proved it as sanitary as sealed hospital cotton. Consider what that means.)

Moreover it is cooked at a temperature of 302°. This process does three important things. 1. It whitens the paper. 2. It makes a soft, cloth-like texture. 3. It makes a paper utterly free of irritating particles.

Ordinary yellow "toilet" paper contains *raw* groundwood. Actually tiny splinters. (Note illustrations above.) These splinters irritate. Frequently, they cause more serious rectal troubles such as Pruritus Ani.

There is no raw groundwood in "cooked" Northern Tissue. That is why doctors are urging the *immediate* discontinuance of ordinary yellow "toilet" paper in favor of white, *sterilized* Northern Tissue.

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GET the most out of your radio . . . the best reception your set can deliver. Only standard quality tubes such as Ken-Rad Archatrons will do this . . . tubes made and tested to the most exacting specifications.

Ken-Rad tubes give fine, clear reception throughout an exceptionally long life. This is due to an exclusive Ken-Rad method of more complete degasification. It makes "matching" unnecessary. It means better radio.

Don't handicap your radio with inferior tubes. Outfit your set entirely with standard quality tubes, such as Ken-Rad Archatrons. Each one is *individually* tested and is guaranteed for satisfaction. Ask your dealer for Ken-Rad Archatrons.

THE KEN-RAD CORPORATION, *Incorporated*
Owensboro, Kentucky

KEN-RAD
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the poop, shook himself from the last stinging violent impact of drenching scud, set his teeth grimly. It wasn't his business, but the Old Man was carrying on just a bit too far this time. The courses ought to have been in long ago; a single reefed tops'l was all she wanted in this wind and in the deep valleys of these huge seas where the lower sails were temporarily becalmed. He didn't care, he told himself savagely. The condemned old hooker, and everybody in her, could go to the bottom, for all he cared. He hated them all, himself included. So far as he was concerned, death would be a merciful release from the misery of his ghost-ridden soul, from the demoralizing solitude of that intangible ostracism which held him, for all human relations, an outcast from that miniature self-complete social world of the ship.

That infernal little Dago fool had had his revenge on him all right. In that solitary sleep-denied torture of his watch below, he had many times wished himself dead before he had joined this accursed ship, with her cold-voiced canting skipper who wouldn't back up an officer in trouble. Now, as he peered under his sou'wester, viciously volleyed upon by the spume carried on the wind which choked you when you turned to it, he visualized one of the masts going - they'd be lucky indeed if it was only a sail that went—visualized the ship broaching to, rolled instantly to her beam ends, the great seas roaring over her, forcing her under. He visualized that finality with a bitter appreciation.

What was the Old Man thinking of? The seaman's instinct in him asserted itself over that morbidity. He glanced round, saw him, vaguely, at the binnacle verifying their course. The shaded lamp illumined his features as he bent over it, shone on his clipped beard that dripped water from its point.

Mr. Naseby had a glimpse of the expression on his face. It was disconcertingly happy, even exultant; the expression of a man intoxicated with this contest where his solitary skill and nerve were pitted against these furious elements unleashed for his destruction.

The mate had a twinge of grudging respect. He was certainly a man and a seaman! He himself was pretty tough, but Captain Morrieson seemed made of steel. For three nights and days now he had been constantly on deck, fed with morsels precariously brought to him by the cabin steward, holding this maddened ship to her course with a will that was inflexible, with a skill that judged to a nicety the hazards that he overcame. It was something to have a clear conscience, thought Mr. Naseby; he himself, if he hadn't been ghost-ridden by that infernal little Dago—he hoped he was in hell—might have done as much, with equal nerve.

The skipper came lurching over to him, brought up with a violent cannon against him, bawled into his ear: "Get—fores'l—off her!"

He just caught the words in the sound-swallowing fury of the gale. "Aye, aye, sir! Fores'l off her!" He bellowed, hands to his mouth, with all his voice: "All hands! Fores'l yard! Stand to your sheets and braces!"

He unlashed himself from the rail, made a dive for the poop ladder, vociferated again, plunged down into the darkness, into the swirling waist-deep water upon the deck. He fought his way desperately through it, barged sightlessly against other oil-skinned figures similarly fighting to get to their posts; was submerged, swept off his feet by a racing green sea that hurled him along like a wisp of straw; brought up against the wreck of a boat beneath the skids, got his head above water, struggled to the weather foremast shrouds. He could dimly perceive other vague figures in the obscurity, between the ceaseless flying dollops of water that blinded and choked him.

"Aloft you go, men!" he yelled at them. "I'll show you the way!"

It was a fierce joy to him to have something active to do. He sprang into the shrouds, went up hand over hand, men behind him. The wind had shifted a point or two north in a squall of appalling violence. The ship laid over to leeward as though she would never right herself. Normally, if he went aloft, his place was at the weather earring, but now the lee yardarm was the point of danger as it lay over to the sea, leaping and raging in the darkness. He swarmed along toward it, hung on desperately while he was soused into a wave that all but tore him from his grasp. He yelled orders to the men below, yelled to the men on the yard with him. The sail was released, was, inch by inch, dragged up in a fight as with a maddened living thing possessed of the strength of demons; the bunt was got in amid breathless oaths and curses from men wrestling over the stout spar from their precarious foothold on the rope; the leeches were clewed up, the gaskets passed.

There was a sharp crack just audible in that shrieking fury of the wind; they were suddenly in an enmeshment of loose ropes entwining about them like serpents. The fore topmast had gone, was a dangling tangle of wreckage just above their heads, the mast and spars diagonally downward to the sea. Even as the mate perceived it, he heard a scream from the man next to him on the foreyard—it was Olaf, the Scandinavian. The mate saw him whipped from his hold, saw him reel backward, silhouetted vaguely for a moment against the foaming whiteness of an uplifting mass of water just below.

Something flashed in him: "I'll show them whether I'm a murderer." He snatched at a loosely blowing rope with his left hand, dived for the man, caught him with a lucky grasp as that great mountain of water came up to him, submerged him chokingly, dragging him onward, downward till his head and his chest seemed about to split. Yet he had not relaxed either of his holds. The wave passed. The ship reeled to her bearings, swung him clear, still maintaining his suddenly leaden-weight burden. He caught the rope with his feet in that swing, slid down to the deck, dropped the man who yet choked as he staggered.

He was suddenly aware that another disaster had happened in that moment. The main yard had snapped its parrel and the huge mainsail had split; was now tearing itself to rags with a noise like artillery. A colossal wave came upon them from aft, a sudden whiteness in the black night that shook the ship with its impact as it broke in a torrent, as it overwhelmed them in a flood over their heads, sweeping them along irresistibly.

He fought himself clear of it, dragged another oil-skinned figure to comparative uprightness on a steeply slanting deck. The ship was almost on her beam ends, the motion gone out of her. She had broached to! Where was the captain's voice from the poop that should have been roaring urgent orders? He listened through the shrieking wind, heard nothing. A shock of realization smote him. That wave had swept the poop! He forced his way aft against that elemental fury; bumped into Stembridge; bellowed to him to get every man he could, cut away the wreckage of the foremast; mounted the ladder to the poop.

The wheel, miraculously unsmashed, was untenanted, the two helmsmen lying senseless by the rail. The captain? He stumbled over him by the binnacle, a prostrate body. Dead? No. Badly hurt, unconscious. He yelled down the companion for the cabin steward, turned immediately to bellow the orders—profanely emphasized - which were immediately urgent if they were not to go down in the next few instants—every soul of that ship's company he hated.

The mantle of responsibility had fallen upon him. He took charge of that semi-dismasted ship, beam-ended under breaking seas in the blackness of the night.

Fourteen days later, in the misty cold grayness of a London winter morning, the Kestrel was towed up to the dock gates.

(Continued on Page 213)

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

NEW by McCRAY

the Full-Vision Refrigerator Display Case—*for the New Day in Food Retailing*

FRESH, tempting foods, striking display, spotless cleanliness and quick service. These, Mr. Merchant, are the big points today in successful food retailing. Here is the case which meets those needs at every point. The newest and finest achievement in McCray's 39 years of experience!

Correctly sloped clear plate glass front *extends way across case without an obstruction.* Ventilated indirect lighting illuminates every bit of display.

Gleaming all-porcelain exterior, white with black facing and base; modelled Monel Metal trim in mirror finish, make this McCray No. 105 a strikingly handsome case, *easy to keep spotless and shining.*

Interior, of Toncan metal covered with special refrigerator white enamel, *provides more display space.* Wrapping counter across entire back, with scale stand and paper receptacles. Doors operate on rollers, easily removable. Easiest of all cases to work out of, speeding up service.

FOR ICE OR ELECTRIC OR MECHANICAL REFRIGERATION of any type. Pure corkboard insulation, sealed with hydrolene, and the famous McCray standards of construction in every hidden detail assure efficient, economical, enduring service. Ask any McCray user.

See the new Full-Vision Case at McCray salesrooms now. Or write for illustrated folder with detailed description. Remember, McCray builds refrigerators in many styles and sizes to meet your needs exactly.

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McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

Coming to Your House—

The Bearer of an Invitation

The Library Table Model is most frequently placed in the living room. Your friends would never guess unless you chose to tell them that this attractive table was a sewing machine

SOME day soon a Representative of the Singer Sewing Machine Company will call at your home. He is authorized to bring you an invitation. If you accept it, you can enjoy the thrill of a new adventure in sewing. For he will invite you to take into your own home a modern Singer Electric and try it on your own sewing without the slightest obligation.

No matter how long you may have had a sewing machine, no matter what type you may have used—your first moment at this new Singer Electric will be a revelation. It will convince you that a new kind of sewing machine really has been created, that sewing at last is the joy you have wished it might be.

Place it anywhere, connect it with the nearest light socket and draw up your favorite chair. You will find that you are sitting comfortably at ease. Both hands, both feet are free. Press a lever gently with the knee and your machine starts—always in the right direction. There is no suggestion of effort, for hidden power does all the work. Always it is under perfect control—you can move the needle so slowly that you can count the perfect stitches as they form, or by increasing pressure you can sew at any speed—three times as fast as you could possibly treadle your old machine. If dusk comes on or you wish to sew at night, simply turn on the Singerlight on the machine itself and a mellow glow is thrown directly on your materials.

And when sewing time is over, close your machine with two simple movements and set it anywhere that you would place a fine desk or table. Its refinement in design makes this new Singer Electric appropriate for any room.

But no words can convey the sense of ease, of comfort, of pure enjoyment that its use affords. You must sit down yourself and use it on your own sewing to know. And that is the very reason we invite you to take and use one of these machines on the Self Demonstration Plan. When the Singer man comes accept this invitation. Or telephone or call at the nearest Singer Shop and ask to have a machine sent to your home. Learn from a personal experience how different is this new Singer Electric from any machine you have ever used. Then if you can part with it, return it. But if you keep it, your happy new experience will last for years to come and your Singer will pay for itself over and over again.

The New SINGER ELECTRIC Sewing Machines

Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy payments. Liberal allowance for your present machine

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(Continued from Page 210)

The unprofessional eye would have perceived nothing amiss with her tall masts and spars, bare of canvas in a neat harbor furl; but the expert would have discerned evidence enough of the new main yard, the new foremast, fitted at sea from her abundant stock of spars in an unremitting labor that had terminated only in the Channel. On the poop, Captain Morrieson, still stiffly lame, a scar on his cheek down to his viking-like fair beard, smiled pleasantly to the dock pilot congratulating him on his passage. It had not been a record passage, but it was a faster one than any British ship had ever made to that date. Captain Morrieson refrained from making that remark to that somewhat patronizing Britisher.

Mr. Naseby stood on the foc'sle, ready to give his last orders. Behind him the men were clustered in their shore-going clothes, their chests and bags ready to be carried off with them. Mr. Naseby privately thanked God that soon he would be quit of them. He never wanted to see any one of them any more, damn them.

Dock runners threw ropes amid much shouting. The tug was cast off. The dock gates slowly opened. The Kestrel was warped through, was warped slowly and cautiously to her berth, was at last made fast. The mate reported this to the poop.

Captain Morrieson's calm voice answered him: "Very good, Mr. Naseby. Tell the men."

Mr. Naseby turned to that crew he had made hate him so bitterly—well enough he knew they would unanimously have murdered him had they but dared—spoke the traditional brief formula of dismissal:

"That'll do, men."

That was all. The voyage was over. They could get out of his sight forever.

To his surprise, they did not immediately go over the side. They stood hesitatingly, as though expectant of something yet to happen. Old Johnsen, the shanty man, stepped forward a little awkwardly, under the push of the man behind him.

"Three cheers, mates, for Mr. Naseby!" he cried.

They cheered him vociferously, three times three. Mr. Naseby was never so astonished in his life.

From the poop, the skipper was smiling at him.

The ship cleared of those who had brought her so far, through so many perils, to this busy harborage where a watchman would alone look after her until the stevedores broached her cargo from the tea gardens of Cathay. Spectators began to collect along the edge of the dock, curious to examine this American clipper which was still a sensational novelty—one of the first they had seen of those epoch-making American vessels which, after centuries of navigation under sail, set a suddenly new standard for the sailing ship, bringing her to a perfection in hull, canvas and handling never before imagined. Not for very long would they enjoy that solitary glory in an imitative world. And all too swiftly, the financial crisis of 1857, the four years' Civil War, were to force them to relinquish competition with the soon equally splendid clippers that British shipowners built to vie with them; clippers which for yet another ten years would race against one another in a final apotheosis of sail and seamanship, while the opening of the Suez Canal began a doom which terminated with their use as coal hulks for the steamships which superseded them. But American and British alike, their superb beauty will remain long in the minds of men, and the tradition of the hard, daring men who sailed them to the utmost can never fade from the manifold Saga of the Sea.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 56)

Since that time private sales of this character have become quite common in many types of retail stores in almost every section of the country. But nowhere have I heard of the cash customer being admitted to such events. In every instance the announcements of private sales go only to persons whose names and addresses are in the charge-account files, and the old customer with cash in hand is left waiting until the favored credit customers have paw-poked over the stock and selected the best.

Many retail establishments use direct mail advertising regularly to keep their customers informed of arrivals of new stocks, special offerings, and so on. The average mailing list is compiled from the ledger accounts. A customer's charge purchases are taken as a barometer to his patronage—sometimes wrongly, too.

Consider, for example, the experience of a clothing store in the Southwest. Being alert to opportunities to build business by direct mail and likewise realizing the importance of retaining old customers, the firm adopted a policy of going over its ledger accounts periodically to see whether or not the customers were buying regularly. The advertising manager noted one day that a man who had been having at least one purchase charged against his account every month had had nothing charged in more than six months. He directed that letter Number B-6 go to this former customer at once. Letter B-6, incidentally, reminds the former customer that he has been missed around the store all these months and that the management hopes that nothing has given the customer dissatisfaction. If so, would he please come in and let them know, or at least drop a line? Surely any little differences could be ironed out to the satisfaction of all.

Take It or Leave It

This particular customer duly received Form Letter Number B-6 and noted the contents. Yes, there were some differences now; and the next time he was downtown he dropped into the clothing store and told them all about it.

"Say," he began, "what's the idea of this letter? Do you mean to say that my business is so little appreciated that you no longer notice me in your store? Why, less than two weeks ago I bought this suit in here and paid you cash for it, and along comes this letter complaining that you've not seen me around here for six months. If my patronage is no better appreciated than that, I'd better hunt another store!"

It had not occurred to the advertising man that a customer might now and then pay his bill and switch to cash.

My neighbor and I bought our homes at about the same time and had the same furniture store furnish them. He paid cash for his; I took mine on the deferred-payment plan. I got my name on the store's regular mailing list; he did not. Although that was three years ago and fortunately my account has long since been settled, I get a letter from this firm almost every month, either asking me to reopen my account or announcing some special sales event that is supposed to save me money if I patronize it.

My neighbor never gets any mail from the firm, although his original purchase was a third larger than mine. Apparently the store never recognized his purchase for cash, whereas, they spend a couple of dollars a year inviting me to continue my patronage.

Obviously the cash customer is doubly valuable to stores that suffer a heavy loss from returns, as, for example, ready-to-wear shops. Yet even here the charge-account customer gets the cream of service and offerings.

Not long ago my wife bought a moderately priced street dress at a local shop. She took it home, tried it on again, found that it did not at all match her new hat, so two days later she asked me to go with her to take it back. It happened that she had paid cash for the garment.

When she informed the floor manager that she had decided that she could not use the dress, he replied, "We're very sorry, madam, but we altered the dress to your measure and of course it would be unsuited for anyone else. I'm sure that you will like it after you wear it once!"

Just as we turned to go we were attracted by a slightly harsh voice at the counter near by. Instinctively we turned and listened. It was another woman customer, and she had two evening gowns on the counter in front of her.

"These things make me look like a Holstein heifer," she stormed, "and I don't want 'em! Please put them back in stock and credit my account!"

"But, madam, they were altered for you; and this green one—if you'll pardon my saying so—looks as if it had been worn," protested the saleswoman.

"Well, do just as you like. But, remember, I've returned them, and don't send me a bill for 'em on the first!"

The harassed saleswoman took the garments—one of which plainly showed that it had been worn—and sent them back to the workroom for renovation before placing them back in stock; and she sent a credit memo to the office for the woman's account.

Without a doubt the first time that shop holds a private sale that customer will get a neatly printed, or maybe engraved, invitation to attend, while my wife will not hear of the event until she reads about it in the papers three days after the sale really opened.

The returned-goods evil is costing every man, woman and child in the United States on an average of more than ten dollars a year, and the abuse of credit accounts is the chief cause of the returned-goods evil. Yet the average firm does not encourage its customers to pay cash.

Give the Cash Customer Credit

Obviously the reason that charge-account customers are given more attention than those who pay cash is because it is so much easier to get their names and addresses. When a person opens a charge account, of course he gives his name and address. That automatically becomes a unit on the average store's mailing list.

However, the fact that a person pays cash does not necessarily mean that his name cannot be obtained for the mailing list. I know of one clothing store that makes it a point to ask every cash customer his name and address, and there is not one customer out of one hundred who objects to giving the information. This firm gives the cash customers an even break with the man whose account is on the books. It gives the cash patron due credit.

There is another retail establishment that secures the names and addresses of the greater part of its cash customers, and without asking for the information. It gets the data from two sources. In the first place, many persons paying cash give their checks. It is customary to have the person giving the check write his address on the check. The store has this name and address copied onto the mailing list of cash customers. In the second place, many of those who pay with currency instead of check have their purchases delivered. This means that they must give their addresses for the delivery department. These names and addresses are then copied for the cash-patron list. Between the two sources this firm does not miss many really important cash customers. The cash customer can hardly be given too much credit for his patronage.

—Ruel McDaniel.

Cash for You

Grant DeK. Pritchard, a New Jersey automobile salesman, has often made $2.50 an hour extra by this easy work.

1. **What You Should Earn**—
Easily up to $1.50 or more, an hour.
2. **When You Can Earn It**—
In your spare time.
3. **Where You Can Earn It**—
Right in your own locality.
4. **How to Earn It**—
As our subscription representative

Ralph Young has now built up a subscription business in his thriving Ohio home town that pays him a comfortable income for his full time.

Now is Your Chance

THE men pictured here are but two of the thousands of successful workers scattered all over the country. Men and women alike find in our plan a quick way to "cash" in their spare hours. You are probably busy with your daily duties; even then you can utilize your lunchtime, your evening hours and your Saturday afternoons to make money this pleasant way.

No matter what your age, or whether you need $50.00 or $500.00, we'll be glad to explain how you may start earning extra money now. There's no obligation in asking us to do it.

The Coupon Brings All the Interesting Details

---------CLIP HERE---------

The Curtis Publishing Company
745 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Please tell me all about your cash offer.

Name _____
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street _____

City _____

State _____ *Age* _____

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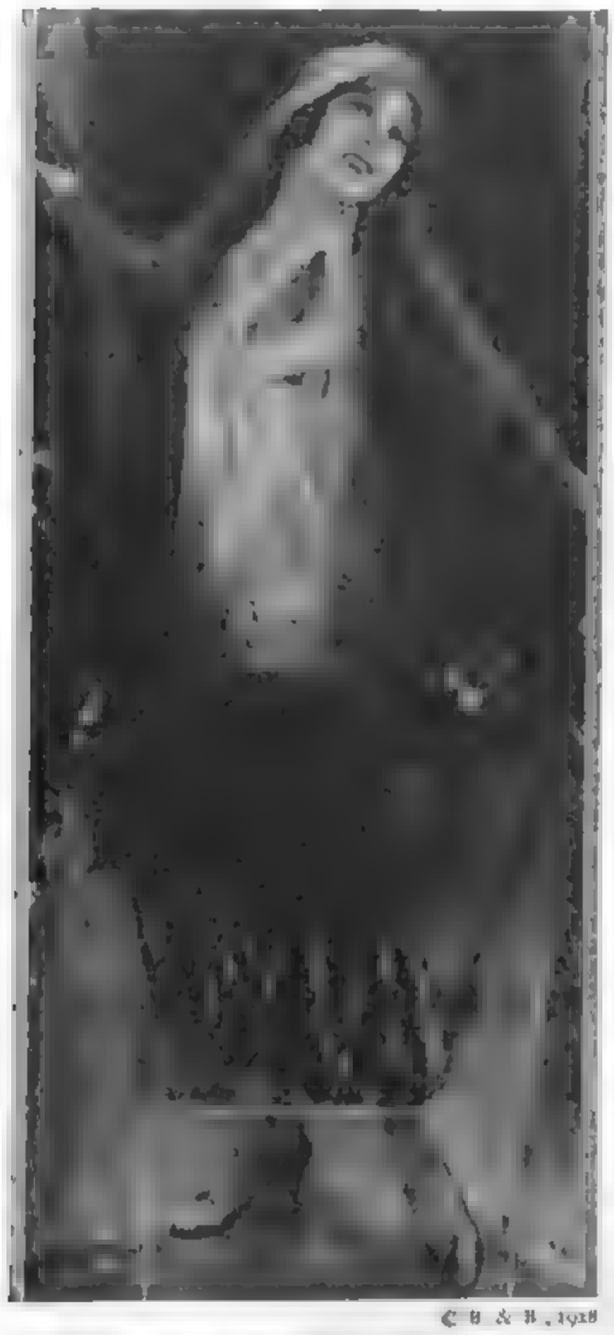

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how they're kept free from corns

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Famous Feet

There are more than a million walking advertisements for Blue-jay . . . walking in comfort, thanks to Blue-jay.

But the most enthusiastic of Blue-jay's friends are the great hosts of dancers, screen stars and athletes who keep their gifted feet free of corns with this cool and velvety toe-cushion.

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THE new
Blue-jay

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direct from your original writing, typing, or drawing —no stencil, type or carbon.

Write for booklet "Cutting Costs with Copies"; tells fully how Ditto will save money for your business

Ditto Incorporated
Manufacturers of Duplicating Machines and Supplies
2253 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER'S DOOR

(Continued from Page 35)

the outside ladder to his quarters, leaving the third mate in charge of the ship.

After that, Dunham left the pilot house and took his stand in the open wing of the bridge. Now that he was alone, he was neither excited nor exultant. He had known for years that he would one day take charge of a ship at sea, and because of the hard preparation he had made, his happiness was calm and untroubled.

At four bells, according to the custom in the Carfax, he relieved the wheel while the quartermaster went below for a smoke. This was more like old times, except that he changed his position slightly from time to time to make sure no lights ahead were hidden from him by the window frames.

When Bob returned, Dunham lingered a moment beside the binnacle. "How's everything aft now, Bob? New men all right?"

"They'll get by. Quahs will, anyhow. I heah th' Black Gang's been havin' a little trouble with th' chief."

"Yeah? About what?"

"Chief claims they make too much noise goin' on an' off watch. That laddah from their qua'tahs comes out in th' alleyway right across from his doah, y' know."

"Well," said Dunham, "he's their boss and he ought to be man enough to make 'em keep quiet."

He drifted out to the wing of the bridge again, and at the same time a single white light appeared two points or more on the starboard bow. The liner's stern light had faded out sometime before and Dunham almost welcomed the new one. Time passed more quickly when you had something to watch. The vessel, whatever she was, seemed to be a long way off. The light brightened steadily, with no appreciable change in the bearing, but Dunham was still unable to pick up the colored side lights which would have shown her course definitely. She must be a small vessel, for she carried no range light on her mainmast and the single white light might mean almost anything. Dunham was beginning to be annoyed, but she was still too far off to get upset about. The bearing at last seemed to be moving in the right direction. The other vessel was probably on a course parallel with the Carfax's and would pass well clear. Still no side lights.

Dunham took a turn across the pilot house and on his return to the open bridge, studied the light intently. Distances are deceptive on the water and he didn't want anybody sneaking up on him. He wished Captain MacMasters' binoculars were still available. The new captain hadn't brought any up yet. The idea of calling the captain to the bridge was almost formed in his mind when a pale red light winked into sight below the white one. Dunham's momentary relief gave way to tenseness. If that was her port light there would be danger of collision and the stranger had the right of way. The thing to do was to act in plenty of time—haul in so that the Carfax would pass astern of her. He walked quickly to the binnacle and stood poised beside it.

"Port some, Bob." He watched carefully while the high fo'castle of the Carfax swung toward the stranger's lights. "Easy!" She swung more slowly, the light off her port bow now. Then, when it was well clear—"Steady!"

Dunham stood at the center window of the pilot house, his eye in line with the tanker's masts. According to that strangely pale red light, they should now be all right. "Green to green, or red to red, perfect safety, go ahead." They were certainly red to red, but the other vessel was a good deal closer.

At that moment shuffling footsteps sounded on the starboard ladder and Dunham glanced in that direction. The bulky, pajamaed figure of Captain Skram seemed almost to fill the wing of the bridge. He was dragging his feet along in heelless slippers and breathing with the weary impatience of a sufferer from insomnia. Dunham turned back to the center window as the captain reached the doorway, then in an instant the big man arrived at his side with such curious force that, although their shoulders had not touched, Dunham felt as though he had been knocked halfway across the floor.

"W'at's goin' on here? Dat faller try to run you down?"

While Dunham was still blinking into the darkness ahead where the pale red light had suddenly and completely disappeared and a clear spark of green was pricking through beneath the now-brilliant masthead light, the captain dived back to the binnacle and looked in. His voice was a desperate, incredulous, yelp of anger.

"W'at you doing? W'at you doing? You change you' course to try to hit dat faller or you want to run on de beach? Quattermaster! Hard a'starboard!" While the Carfax was turning back to her old course, Captain Skram danced in the dark pilot house. "You crazy, meesta? You blind? You try to lose me da sheep? Wat de hell you try to do?"

Through cold sickness, Dunham mumbled something about seeing a red light, but the captain cut him off with the same incredulous anger.

"I don't see no red light! I see green, green, green! You see red light now, meesta?"

"No, sir. It was a funny-looking red light, lower down than that one. That's green now."

Captain Skram began striding violently back and forth across the pilot house. "You got to do nothing except keep on you' course and you can't even do dat. W'at kind officer are you? Look dere! You see dat sheep? Tugboat. You don't come within half a mile of him if you keep you' course. Like I find you, you run him down in five minute."

Through the starboard windows Dunham could see the lights of the tug almost abeam and even yet some distance away. She was running exactly as he had thought before the mysterious red light appeared. From the dark after part of the wheel house Bob Watson tried to speak:

"Excuse me, seh, cap'n, but I seen ——"

Captain Skram whirled on him in turn. "If you seen anything but you' compass, you wass neglectin' you' duty, and you better keep still about it. I don't want to hear nothin' out o' this watch—nothin'!"

After a silence in which six bells passed, he spoke again to Dunham.

"You stand three watches so far, meesta, and two times you been in trouble. You got one more chance. I'm tellin' you." Captain Skram held up one thick blunt finger, black against a starlit window. "You make one more break dis trip and when we pay off, you finish. You got clear sea ahead now. You t'ink it over."

He turned abruptly into the chart room and Dunham could hear the loose slippers flapping down the inside ladder. At his side, Bob Watson spoke in a cautious voice:

"You know what caused that jest now?"

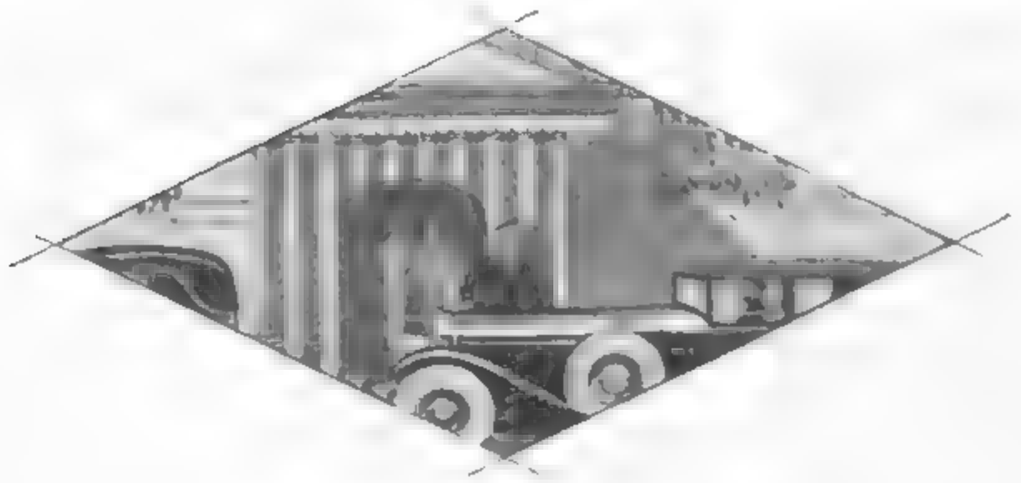
"Damn 'f I do," said Dunham miserably.

"I seen it all. You heard me try to tell th' Old Man and he wouldn't listen. That was a fo'wa'd po'thole you seen first—a po'thole some natu'al fool had hung red cu'tains into. A light in th' room shinin' through them cu'tains made that red light. Green light nevah come in sight till one second before the Old Man seen it. Anybody knows you kin see red fu'the'n green. Same second, when you tu'ned back to look at th' Old Man th' light in that room went out. Th' Old Man could have jest as well stayed in his bunk. You'd 'a' seen that green in plenty o' time. We didn't come nowheah neah hittin' 'er, nohow."

After ten or fifteen seconds, Dunham said very slowly, "Well, I'll be a son of a gun," and went back to his place at the open window.

For the next two days nothing happened. Dunham imagined that the other officers looked at him curiously at times, and the wireless operator tipped him off

(Continued on Page 217)



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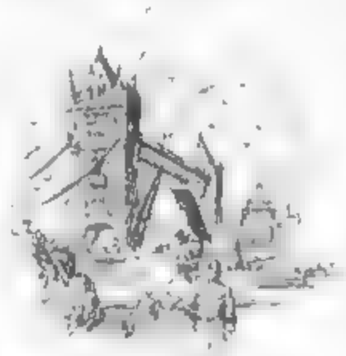

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LEAVES NO RING

Cleans:

Upholstery · Neckties
Spats *and all* Fine Fabrics

ENERGINE

(Continued from Page 214)

privately to watch out for the Old Man; but the captain had not spoken to him again, except briefly in the line of duty.

On the morning of the third day out, when the Carfax was running down the inner edge of the Gulf Stream through blazing weather, Dunham noticed that something was wrong with Bob Watson. He came to the wheel with a flushed face and narrowed eyes, repeating the course in a sullen growl. Dunham made a mental note, and when the chief mate had gone below, crossed over to the binnacle.

"What's up, Bob?"

There was a visible relaxing of Bob's muscles at the question, but his head lifted aggrievedly.

"You know what I said awhile ago about th' chief sayin' Black Gang made too much noise on that laddah opposite his room? Well, now he's locked th' doah at th' head o' that laddah and nobody kin use that side at all. Throws th' Black Gang ovah on ouah laddah—have to wait on 'em all th' time; only room foah one man at a time, an' besides they keep th' handrails all ovah oil and grease. I got m' hands full this mo'nin'. Told th' chief it wasn't right an' asked him t' open th' doah, an' he said, 'Nothin' doin'.'"

"Why don't you tell the Old Man about it, Bob?" asked Dunham.

"Already did. I reckon you seen fo' youahself they back each othah up all the time, don't mattah what the question is."

Dunham nodded silently and wandered out to the starboard wing of the bridge. In spite of the hot sun, he paced up and down for a long while, his eyes fixed most often on the fiber runner beneath his feet. Bob looked at him from time to time with a surprised and resentful expression, because the officer gave him no chance to say anything more through all the rest of the watch.

The sea and sky were unbroken blue. At noon, as Dunham went through the starboard alleyway in the after house on his way to the mess room, he saw that the round-topped steel door in the inboard bulkhead was indeed closed. This was the first time he had ever seen it so, and its white paint looked strangely blank. He stopped, leaned against the bulkhead and unobtrusively tried the knob. Also, it was locked.

A little while after dinner Dunham knocked lightly on the doorframe of the chief engineer's room. The door itself was hooked back, but a thick green curtain was pulled across the opening.

"Come in," grunted the chief's voice, and Dunham stepped over the raised doorsill.

The air inside was thick with cigar smoke but was clear enough for him to see Captain Skram sprawled on the wide, leather-cushioned settee. Both the captain and chief stared at him in surprised silence. Dunham hunched his shoulders defensively and went ahead:

"I don't like to bother you, Mr. Fuller, but did you know that door from the firemen's quarters is locked?"

"Yes, mister; I locked it."

"It's never been locked before," said Dunham.

"Maybe not, but it's locked now. If you want to know, that gang of Spicks made so much noise going up and down I couldn't sleep. I warned 'em twice." Fuller's voice grew suddenly truculent. "What have you got to do with it, anyhow? That quartermaster been hollering because he got his hands dirty?"

"It's not on account of that, sir," said Dunham slowly. "I just don't think it's safe. You got twenty men cooped up down there and only one narrow ladder to get out by. If anything happens aboard an oil tank, it happens pretty quick. Both those ladders ain't too many."

Dunham was conscious all the while of Captain Skram's sardonic regard. He seemed to be listening with his peculiarly violent but wordless enjoyment.

"Nothing's going to happen aboard here," said Fuller—"that is, unless you make some more breaks like you been doing. If you'd learn your own duty before you tell me mine, you might get on better."

"I wish you'd unlock that door, sir," Dunham said uncomfortably.

Fuller lost all patience. "Well, I'm not going to. It's none of your business and I don't like you and I don't want you in my room."

Dunham backed away to the doorsill. "Captain," he said, "don't you think that door ought to be open?"

Skram stretched his long legs and smiled, a curious gesture for him. "De chief kin handle his job, meesta." Then quietly: "Are you standin' out from under, meesta?"

"I want to, sir," said Dunham. "But I thought it all over on watch this mornin', and that door ought to be open."

"It ain't goin' to be," said the captain.

Dunham squared his shoulders against the faded green curtain and spoke with stiff lips, his voice a flat monotone that might have come from a long distance away.

"I'll tell the local inspectors when we get back if it ain't opened, sir."

The senior officers leaned forward abruptly, simultaneously, their hands on their knees, eyes narrowed in wonder. Dunham neither met nor avoided their gaze. He simply stood there.

Then they looked at each other and the chief engineer rose to his feet, sneering.

"You win, hero. I'll open it."

Dunham was half through the doorway. "Yes, sir. All right, sir."

Captain Skram, relaxed again on the settee, lazily showed his big yellow teeth. "You know dis is de third time, don't you, meesta?"

Dunham ducked his head and grinned foolishly. "Yes, sir. I thought that all out on watch this mornin' too." A convulsive wriggle carried him on through the doorway and the blank green curtain dropped back into place.

Early in the morning of the sixth day from Bayonne the Carfax picked up a bar pilot and entered the South Pass of the Mississippi River. When Dunham came on watch at eight o'clock she was well into the main stream, plugging along sturdily against the strong ripe-olive current. Due both to this current and to the meandering of the river, the Carfax did not tie up to the shore at Baton Rouge until late the following afternoon.

Loading, however, began at once and went on rapidly. By the time Dunham relieved the chief mate, the tanks held twenty thousand barrels of crude oil and were receiving more at the same rate. In addition to the main lines amidships, a special hose had been run aft along the deck to an open tank top and it, too, poured a heavy stream into the ship. The Carfax would be loaded and ready to sail by daylight the next morning, so all hands who could possibly be spared had gone ashore for the only liberty they would get that trip.

Dunham had little to do. The ship lay on an even keel and all the tanks were wide open. He wandered about the deck through the half-lighted darkness, avoiding even Bob Watson, and at last stopped at the offshore side. There he rested both elbows on the rail and stared at the water swirling past below him. There was a steady breeze from the west.

At least, now that he was certain to lose his job when the ship reached Bayonne again, the tension was over. For the past three days Captain Skram had treated him with heavy indifference, and the life of the ship, not so pleasant as it had been under Captain MacMasters, but still routine, had parted and flowed past him, leaving him as dead and lonely as a snag in the Mississippi. He avoided even the little companionship he might have had, but he did not feel despair. The morning on which he had decided about that door was still very clear in his mind. He had never regretted the decision. There had been an inevitability and irrevocableness about it which he had felt without understanding. It had come to him vaguely and without formulated

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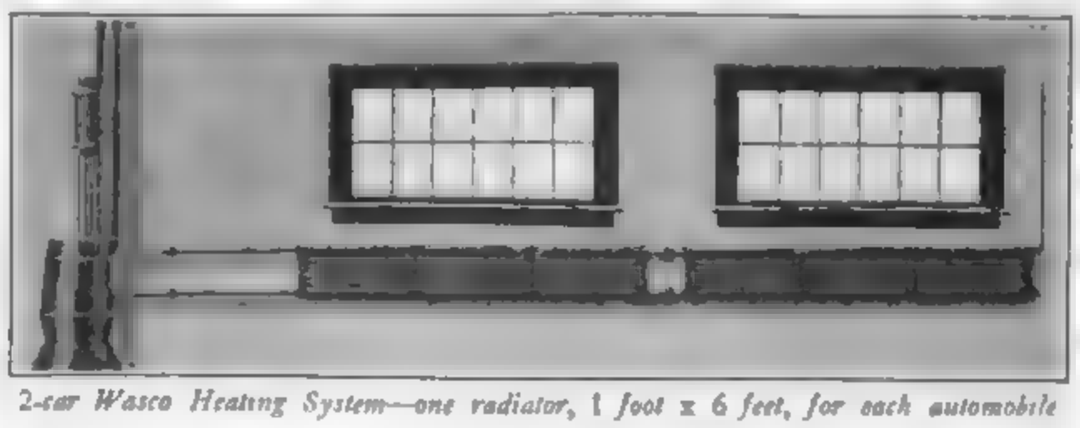

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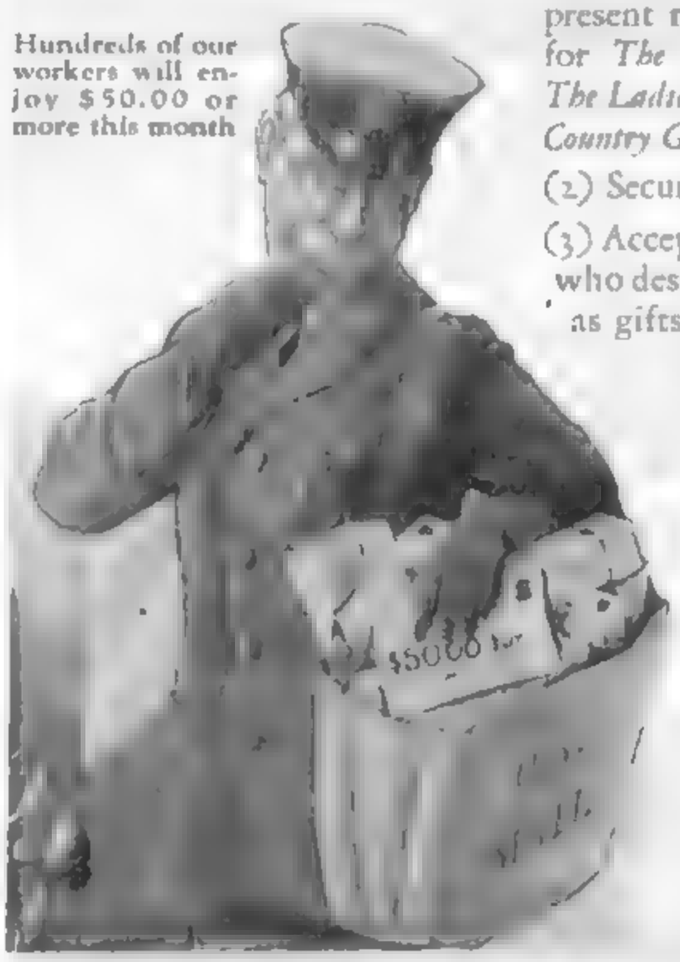

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words as he stood his watch that all the half-intended cruelty and willful blindness of humanity was epitomized in that blank closed door. Now, at least, the tension was over.

The men who had been ashore, finding little excitement and knowing that they would be called at daybreak, began to straggle back early, and by eleven o'clock the last one was on board.

Dunham wandered over to the head of the gangway on the after deck, and for a change looked down on the heavy blackened timbers of the oil pier. A light was burning in the watchman's shanty, thirty or forty yards away, but there was no other sign of life. The extra hose line was led over the ship's side not far from the gangway, crossed flat on the deck and arched over the coaming of one of the after tanks. Dunham observed that it was an old, badly worn hose, thickly caked with dirt, grayish in spots, with canvas showing through cracked rubber. He supposed it was the only piece they had on shore long enough for its special duty.

Then abruptly he realized that oil was flowing around his shoes—not a thin dribble, but a smooth black flood that poured from the scuppers over the spotless gray side of the Carfax in small cataracts.

Swinging about, he could see even in the dimness a gaping hole in the hose line at the bend outside the tank top. As he slipped and skidded clear of the oil he shouted to the deserted pier:

"On shore, there! On shore!"

He heard the door of the shanty slap open and saw the broad shadow of the watchman.

"Shut off that oil! Hose line's busted! Quick!"

As the watchman plunged into action, Dunham turned back to the deck of the Carfax. This time there was a real mess. Most of the starboard side of the after deck seemed to be under gently flowing oil. An exposed steam line leading to the after winch had tried to dam the flood in one direction and been almost buried. Dunham had heard Bob Watson running the winch a short time before, and tiny feathers of steam still floated away from the pet cocks.

The flow of oil from the broken hose checked suddenly and dribbled away. The oil already on deck spread more slowly, mirrorlike. Dunham's mouth twisted wryly. His watch again, though not even the Old Man could say this was his fault. Best to call the chief mate.

As he went forward, a rushing sound from the river beyond the Carfax's bows attracted his attention. He could just see past a corner of the 'midships house a big white river steamer swinging grandly downstream, lighted from stem to stern, her huge paddle wheel thrashing the water. The significance of the two small rose-colored clouds that hung high above her pilot house came upon Dunham like a physical shock.

"Bon!" he howled. "Close tank tops! Quick!" And he dived for the nearest himself. He knew as he did so that twice as much time as he had would not be enough. The river steamer loomed closer, carried by a turn in the channel almost to the tanker's side. The two lofty stacks showed against the sky, the patches of rose-lighted smoke above them, bowing before the breeze, shot through with sparks. As she rushed by the Carfax's after deck, a furious shower of sparks flew from her stacks and trailed gorgeously across the space between the ships.

The fire started near the Carfax's after winch in a single puff of flame and rolled into glaring light and blinding smoke.

Dunham found Bob Watson at his elbow. "General alarm and abandon ship, Bob!" he yelled. "You whistle down to th' engine room! I'm goin' to call th' men!"

He found the ladder to the narrow bridge that extended the whole length of the ship, eight feet above the deck, and ran aft above the fire. The oil in the open tank was already burning, the column of flame and red smoke shooting high above the bridge. The heat, as he passed through, struck a dazing blow, but he kept his feet and came out on the after boat deck.

There were men in the deck alleyways half dressed, dazzled.

Dunham shouted, "Get ashore, quick!" And he dived down the ladder into the crew's quarters.

Lights were burning in the bare steel passages below, and beyond the forward bulkhead the fire went up in waves, half vibration, half sound. Dunham knew that the fuel-oil tanks, full and confined, were under him, against bulkheads that might heat red at any moment. Then the electric bells of the general alarm shrilled through the ship and men tumbled out of the passages.

"Get ashore!" Dunham shouted again. "All hands ashore!"

They came quickly, going up the two ladders close behind one another, without confusion.

Dunham ran down the firemen's side, hauled out two middle-aged Spaniards who were trying to pack suitcases and tumbled them up the starboard ladder.

On the port side a quartermaster yelled, "All out here, sir!" And Dunham went up the ladder after him.

The men were leaping from the after deck into the water, flashes of white in their underwear. The steel plates were too hot for bare feet.

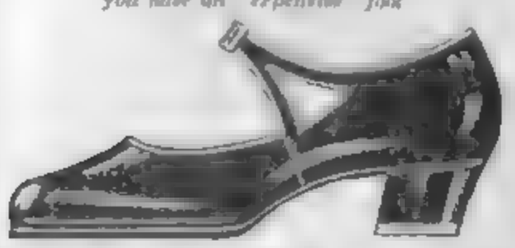
As Dunham ran aft along the port alleyway, the fire reached the starboard fuel-oil tank. The explosion tore through the bulkhead below and poured flame from every porthole.

Dunham was thrown to the deck, shaken, half deafened, but when he staggered to his feet he saw that the after deck was clear. Behind him the fire roared up heavily, with waves of light and sound. Then he felt the stern rail and tumbled through. The water brought back control to his body and its four-knot current swept him away from the fire. Someone had thrown the life buoys from the taffrail for those who could not swim, and all along the bank he could see men hauling themselves up the slippery mud, dark and industrious in the glare of light. A hundred yards below the ship Dunham swam out of the current and hauled himself ashore in a clump of low bushes.

On the pier alongside the burning ship he could see a man in underwear swinging an ax at the mooring lines. There was no mistaking the high, powerful shoulders and round head. It was Captain Skram. The watchman had already uncoupled the hose lines on the pier, and when the river carried the tanker's bow sharply offshore, Dunham knew that the captain had cut through three manila hawsers and two wire cables. Then the captain was at the stern, swinging his ax again. The tanker turned in midstream when her stern drifted clear and swept down the river broadside on, leaving the pier and the great oil-storage tanks in safety behind. The other fuel-oil tank on board blew up while she was adrift and the fire went through the cargo tanks. The long steel hull began to glow rosily beneath the billowing smoke, and steam from the river rose about the sides. Safely below the

(Continued on Page 222)

FASHION WELT
ENNA JETTICK
Health Shoe
$5 COMBINATION LAST $6
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
Narrow and Extra Narrow Wide and Extra Wide
"A boon to those women who have been obliged either to pay high prices or take poorly fitted shoes."
You no longer need be told that you have an "expensive" foot



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No. 106 Blue Ribbon ... supporter ... Inch, leg bands, ... 50c
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Knee and Elbow Guards, Ankle ... and Breast Supporters

Blue Ribbon
Athletic Supporter

POOLEY RADIO CABINETS

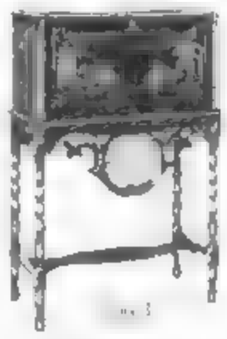
for ATWATER KENT RADIO

MODEL 7400

RADIO-DESK

Here are samples of Pooley's rare ability to unite utility and decoration in radio furniture. A thoroughly practical desk, a delightfully convenient radio cabinet—combined in one beautiful piece of modern furniture. This Pooley model was definitely created to combine the utmost in beauty, economy and utility.

Model 7400—Complete with speaker, ink well and large desk blotter but without receiving set—$80.



MODEL 7400

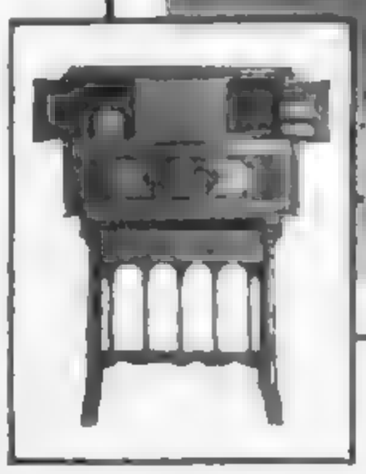
The changing attitude toward RADIO

DO you remember your first radio? What a novelty it was—a magical mechanism! Radio is still all of that—but today, radio is recognized as a permanent requirement of living.

This is the changing attitude toward radio. This is why so many, many homes of culture seek fitting enclosures for their indispensable radio. This, too, has been the inspiration of Pooley who has invested radio with a rare decorative beauty—and a clever usefulness.

By all means send for the Pooley Brochure which pictures a most unusual variety of radio furniture ranging all the way from $45 to $1150. It is yours on request; just fill in and mail the coupon—but mail it *today*.

THE POOLEY COMPANY
1600 Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, U.S.A.



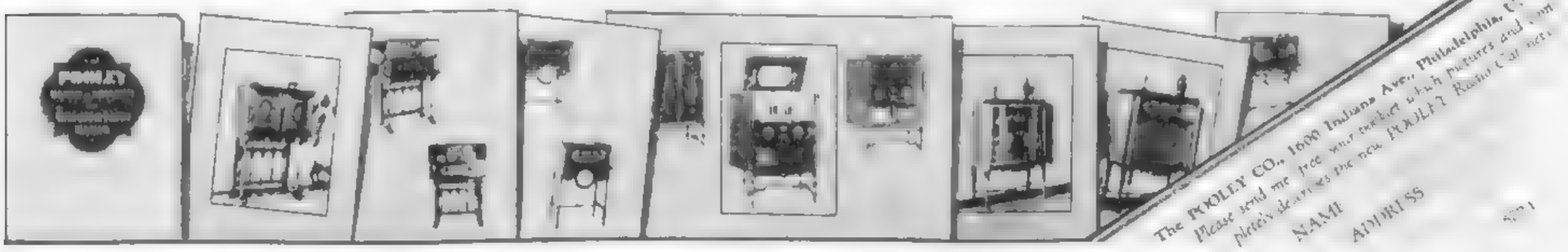
MODEL 7500

(open view)

Model 7500—*Spanish Chest Radio Cabinet*

(with decorated doors)

Note the graceful columns and arches of the speaker, are interesting compartments—convenient for tobacco, card playing equipment and the like. The compartment doors have built-in pipe and card racks. Yet the richly finished doors, hand decorated in old blue and ivory—the solid brass Spanish hinges with fired gilt finish. Doors open flat against the sides. The radio set is installed in a drawer-slide faced with a decorative panel. Below this is a drop front compartment for magazines, record albums, etc. Above the set, on either side with all this—the one way to know all the fine qualities of this Pooley creation is to examine it yourself, at a Pooley dealer's. Complete with speaker but without receiving set—$125



No matter whether you want a radio or already own one—it will pay you to send for this unusual booklet.

Once under gums "YELLOW MASK" *hits hard!*

See what happens when that Yellowish Veil on Lovely White Teeth Creeps Under the Gums ...Health cries: "Do Something!"

LOOK in your mirror. Does your pretty white enamel have a yellowish tinge?

No true beauty for you . . . until it is removed.

Nor, in time, health either . . . if it remains.

For that yellowness lies in a thin, glass-like mask enveloping your naturally white teeth.

And bit by bit it creeps up under the gums . . . to cut them . . . irritate them . . make them spongy, soft and sore . . . and dig pus pockets. And eventually pour poison into the system. Dangerous, this "Yellow Mask!"

"Yellow Mask" can not be removed by ordinary brushing. But dental science, at last, found how to compose a tooth paste of "Tri-Calcium Phosphate". . . and now it's good-bye to "Yellow Mask." For this substance is what leading dentists use to remove that unsightly yellowish tinge and dangerous tartar.

Dentist says "I use it in preference to all others"

"First, because it is the best remover of stains, second, because it cannot harm the enamel; and third, it is most pleasant The only tooth paste I recommend to my patients."

Dr. J. P. N. , D D S
(A prominent Eastern dentist)

The name of this new and wonderful dentifrice is ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE. How swiftly it banishes "Yellow Mask." What white beauty it imparts to teeth that beg for loveliness What an exquisite polish, too . . . the gleam of newly manicured nails

Safely, too—for "Tri-Calcium Phosphate" can't scratch or harm the most delicate enamel. Don't keep beauty waiting. Don't jeopardize health.

Get a tube of ORPHOS today . . . or mail coupon below for 20-TIME TUBE.

No grits nothing to harm the most delicate enamel!

FREE 20-Time Tube

Mail this coupon to Orphos Co., Inc. Dept. S-4, 22 West 32nd St., New York City, for free 20-time tube.

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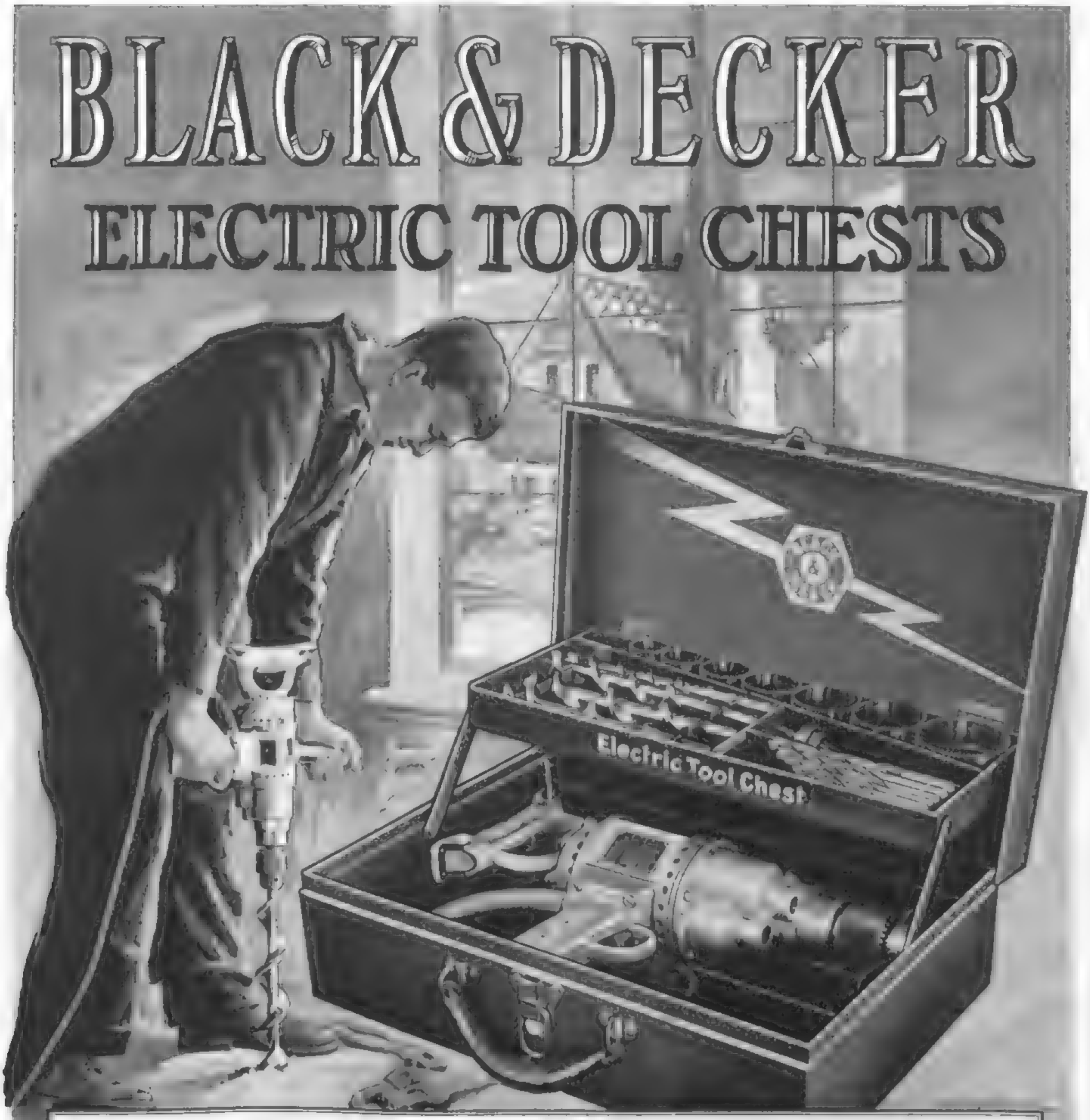
BLACK & DECKER
ELECTRIC TOOL CHESTS



ELECTRICIANS, Plumbers, Carpenters;—Contractors in any branch of industry where holes must be drilled have found it necessary to supplant their old style hand tools with modern electric tools.

Heretofore the famous *Black & Decker* Portable Electric Drills, "*With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch*", have been sold individually. For your convenience we now offer several complete outfits, packed in handy Tool Chests. These Electric Tool Chests contain a *Black & Decker* Portable Electric Drill and an assortment of drill bits, auger bits and hole saws, which enable you to drill holes from 1/4" to 3 1/2" in diameter. These Electric Tool Chests are reasonably priced and no mechanic who has to "go out on jobs" can afford to be without one.

We will be glad to send you literature describing these Electric Tool Chests in detail if you will merely drop us a line.

The BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada — TOWSON, MARYLAND, U. S. A. — Slough, Bucks, England

2000 miles through rain and fog . . . *a world's record*

Holding his speed unfalteringly through two thousand miles of rain and fog, Cannon Ball Baker spanned the continent twice in a few minutes more than 157 hours. Read how the twin-blade Visionall windshield wiper helped him establish this new world's record.

"FROM Los Angeles to New York and back again to Los Angeles, a distance of 6,692.8 miles, driving a standard 1928 Model Franklin Airman Sedan, in 157 hours, 23 minutes, is an achievement that I feel is the crowning accomplishment of my 23 years' experience. A considerable amount of the credit for my success is due the Trico Visionall Twin-Blade Windshield Wiper.

"To make such a remarkable run it was absolutely necessary that I drive day and night at the highest speeds possible, which called for the clearest of vision through the windshield.

"To guarantee me this I chose the Trico Visionall wiper and it certainly served me well. Practically one-third of the time required for the run was driven through rain and fog, so that your wiper had ample opportunity to give me a real performance. My mechanic, who rode with me, praised the Visionall highly, as it gave him the same pleasure of seeing the road ahead as it did me.

"Vision clear across the windshield makes driving through the rain safe, and the average motorist will never drive behind any other type wiper after using the Visionall."

Cannon Ball Baker

TRICO
VISIONALL
Twin-Blade Windshield Wiper

PATENTED: U. S. A. AND PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES
TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Visionall gives clear vision to the driver — and to the rear seat passengers, as well. Two vertical blades — that *drain* as they wipe. Have your service man put one on your car today

(Continued from Page 218)

town, but still in sight, the Carfax went aground on a sand bar and hung there, burning fiercely. On the black oil pier every man of her company answered to his name when the captain called the roll from memory in a flat harsh voice.

The following afternoon, Dunham, leaving Captain Skram's room in the Baton Rouge hotel where all hands were temporarily quartered, almost ran into Bob Watson, who was passing. The third mate caught Bob's elbow and steered him silently to a window at the end of the corridor.

"It's mighty funny, Bob," he said in a low voice—"the Old Man's had his orders. The Carfax'll be towed to New Orleans for repairs. It'll be a long job an' everybody gets laid off except the Old Man an' the chief. But the Old Man can keep one officer for day watchman and one unlicensed man for night watchman. He's just been tellin' me. The funny part of it is that he's goin' to keep me an' let me pick the man. That'll be you if you want the job. It ought to be soft."

Bob nodded.

"Suah. I'll stick."

"It seems the company's right well satisfied with the way things were handled. They ordered us to use that rotten hose and the rest nobody couldn't help. The Old Man treated me good just now. I don't savvy it. I done the best I could last night, but it didn't help much."

Bob half turned and glanced at the captain's door. It was still closed.

"You done fine last night, seh," he said. "But it ain't on account o' that he's keepin' you. I reckon you remembah that doah th' chief locked an' you made him open. If that doah had 'a' been locked last night the'd 'a' been some lives lost when that sta'-boa'd tank went up. It would 'a' come out in th' investigation that th' doah was locked and both th' Old Man an' th' chief would 'a' lost theah tickets jest as ce'tain as we'ah standin' heah, and moah than likely they'd 'a' gone to jail. That's why they treat you good, seh."

"Dog-gone!" said Dunham. "I bet you it is."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1 00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1 00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

The Cannon Bath

goes more than skin deep

BECAUSE a brisk rub with a Cannon turkish towel stimulates the two million oil glands and six million pores in your skin, the Cannon Bath brings the glow of health every morning. Removes dirt and waste products from the surface of the skin, clears out the pores. And the pores must be free, for clogged pores make you uncomfortable, and a source of annoyance to others. Even disease may result from an unclean skin.

But important as surface cleanliness is, this is not the only benefit of the Cannon Bath. Its effects reach far beneath the surface, to the most deep-seated organs. The nerves in the skin carry messages of well-being to every part of your body. The temperature and pressure changes in the bath set up action and reaction in muscles and glands. Every bit of your body comes awake with a bang. That's why the Cannon Bath not only makes you clean, but gives you renewed energy for the day. So, end each bath with a brisk rub with a Cannon turkish towel. There are many sizes and types. You will find that these towels not only add greatly to the pleasures and benefits of the bath, but also bring economies. The great majority of hotels and hospitals, clubs and institutions are users of Cannon towels. Such buyers seek a fine appearance as well as durability, and they find both in Cannon towels. No towel in your home gets the abuse that the public gives hotel towels, so you will find Cannon towels even more economical than do the hotels and other public places. Cannon turkish towels are remarkable for combining distinctive luxury with practical economy. They are good for months of home service and come at all prices. Buy them by the dozen, so everybody at your house can enjoy the pleasure of a fresh towel every morning. There are also Cannon huck towels, wash cloths, bath mats and bath sheets. At dry goods and department stores everywhere. Prices from 25 cents to $3.50. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.

TRADE MARK CANNON

Trade-mark label that identifies Cannon towels.

Above, Cannon dobby border turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, green or all white. About $1.25.

Cannon dobby border turkish towel. Your choice of pink, blue, gold or green border. About 30c.

Cannon Marmoset turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $1.75.

At left, Cannon dobby border turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold or lavender. About 55c.

Cannon Lighthouse turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $2.00.

As the fall approaches

When the weather is cool, always end the cleansing warm bath with a cold splash. The standard Cannon Bath for all except scorching hot days is this: warm water and soap, and lots of both to clean and warm the skin. Then a dash of cold water, for maybe ten seconds. That's what tones up the skin and nerves, wakes mind and muscle, and increases the resistance of the body to changes in temperature that sometimes cause colds. End with a hearty rub with a Cannon turkish towel; rub until the skin is rosy. Then you'll feel so full of pep that the day's work will seem like play.

All colors in all Cannon towels are guaranteed absolutely fast

CANNON TOWELS

Michigan Sheet Metal Contractors' Association

Adopts TONCAN IRON *as* "Michigan Standard"

Hereafter this coveted stamp will appear on no iron sheets except Toncan Iron

THE Michigan Sheet Metal and Roofing Contractors' Association is considered the leading organization of its kind in America. Its membership comprises the foremost sheet metal contractors in the State—men of integrity and imbued with the spirit of honesty and fairness when competing with each other for sheet metal work.

In years gone by, low quality competition ran rampant. Contractors used sheets of thin gauge with light galvanized coatings in order to lower their bids. The lowest bid usually got the business—and usually the customer got an inferior and unsatisfactory job. Some years ago the Association decided to correct this evil. They adopted a steel sheet of guaranteed gauge and weight of coating. This was stamped "Michigan Standard" and formed the basis on which bids were figured.

Since that time the march of progress in sheet metal manufacture has been going steadily onward —especially from the standpoint of resistance to rust and corrosion. This fact prompted the Association to make a thorough and impartial study of the comparative rust-resisting merits of iron and copper-bearing steel sheets on the market, resulting in the selection of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron as "Michigan Standard" in the future. Hereafter this coveted stamp will appear on no iron sheets except Toncan Iron.

This super-iron is widely specified by architects for all sheet metal work on buildings inside and out. Manufacturers of metal household equipment and other products coming in contact with moisture not only use this rust and corrosion-resisting iron but stamp their wares with the Toncan label as a guide to purchasers.

Toncan Iron is available in many forms; welded and seamless tubes and pipe, light-weight spiralweld pipe, bars, plates, sheets and strip, wire, rivets, bolts and screws. In thousands of applications it fights a stubborn battle against rust and corrosion.

An interesting book, "The Path to Permanence," tells how Toncan Iron is made, why it is so durable, and points out its many uses. Send for a copy.

Toncan Iron combines pliability with strength. It is easily formed, thus reducing labor costs.

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IRON

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